

FORBIDDEN

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

J B TREPGATIER

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Snow White and the Seven Deadly Sins

JB Trepagnier

I'm used to demons and voodoo. What I was not prepared for was my life turning into a fairytale, complete with the Wicked Step Mother.

My awful step mother is the Voodoo Queen of New Orleans. She's always hated me for being a Succubus. It just got a hundred times worse after my father died mysteriously. I moved out to get away from her as soon as I could, but the family business brings me close to her more often than I care for. How was I to know the intern I banged in the closet for a little top-up was one of her lovers? She normally doesn't take lovers that far beneath her station.

She's out for blood. She sends her deadliest bodyguard after me. I barely escape with my life. I go the one place a Succubus can find the one thing she needs to heal—a local BDSM dungeon. But I haven't gone through their vetting process and the seven men who own it are ready to kick me out on my ass. That is, until they recognize me. These are not seven regular Doms. No, the Seven Deadly Sins own this dungeon.

And my mother has done a lot of sinning. All seven men want a crack at killing her and she's still out for my blood. I'm given sanctuary in the dungeon if I help keep it clean. They say they will help with my needs as a Succubus.

I'm in totally over my head. Have you ever seen a walking sin? It's too much even for a Succubus and there are seven of them. I'm falling for all of them.

Forbidden is a dark, adult reverse harem retelling of Snow White. It contains sexy times between one female and seven men and one evil step mother.

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Chapter 1



Another boring staff meeting to go to. The supernatural community was small, and we kept to certain regions. Before my father died, he practically ran New Orleans. My wicked, gold-digging stepmother was pretty pissed he left everything to me and not her. Dad may have given her everything she ever wanted, but he wasn't stupid.

The evil bitch was Voodoo Queen royalty in New Orleans, but she couldn't hex him after he was dead. She may have been able to control the reins a little while he was alive, but dear old dad fucked her in the end. There was always this stupid power play at work with those two. He was an Incubus, and she was a Voodoo queen. She'd steal a little of his hair and start controlling him, and then he'd just fuck her until she told him where the doll was and destroy it. I have no idea how she felt about it, but he seemed to find the entire thing cute.

She'd never liked me. To say she loathed me was an understatement. Voodoo practitioners were humans that could prolong their life for a little while, but nothing like the supernatural community. She *loathed* the fact that I was older than her, but I didn't look a day over twenty. I would look this way until someone killed me for good. My father was an Incubus, and I was a Succubus, so I could heal from any wound or poison with skin contact or sex. Someone got my dad by luring him to an empty warehouse, slitting his throat, and leaving him alone to bleed out.

I may be older than my stepmother at fifty-five, but I was still an infant compared to the rest of the supernatural community. I answered to a board at my father's company and my wicked stepmother was on it. When I attended a board meeting, you can bet your ass I pulled my hair into the tightest bun possible and I went over my clothes with a lint roller before I went in the room, so she wasn't stealing a stray hair off my shirt.

I was sure she had little Voodoo dolls of the entire company by now because even though they watched me grow up and treated me like I was one of their own kids, they always agreed with her instead of me, even if her idea was totally insane, would lose the company money, and fuck over a ton of people.

I was just leaving another infuriating board meeting where I wanted to set up a new department and hire a bunch of talented developers for research on a new project, and she had an entire list of people she wanted to be fired. There was no reason for layoffs right now. The company was doing well, and we could afford to not only set up the new department I wanted but also give everyone a raise.

I had facts, figures, and a PowerPoint and all she had was a list of names she wanted gone, and they still sided with her over me. It frustrated me. I didn't live with her, and it wasn't like she would invite me inside to go hunting for her little Voodoo doll collection. She was also this huge homophobe, so it wasn't like I could seduce my way in and use my father's tricks.

I needed to blow off steam, which, in Succubus terms, meant I needed to have angry sex. I was running through a list of people in my head that fit that bill when I nearly plowed an intern over. He was a young human straight out of college. Like all humans at our company, he was ignorant of the supernatural community. He would be transferred to a human branch in another state before he

realized he was aging, and we weren't.

"Miss Drakon, I'm so sorry!" he stammered, like he was the one who just spilled my coffee on me and not the other way around.

"Please, call me Eirwen like everyone else. Come to my office. I've got a towel in my gym bag to clean you off. I'm sorry, I should have been paying attention."

My dad wouldn't have wanted his interns petrified like this. This was all Alvah's doing. She didn't own this company, I did, and one day, I'd figure out how to get her out. The only reason she was here in the first place was that my father realized she was a powerful Voodoo practitioner when she was just an intern and decided not to transfer her. I guess he fell in love with her and told her the truth about what we were. Her ass should have been in another state a long time ago.

I tried to remember his name. He worked in accounting. He was cute in a way only geeks can be cute. I sat him down on the sofa in my office and handed him a towel.

"What size are you? I'll have my assistant get you a new shirt."

"Oh, it's not a problem."

Mark. His name was Mark from accounting.

"Mark, it's only nine in the morning. You shouldn't have to walk around all day in a wet, stained shirt because I wasn't watching where I was going."

"The other Mrs. Drakon would send me home," he whispered.

That was because my stepmother was a bitch. She'd probably call him when he got home and tell him not come back for daring to get in her way.

"Despite what Alvah would like all of you to think, she doesn't own this company, I do. I see no reason for you to waste gas going home to change clothes when that's what my assistant gets paid for. What size shirt do you wear?"

Mark looked petrified, but he told me. I picked up my phone and asked Sierra to please run out and pick one up. I could touch Mark and instantly relax him, but my touch had other effects too. Until it wore off, Mark wouldn't be able to get any work done because he was thinking about me. My father taught me well. I didn't use my Succubus gifts to manipulate people, even though I easily could have.

Mark just started blabbering, so I let him.

"Your name is very interesting, you know. Your first name, Eirwen, is Welsh for *white snow*. Your last name is Greek and means *dragon*," he said.

I just laughed. "Snow White, eh? What does my wicked step mother's name mean?"

Mark gasped like I said something scandalous. It had to be pretty obvious to everyone here, Alvah and I didn't get along. It wasn't like either of us tried to hide it. Mark turned this adorable shade of purple like he knew, but he didn't want to tell me. Did he research names in his spare time? That was kind of cute. I knew better, and I would only use a little, but I let my pinky brush his knuckle. Just barely. Just enough to get him to tell me what her name meant.

"What does Alvah mean, Mark?"

"It means evil," he whispered. He realized what he just said and tried to correct himself. It was like he thought she was in the room and could hear him. "But it's just a name. It's not like it means

anything. Even if your name does.”

Oh, shit. I knew that look in his eyes. Even just barely touching him was too much for him. I only ever used that gift on other supernaturals. I’d never used it on a human before because I didn’t normally date them. Mark was now sporting a *huge* erection. And when I say huge, I’m saying I did not understand how he could walk with that thing.

I licked my lips. Maybe angry sex needed to wait. I’d never been with a human before. Maybe I needed to blow off steam having hot, forbidden sex with an intern from accounting. This was so wrong, and I could totally get sued for sexual harassment. It just made me want to do it even more.

Mark saw where my gaze was and shy, awkward Mark from accounting was gone. He pushed his glasses up his nose with one hand and started stroking the bulge in his trousers with the other.

“Do you see something you like, Miss Drakon? I could be slow when I change out of my shirt. Maybe take a little more off.”

Was he trying to tease a Succubus? Yes, I fed off sex, and yes, I needed to get laid right now, but I could control myself. I wanted to do this, but we would lay down a few rules first. I leaned forward and rested my elbows on the desk. I looked him straight in the eyes.

“If we do have sex, you need to understand a few things. It will be sex and nothing else. I won’t do you any favors after and I won’t fire you over nothing just to get rid of you. You need to understand this is sex with no strings. You won’t find yourself with a promotion based on your performance, and if you make it the subject of locker room talk to make me look bad, you’ll see I’m way worse than Alvah when you piss me off. This is sex, and then we forget what happened.”

“I can do that. I’m not an asshole who will risk my position bragging to all of accounting I shagged the boss. I know how to be discreet.”

He was human, and I had to make sure. I got up and caressed his cheek. I called my pheromones to my fingers and let them pass into Mark.

“Are you really discreet, Mark? Will this be our little secret? Are you going to try to manipulate me later to further your career?”

Mark was putty in my hands. He got this dreamy look on his face. “I just want to have sex with you because you’re hot and I like powerful women. I wouldn’t tell a single soul. Can you boss me around a little, boss lady?”

“Good boy,” I said, patting his cheek. “Wait there and don’t move.”

I opened my office door just as my assistant was about the knock with the shirt. I grabbed the shirt and told her to make sure no one disturbed me for the next few hours. My assistant was a cat shifter and also my best friend. Sierra knew full well I would be getting down and dirty with Mark from accounting in my office.

“A human?” she whispered. “A human *accountant*? I thought you’d go for something like a biker the first time.”

“That human accountant has a massive cock and a thing for getting bossed around.”

Sierra rolled her eyes. “Go play, Eirwen. I’ll keep people away from your office. I hope you know what you are doing. You know what happened when I tried to date a human.”

Sierra was a shifter with shifter loyalty. She tried to date a human who kept tripping and ending up with his dick in other women. It messed her up for a while. She didn't understand why he didn't have the same fidelity shifter men did.

"I'm not dating him. Alvah ruined my plans for a new department, and now a bunch of people are getting fired."

Sierra gave me a knowing smile. "Get your rage fuck out of the way, Eirwen. We will have to come up with a plan to oust Alvah, eventually."

"Come by tonight? We can put on a movie none of us cares about, order Chinese, and plot to overthrow my evil stepmother."

"It's a date. Try not to break the accountant, Eirwen."

I turned to face my prey. Depending on what my mood was, I either liked being ordered around, or I enjoyed giving the orders. Really, when I wanted a rage fuck, I enjoyed being ordered around and tied up. But I could shake things up. I fell almost everywhere on the kink scale.

I couldn't promise not to leave a mark on Mark from accounting.

Chapter 2



Mark wasn't so much into being tied up and spanked. It turned out he just really enjoyed being verbally humiliated and degraded by someone with a much higher pay scale than he did. I barely got to have any fun at all. He wasn't much of a participant in my rage sex, which ended up not being ragey at all unless you count me getting frustrated because Mark expected me to do all the work. I would have begged *him* for just one nipple twist if he had lasted longer than four minutes.

I gave Mark his new shirt and sent him on his way after reminding him again this was a onetime thing. I might not have enjoyed myself, but he looked like he did, and he would ask for a repeat. Mark just bowed his head and vacated my office.

Twenty minutes after he left, Alvah called my desk phone. She had this bitchy voice that made me want to slap her through the phone.

"How are you doing on the list I presented at the meeting?"

"I haven't done a damned thing with it. It's your list. You're the VP. I know you're controlling the board to get them to do your bidding. Do your own dirty work. You want these people fired, you can be the one to tell them."

"I thought you were supposed to be smart, Eirwen. I could have you voted out as CEO with a flick of my wrist. I'd just have myself voted in."

I laughed into the receiver. "Can't, harpy. I guess you never read the will after you realized you got fucked over. He made sure you couldn't pull that little stunt, and you know what would happen to you as a human if you tried a hostile takeover of my father's company in New Orleans."

"You were always this snotty little brat. You thought you were so pretty and so smart, and you looked down on me because I'm only human. I'm going to make you pay, Eirwen."

"I don't hate you because you're human. I hate you because you're a manipulative bitch who used Voodoo to control my father. That's the only reason you're the VP of my company. He let you keep that when he took your little doll away from you."

"You will learn a few things, Eirwen. You might be a Succubus, and I might be just human, but I will teach you not to fuck with a Voodoo Queen. Your father would have been mine if it weren't for you."

"Yeah, yeah. As I said, you want those people fired, tell them yourself. Bye, Alvah."

I hung up my phone and wrapped up my workday. I couldn't wait for my night with Sierra. Even if we didn't come up with a plan for Alvah, we always had fun. She arrived right on time with our favorite cookies. I'd already ordered the Chinese food because Sierra was always early.

"How was the accountant?" she asked.

"The worst fuck ever. It was like he just wanted to lay there and do nothing while I insulted him. He wouldn't even touch me. I hadn't even gotten warmed up and he just came everywhere."

"Is he going to get all needy and want a repeat?"

"God, I hope not. Alvah called me about twenty minutes after he left. I told her to fire the people on

her stupid list herself. She's trying to find a way to get rid of me and take over the company."

"Is she insane? We run all the major companies in New Orleans. If she took over a supernatural company, they'd send an assassin for her. Honestly, after your father died, I'm shocked they haven't already with her as VP and knowing what she does in her spare time."

I rolled my eyes. "Probably because my father talked about her little hexes and curses like they were adorable. He could always break them by touching her and getting her to talk. I wonder if they think I can do that to her too?"

"She can't control the entire supernatural community in New Orleans, can she? Getting that much hair would be impossible."

"She doesn't just make dolls for herself," I pointed out. "She makes things for other people. Often, it's humans looking to curse people or luck. Think about it. She gets my father to marry her after I tried repeatedly to fire her. She's probably got a whole network of people she's done favors for, which is why they haven't swooped in and removed her."

"Well, we have to think of something. It's like she's trying to ruin your company. There's no reason to be firing anyone right now."

"She can make the board give her a bigger bonus if we have fewer employees to pay."

"We need to network and find out who is an Alvah fan and who isn't. Your father may have thought it was cute when she pulled her little hexes, but if he talked about it, I'm sure some people didn't. We need to send out feelers."

"We need to do it in a way she doesn't know we are asking too," I said.

"Come on, Eirwen. Who is the most passive-aggressive bitch, you know?"

"You said it, not me."

"Please, let me do this. Focus on trying to fix the damage she's doing to the company and let me deal with the networking."

"You know you're my favorite bitch, right?" I said, stealing a piece of chicken from her takeout container.

Sierra got me back by stealing some of my shrimp. "I'd take on an evil Voodoo queen for you, even if you banged a human accountant in your office earlier today."

"I think it's time for the wine portion of tonight so I can forget I ever thought that was a good idea. And if you ever bring it up again, I will bring up Ulrich from the eighties."

Sierra threw a pillow at my face. "You wouldn't dare!"

"If Mark from accounting ever passes your lips, and it's not related to accounting, I swear, all you will hear about is Ulrich and big hair."

Sierra giggled. "You're evil. Let's get the wine. You need to forget Mark, and I still need help to forget the eighties."

Chapter 3



It was Saturday, and Sierra was sleeping in her bedroom at my house. No one should have been pounding on my front door and ringing the doorbell like that. How had they even gotten through security? I threw some clothes on and stumbled into the living room. It was too early for this. I hadn't even had coffee yet. Sierra came out of the bedroom with her red hair sticking up everywhere.

"What the fuck, Eirwen? Do you think it's that dude from accounting?"

I looked at the doorbell cam and sighed. "No, it's Alvah."

"Do you want me to call the cops?"

"Eirwen!" Alvah shrieked through the door. "I can hear you in there. Let me in, you bitch."

I opened the door a crack.

"What do you want, Alvah?"

She wouldn't have normally been able to overpower me, but she surprised me. She lifted one Louboutin heel and kicked my door totally open. The door smacked me in the forehead, and I stumbled back. Sierra shifted in an instant. She was a panther shifter, and I was looking at her sleek black cat as she circled Alvah.

"I'd be *very* careful what you do and say next, Alvah," I growled.

"Mark was mine, bitch!" she hissed.

I knew I should take this seriously since Alvah looked ready to tear my heart out, and I didn't normally make it a point to steal other people's boyfriends or girlfriends. But Alvah with Mark from accounting? Mark, who faked confidence by rubbing his cock, then seemed to want to spend our four minute fuck session with me insulting his dick?

I fell out laughing.

Alvah looked like she would have ripped my black hair out from the roots if Sierra hadn't been pacing behind her as a huge panther.

"It's not funny, you horrible skank. You're such a slut, Eirwen. I don't see why you have to fuck everything that moves."

"Hello, Succubus, you kink shamer. Mark didn't strike me as your type, or I wouldn't have touched him. Like I want your sloppy seconds. Trust me. I don't want another round with him."

"You will pay, Eirwen. Your father never loved me completely because of you. I didn't get the company because of you. The employees there never fully accept me because of you. Mark is just the cherry on top of all that. Watch your back, Succubus. You've pissed off a very powerful Voodoo Queen."

I just waved my hand in disgust. "Get out of here before Sierra eats you."

"I'm not done—"

Sierra took a swipe at her legs with her claws fully out. Alvah decided to come take me on in

probably her highest heels. She nearly toppled over and snapped a heel. She whipped her shoe off and launched it at Sierra. Alvah went running out my front door, and finally, I didn't have to deal with her again.

I collapsed on the sofa, and Sierra shifted back. She plopped naked on the sofa next to me. We were both used to seeing each other's bits. My entire house was set up to one of those AI systems. I hacked mine and named it *Wiretap*.

"Wiretap, start the coffee machine."

"So, Mark from accounting is a little more complicated than you knew. I had no idea Alvah would be into fucking an intern from accounting. I pegged her more for sugar daddies and pool boys," Sierra said.

"She sure was pissed over a lousy lay. I mean, my dad was an Incubus. What do you think she will do to me?"

Sierra shrugged. "In New Orleans, who knows? The supernatural community won't hurt their own, but New Orleans has plenty of human gangs and criminals. She could make it look like a home invasion. You know they tried to pin her for your dad and never could."

"It wasn't her that did the deed, but it was someone he trusted. He wouldn't have gone to that warehouse alone unless it was. It was someone he couldn't use his powers on and someone stronger than him."

The coffee was ready, so I got up and poured us a cup. Sierra disappeared to put clothes on while I was preparing coffee. I was back with the coffee just as she was sitting back down on the sofa.

"You know my theory," she said, sipping her coffee.

"Why would a shifter kill my dad?"

"Money. Some shifters have gone bad, and it's like they are just disappearing from New Orleans. It's been happening with the Vampires and demons too. I've heard a few people under Alvah have disappeared."

"What the fuck? There's a serial killer, and it hasn't hit the news yet? What if they were the one who murdered my dad? Your dad hasn't even called me to tell me to be on alert."

Sierra shook her head. "I don't think it's the same person, Sierra. With your dad, they found a body. All the other people, they were bad people, and they are just disappearing. It's like one day, no one hears from them again. The cops don't know if they moved or something happened to them."

"Your dad is Chief of Police. I'm sure he has a theory. Are you hungry?"

"Do you still have some of that smoked salmon?"

"Bagels and lox? Yeah, we can do that. Get your hot ass in the kitchen. Come on, Sierra. Your dad is a shifter. I know he's smelled something and has a theory. And why haven't you said something before now?"

"Is there any of that herbed cream cheese left? I just found out about it. Apparently, it's been going on for two months, but they just connected the pieces and decided it must be something fishy. He told me to watch my back and warn you."

"The cream cheese is on the top shelf. How many and how did they connect them?"

New Orleans had its fair share of crime and murder, but it was usually the humans doing it. The supernatural community knew better than to murder a human or one of our own. The police force was all shifters of different types. The forensic labs all had Vampire techs who could do all kinds of things with blood. When they brought you in, a Druid would question you and they had ways you couldn't lie. The only reason Alvah hadn't gotten the Druid treatment was that nothing was tying her to the scene of the crime, and she was at a huge public party when it happened.

Sierra could put away a lot of food since she was a shifter, and I loved to eat as well. Sierra wasn't done with her perfect breakfast just yet. She triumphantly held up orange juice from my fridge after she went hunting for the cream cheese.

"If we're talking serial killers and Alvah, we need Mimosas," she announced.

She was totally right. We ate our bagels and downed Mimosas while she filled me in on what her dad told her. Even though the supernatural community knew better than to harm anyone, that didn't mean it didn't happen, or that there wasn't a crime problem with us too.

Two months ago, people started disappearing. They were always supernatural, and it was always someone the cops were trying to put a case together to arrest. They were seemingly unconnected. The only thing they had in common was that they were supernatural and had a history of crime.

The only reason Sierra's father, Tate, thought something connected them was because of the sheer number of people missing. He suspected it was more than one person, but it couldn't be a rival group or gang because whoever it was didn't discriminate. There was no obvious pattern, and they had left no supernatural group out.

Tate saw a connection, but I wasn't sure I did. The only thing that connected that many supernatural missing people was their history of crime. New Orleans always came together when it counted. We came together when we flooded, if a hurricane hit, or if our neighbor was in trouble. Maybe it wasn't one person doing this. Maybe New Orleans was just fighting back against criminals since the cops couldn't gather enough evidence to convict them. Sierra just shook her head when I told her this.

"They were close to busting everyone who has gone missing. Some of them, they only discovered they were missing right after they had a signed warrant to search their house or business. They got there and found their evidence, but nobody to convict or bury."

"Well, we've got three things to worry about right now, and two of them involve Alvah. Your dad is the cop. He'll tell us if we need to worry about whoever is making all those supernaturals disappear."

Sierra hopped off her stool and headed over to my bar.

"If we're plotting against Alvah, we will need something stronger than Mimosas."

Chapter 4



I was supposed to be smart. My father liked to brag about it, and I'd managed not to get myself in any super fucked up situations in fifty-five years. Don't ask me why I thought it was smart to go to Bywater without Sierra or a bodyguard with Alvah hellbent on revenge and Sierra warning me there might be a serial killer in New Orleans.

I was in Bywater on Sunday for two reasons. One, I just loved the district. It was way less crowded than the Quarter, and there was a plant store I loved to visit. Two, there was a sex dungeon I wanted to check out. I'd been there before ten years ago and never went back.

The club used to be dingy, and unsafe. They didn't properly vet people before they let them in, and it looked like I would need antibiotics if I used any of the equipment. I showed up at the door, walked in, looked around, told plenty of people no, and walked out without playing.

From what I had heard through the grapevine, the club had been bought out by new owners, who spent the last year totally gutting and renovating the warehouse. The club had been renamed, and now there was no trace of it online except for one fetish website where you had to apply to join just to read the rules of the group.

They had approved me to join the group. I had posted nothing, but I'd read the new club rules and read their rigorous vetting process to get in. There were no photos of the inside of the club, and I hadn't formally applied to join, but I wanted to see it from the outside.

Parking in New Orleans was a nightmare, no matter where you went. I found a spot to park and left on foot. There was a plant shop in Bywater that was like visiting a jungle. It was my favorite place to go on a lazy Sunday. I had quite the little succulent garden going around my house.

I strolled through the shop, enjoying the greenery and smell of fresh flowers. I forgot all about Alvah and was just enjoying my Sunday off. I killed some time at a Bywater dive drinking beer and eating snacks. According to the group, the club, *Deadly Sins*, was open every night, so it would be open on a Sunday.

It was so stupid. I should have taken my car, but we were having a perfect spring night in New Orleans. It wasn't too hot, and it wasn't so humid it felt like you were walking around in soup. I enjoyed the night air and my surroundings and walked to *Deadly Sins*. It was across the district, but I liked the exercise.

I had gotten to the part of Bywater that was less populated and had fewer shops. I'd long passed the residential area. I was still enjoying my night until I saw a man coming towards me on the sidewalk. He was huge, and I could tell he was a shifter of some sort. His eyes were trained right on me, and I could tell he had scented me. He also had malice in his eyes like he meant me harm.

Tate and an Incubus taught me everything I knew about self-defense. He taught me as he was teaching Sierra. I didn't have a shifter nose. My supernatural senses knew this man was a shifter, but I couldn't smell what kind. Tate taught us running from certain shifters was the worst thing you could do because the chase excited them. Never show fear. They can smell it and will react to it.

So, I stayed on my path on the sidewalk and just intended to go around him. I'd let my hand brush his bare arm and use my Succubus gifts to tell him he didn't want to hurt me. He was wearing gloves, but he had his arms exposed. Stay calm, Eirwen. You can do this.

We passed on the sidewalk, but his gloved hand darted out before I could touch him. He yanked me forward, and I felt a burning in my stomach. I looked down and saw the hilt of a knife sticking out of my gut. My knees nearly buckled as he twisted the knife.

"Alvah sends her regards," he sneered.

Think, Eirwen. You aren't dying alone on this street. Alvah didn't tell him not to leave any exposed flesh. I grabbed his arm and started pulling as much of his essence into me as I could. It wouldn't heal me, but I could see *Deadly Sins* within my line of sight. I wasn't vetted, but maybe they would make an exception for an injured Succubus and let me in to heal.

I felt a little of my energy return. Enough to make it to that club. I had just enough left to send pheromones to the shifter.

"Tell Alvah you killed me and dumped my body in the Mississippi River."

The shifter's eyes glazed over. "She said to bring back your heart."

"You're a shifter. You'll hunt a wild animal in the forest and bring her back that heart and tell her it's mine."

"Yes. I'll kill an animal in the forest and bring its heart to Alvah."

"Go now and don't look back," I hissed.

I pressed my hand over the gushing wound in my stomach and stumbled to *Deadly Sins*. I knew it was a supernatural club, but for the life of me, I had no idea what the bouncer was.

"Name?" he demanded.

"Please, I'm not vetted, but I desperately need to get inside."

"Sorry, sweetie. Find someone else to spank you tonight. You don't go through our vetting process, you aren't getting through our doors."

My jacket was hiding the wound in my stomach, and my life was slowly seeping through my fingers. I would bleed out and die on the doorstep of a sex club if I stood out here and argued. My vision was getting black spots, and I was sure I would faint soon. Would that get this asshole's attention? Would he even know what to do with me if I passed out? Would he care, or would he let me die out here because of the rules?

I was struggling to even stay upright. My boost from the shifter was fading, and I needed skin contact, then sex. I couldn't even get my jacket open to show him.

"I've been stabbed, you fuck," I hissed.

I stumbled forward, not able to hold myself upright anymore. The huge bouncer caught me. The last thing I felt as I passed out was him picking me up and carrying me inside.

Chapter 5



Where the fuck was I? I was in a plush bed, and I could feel two hard bodies pressed on either side of me. And where were my trousers? I bolted upright and there was a sharp pain in my stomach. All my memories came back to me—the shifter on the street stabbing me, stumbling to *Deadly Sins*. I guess they knew what to do with an injured Succubus, but who were these men in bed with me, and why did this room look more like a guy's room than a kinky sex dungeon room?

“Easy, Eirwen,” one man said. “That was a wicked stab wound.”

“How do you know my name?” I demanded.

I hadn't given it at the front door, I didn't use it on the forum for the club, and I hadn't submitted my info to be allowed inside. How the fuck did he know my name? Five more men came spilling into the bedroom. They were all huge and gorgeous, but like the man at the front door, I couldn't figure out *what* they were. They weren't any type of supernatural creature I'd met before, and I thought I had met every kind that existed.

“We checked your ID. Didn't seem right to cuddle half-naked with a girl without getting her name first,” said the smirking man I woke up next to.

“*What* are you? You aren't human, but you're nothing I've met before.”

A huge man with black hair falling in his eyes and tattoos in all the right places stepped forward and looked me right in the eyes. He wasn't even trying to check me out.

“What we are is men who need to know how the fuck you ended up on our doorstep. You need our help too if you are going to finish healing,” he growled.

I didn't like the tone of his voice. “I'm healed enough to walk out of here and call someone I actually know for that. I appreciate you helping me, but I don't know who or what you are. I asked, and you danced around the answer.”

The smirking man on the bed crossed his legs and stuck his hands behind his head. “I say we just tell her. She feels nice.”

The bouncer who brought me in was also in the room. “We were talking about how to do this when she just showed up on our doorstep. I think it's fate. We should trust her.”

All seven men were having a conversation about trusting me, but I was the one sitting in a bed in my bra and panties outnumbered by seven men. They had a shitty idea of who should earn whose trust here. I was still healing, and if they wanted to, they could easily finish what the shifter started.

“Hello?” I yelled, waving my hand. “There are seven of you, and I just got stabbed. I've got no idea what you are. I think it's *you* who should convince *me* to trust you, not the other way around.”

Tattooed and grumpy was back to scowling at me. “If the stepdaughter of Alvah Drakon showed up on your doorstep, would you trust her?”

My pleasant day off had turned totally shitty, and it was all tying back to Alvah. If these men hated her too, we could be friends if they ever told me what they were, but they must not have done their

homework if they didn't know Alvah and I loathed each other. It was so fucking ridiculous, I just started laughing, even if I wasn't healed and it hurt like hell.

"You think I'm working with Alvah? Who do you think tried to kill me? She's controlling the board of my company, and I'm pretty sure she's responsible for my father's death. I have zero proof, and I can't exactly kill her without getting killed myself."

An arrogant looking ginger flipped his hair back. "That's why you need to work with us."

"Give me a reason," I taunted.

Arrogant Ginger just flexed his biceps at me like it would make my Succubus react.

"If Alvah had someone try to kill you, don't you think she will try again?"

"Oh, I know she will. But if we're in a sex club, then you know trust is a major thing, and right now, you haven't given me a reason."

There was a hot bald man who had just been ignoring the entire conversation. He looked like he was really into eating an ice cream cone. Not even I could make eating ice cream look that sexual. He tossed the last of the cone into his mouth and gave me a sweeping bow.

"Meet the Seven Deadly Sins. I'm Gluttony, but you can call me Kobe like everyone else."

"The Seven—what? Are you the demonic Seven Deadly Sins or the angelic Seven Deadly Sins?" I asked.

The smirking man in bed was still just lounging in his boxer briefs. "Guys, do you hear the horse shit they are teaching the supernaturals these days? Eirwen, please tell us what you mean by that, then we'll tell you why that's wrong."

"Well, you have the demonic Deadly Sins that tempt people into committing them, then you have the angelic Deadly Sins that punish them. That's what they taught us in school. I've met demons before, but I've never met a walking Sin before."

Everyone seemed to find that hilarious except Mr. Tattooed and Grumpy. He didn't seem to find much of anything funny. It might break his entire face to crack a smile. The smirking man on the bed touched my arm.

"My Sin is Lust. You can call me Connor. You're still healing. Why don't you lie back down so me and Adamo can hold you? Adamo's sin is Greed."

I turned to Adamo. He had olive skin and black eyes. He was looking at me with this smoldering gaze. He trailed a finger down my arm.

"Please? I hate to see a pretty girl in pain unless she's been naughty, and I have to discipline her."

I could tell a lot from touch, and I could tell from Adamo's that I could trust him. If I thought about it, I had been confused, but I felt safe when I woke up. I laid back in bed between Connor and Adamo and snuggling into them was like a Succubus wet dream. They were both huge and ripped with muscle. It didn't hurt that they were gorgeous either. All seven of them were. Even Mr. Tattooed and Grumpy was hot.

I nestled into their arms and felt my wound tingle as it continued to heal.

"So, if they teach us wrong, what is the truth?"

One man who hadn't spoken, but had blonde hair and blue eyes like an angel stepped forward and

sat at the foot of the bed. He started rubbing my feet. Oh, that was nice. A foot rub felt extra nice when you needed it to heal the huge stab wound in your stomach.

“Name is Dermot, and my Sin is Envy. Let us explain who we are. Heaven or Hell didn’t create us. Man was the one who created Sin. It was a powerful supernatural event every time they committed a big one. So powerful, it created one of us each time. We eventually found each other and started to work together as a team. Sometimes, things are too big for us to get involved in directly like wars, but we can get close and manipulate decisions. Sometimes, we visit areas to take out the trash.”

I looked at Dermot. All those missing persons cases on Tate’s desk must be them.

“You’re in New Orleans running a sex club and punishing sinners? Oh, god, are you going to kill me because I’m a Succubus? I’m lying right next to Lust.”

Connor nuzzled my neck with his nose. “I only punish people who use sex to hurt people or serial adulterers. Come on. We are at a sex club. My Sin might be Lust, but I’m not a kink shamer.”

“You all take part in the club?” I asked.

It was so fucking weird I was in a sex club with the Seven Deadly Sins, and they weren’t punishing everyone. They were the fucking *owners*.

Mr. Tattooed and Grumpy crossed his arms and glared at me.

“I don’t. I don’t think with my cock like these assholes.”

“And you are?” I said sweetly. I kind of wanted to kick him in the nuts. Why was he in such a bad mood all the time?

“Wrath. You can call me Wrath.”

He was the only one who didn’t give me a name other than a Sin. I could tell he didn’t like me and didn’t want me here. The arrogant ginger gave me another hair flip.

“His name is Tristan. Quit being an asshole, Tristan. My name is Alaric, and my sin is Pride.”

Of course, it was. Tristan was totally Wrath, and if Alaric could have been strutting around the room like a peacock, he would have. Connor just wanted to touch me, and Adamo was holding me like he already decided I was his. Dermot was glaring at us in bed like he wanted to join us. Kobe was mouth fucking another ice cream cone. Where did he even get that?

I’d met six of the Seven Deadly Sins. That left Sloth, who looked totally bored and had his nose buried in a laptop.

“I guess that leaves you,” I said, trying to get his attention. He didn’t even look up.

“Salem!” Alaric barked. “Be polite. We have a guest.”

“I think that Vampire we were talking about banning is about to bite someone without her consent. She has it on her list. No biting. He’s got her chained to the Saint Andrew’s cross, and he looks like he will do it whether or not she uses her safe word.”

Tristan just growled. “I’ll handle it,” he snapped, stomping out of the room.

I’d never snuggled up to a walking Sin before, but my body was humming as it healed itself. I’d felt nothing like this before.

“Now that introductions are out of the way, why are the Seven Deadly Sins running a sex dungeon, and why are you in New Orleans? I think the cops are onto you,” I said.

Connor copped a feel while he was holding me. “We’ve been alive a long time, Eirwen. Long enough to know what we do and don’t like in the bedroom. We’ve lived and loved and gotten our hearts broken. We also know we like to play when things are totally safe and consensual. When we move into town, it’s after a lot of planning. We scope places to play, and if we don’t find a place that fits our needs, we buy one and run it. After we leave, we train staff to keep it running, and it stays a moneymaker for us. Punishing the wicked doesn’t exactly pay the rent.”

Adamo splayed his hand across my belly and rubbed his face in my hair. “Did you end up on our doorstep by accident, or were you looking to play?”

Dermot frowned at me. He was the bouncer I met at the door. “Something tells me a Succubus doesn’t end up at a dungeon by accident. My gut also tells me she would know she wouldn’t be let in the front door unless we vetted her first. Care to explain, Eirwen?”

“I come to Bywater on Sundays a lot. There’s a plant shop I like and a dive I usually have dinner at. It’s just an area I really like. I’d been to this club ten years ago under the old management and walked out without playing. I never came back. I heard it was under new management. I meant just to see if you had done anything to the outside before I submitted my membership to check out the inside. I had no idea Alvah would send someone to kill me on my day off.”

Salem barely looked up from his laptop. I understood why now. He was monitoring the club and doing his job. If there was a stupid Vampire biting people without their consent, I’d rather him glued to the laptop than looking at me.

“Alvah Drakon is our main target while we are here, but getting close to her will be hard,” Salem said. “You could help us with that, and we can keep you safe from her. She will try again. Right now, she thinks you are dead.”

“What was my evil stepmother’s big Sin that got your attention?” I asked.

I hated her, sure, and she just had me stabbed, but what brought her to the attention of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Alaric just gave me a grim look. “Oh, Alvah Drakon has hit all the major Sins. We’d have to draw straws on which one gets to carry out the deed to punish her.”

“How do you think I can help you with this? She hates me. I accidentally fucked her boy toy in accounting, and she just had me stabbed.”

Salem was still typing away on his laptop.

“Do you mean Mark Champagne, the intern in accounting?” Salem asked.

“Yes. How exactly do you know that?”

Connor chuckled. “You smell good. There’s not a firewall in the world that can keep Salem out. He knows everything about your company now.”

“Stay out of my company files! Yes, Mark Champagne. He’s really into degradation, but he doesn’t like following orders. He laid there like a dead fish, but apparently, Alvah is into that.”

“Damn. I was hoping you were a sub,” Connor purred.

“No, Alvah is into the money she has him embezzling from the company. She’s got an offshore bank account he’s funneling the money into,” Salem said.

“What!” I shrieked, bolting to a sitting position. The wound in my stomach had started knitting itself closed, and I felt it rip open a little. Connor grabbed me and yanked me back into his arms.

“Not so fast, little Succubus. You need to heal.”

“That bitch is stealing from my family company!”

Adamo wrapped his arms around me. “Let’s not forget the knife wound in your stomach.”

“What can I do to help you bring her down?”

It was on now. She had me stabbed, she probably killed my father, she turned my board into her zombies, and now she had her fuck boy stealing money from me. I needed a plan before and now I had the Seven Deadly Sins with information I didn’t have before.

Alvah was going down.

Chapter 6



I could heal with just skin contact. It just took longer than if I had sex. Sure, all seven walking Sins were pure sex, and we were in apartments on top of a sex dungeon, but aside from very rare occasions and Mark from accounting, I usually needed a connection before I had sex with someone. And if I learned anything from Mark, I would not be having any random hookups for a long time, even if it meant I'd heal a lot faster.

Not even the Seven Deadly Sins had a plan for bringing Alvah down just yet. They knew her crimes. They knew her associates. It was just a question of getting close to her. Alvah always traveled with an army of bodyguards, zombies, and sycophants. She probably had thirty people with her at any given time in public.

Connor and Adamo were the biggest flirts. Alaric liked to swagger and brag, but he was nice underneath all of it. Kobe wanted to cook my favorite meals for me. Dermot was a little jealous of Connor and Adamo. Tristan was always an asshole, and I was learning Salem was deadly with his laptop.

I'd stayed at the sex dungeon overnight, and I had healed a lot while I slept smashed between Connor and Adamo. Dermot got mad one of them wouldn't swap with him, and I think all seven were a little frustrated I didn't want to fuck to heal, but they said nothing to me.

Kobe had a gourmet breakfast prepared for me and sat there eye-fucking me while I ate.

"I love a woman with a good appetite," he said.

"You would love my best friend Sierra then. I need to call her. She'll want to help bring down Alvah too."

Tristan just grumped. "You will need clothes, and you can't go back home. Where do you live? I'll pick some things up. No one will fuck with me."

"I'll call Sierra. She can meet you there. She'll want to come back here and make sure I'm okay. Don't give me any shit about her not being vetted. She's as vanilla as they come, but she's not going to the club, she's coming to this apartment."

Connor moaned again. "I was so hoping you were a sub until you told me about that uncooperative fuck in your office."

My stomach was feeling much better. I'd probably be totally healed after a little more snuggling. I grinned at Connor and flirted a little.

"I'm actually a switch. I'm in the mood for what I'm in the mood for when I want it."

I think every man in the room perked up except Tristan, who was still scowling at me.

"Interesting," Alaric said, leaning forward on his elbows.

"Watch it, cowboy. I don't jump into that kind of relationship until I know I can trust you. I'm not letting you tie me up and come at me with a belt until I know you will not hurt me."

Alaric just grinned at me. "That's the only kind of relationship we have. But it changes things to

know we can have it with you.”

Dermot just gave me a friendly smile. “And if you say no, there are no hard feelings.”

“You want me to have a submissive relationship with all of you?” I asked, quirking an eyebrow at them.

“Not me,” Salem said. He still had his laptop even at the breakfast table. “I’m asexual all the way, but I wouldn’t mind cuddling with you while you heal. I’m not attracted to you sexually at all, but I love me some cuddling.”

He finally looked up from his laptop and smiled at me. Salem was adorable. He had his brown hair piled on his head in a messy bun, and he had a scraggly beard. Salem was like hipster Sin.

“We can do that,” I said, grinning at him.

“It’s *my* turn to snuggle next,” Dermot said. Mr. Envy had his own jealousy problems. He ran his fingers through his blond hair and glared at Connor and Adamo. “The two of you have sharing problems.”

“Sure, Dermot,” Connor said, rolling his eyes. “Eirwen, we hardly know you either. I don’t think any of us are quite ready to take you for a submissive just yet. Plus, you aren’t totally submissive, and we need to meet that need too. Not all of us are Doms, anyway.”

“Oh?”

“This big, cuddly fuck cooking breakfast is a Daddy,” Alaric said.

“Oh, shut it,” Kobe said. “Do we really have to bring all our kinks out over breakfast?”

“Alvah has been scouring news articles all day hoping someone found Eirwen’s body. We need to come up with a plan to keep her safe, but not let Alvah take over the company,” Salem said.

I had been so pissed off when I found out Salem hacked my company, but now I was glad he could watch Alvah. And he found out Mark from accounting was an even bigger turd than I initially thought.

“I wonder what she did with that heart,” I grumbled, munching on a piece of bacon.

“Excuse me, heart?” Alaric asked.

“Yeah, I used my gifts on the shifter, so he didn’t finish the job. I told him to tell her he dumped my body in the river. He said he was to bring her my heart.”

Adamo shook his head and nearly stabbed Connor for the last piece of sausage.

“That’s *mine*,” Mr. Greed said. “She had some bad shit planned for your heart.”

Connor shot Adamo this disgusted look, but he backed off and let him have the last of the sausage.

“Is Alvah the entire reason you are here?” I asked.

Sure, she was a horrid bitch, but what exactly had she done to bring all seven Sins to New Orleans? I had my ideas, sure, but I needed to hear it. I had my suspicions she killed my father, especially dealing with my still aching stomach.

Dermot just picked me up. I was done eating, but I wasn’t expecting him to pick me up like a caveman. He carried me to his bedroom, which was a different room than I was in last night. I must have been in Connor’s room last night. It was all reds and satin sheets last night. This room was all greens.

“Salem!” Dermot yelled over his shoulder. “If you want in on the cuddle time, get your ass in here.”

I wondered if Salem would drag himself away from his laptop to snuggle with me. He followed us into Dermot’s bedroom and placed his laptop on a table on the other side of the room. He started stripping off his clothes. I was still in just my bra and panties. I was sure it ruined my clothes. They were covered in blood, and what I had worn the day before needed to be dry cleaned. I wasn’t shy and had no problem eating breakfast in my panties with seven hot guys.

Dermot placed me in the middle of the bed and pulled me to his chest. I half expected him to pee on me and grunt *mine*. Salem took a running start and dove into bed. He buried his face into my neck and wrapped his arms around my waist.

“Finding platonic snuggle buddies in a sex club is so hard,” he moaned.

Okay, Salem was a superb cuddler. It wasn’t awkward at all, and he was right. Platonic snuggle buddies were awesome if you could find one.

“We can snuggle whenever you want, Salem.”

“What about me?” Dermot grumped.

“You know I don’t belong to you, right?”

“I know. But you’re here now, and I want you.”

“Eirwen!”

I could hear Sierra screeching from across the apartment. All the guys in the bedroom started exchanging looks.

“That’s my best friend. She’s a cat shifter, and she’ll bite your balls off if she thinks you’ve hurt me,” I warned them.

I thought they would say something stupid about a vanilla shifter being here, but Kobe just leaned back on the sofa in the room.

“We could use a shifter’s help. Tell her to leave our testicles alone and play nice, and she can help us.”

I smiled into Salem’s chest. I could tell her that, but Sierra ripped balls off first and asked questions later.

Chapter 7



Sierra shoved her way through a room full of six muscular men. Tristan was trailing behind her fuming, and it looked like his lip was trying to heal. Connor fell out laughing when he spotted the blood on Tristan's shirt.

"Dude, did you get face punched by a shifter?" he snorted.

Sierra cut her eyes to Connor and gave him such epic stink eye, he started choking.

"Watch it, or I'll deck you too. Eirwen, baby, tell me you are okay. Why haven't you healed by now?"

"They've been helping me heal. They are the good guys. After Mark, I didn't want a random hookup, even if it meant healing faster. Mark is even worse than we thought. Alvah has him embezzling money."

Sierra cocked an eyebrow at me. "How did you find that out in a sex club?"

"Well, these are the Seven Deadly Sins, and they have their sights on Alvah. This is how we bring her down, Sierra."

Sierra turned to glare at Tristan. "Even if you help us make that bitch pay, I'm not sorry I punched you."

Tristan just stood there glowering at her. "You're lucky I have a problem raising my hand to women that don't deserve my wrath."

Alaric just flipped his hair back. "What did you do to piss the shifter off, Tristan?"

"Nothing! I was getting clothes like I said I would. She just walked in the front door like it was her house and tried to beat me up. She was about to shift when I managed to get out her friend had been stabbed and was healing with us."

I winked at Sierra. That's exactly what I would have done too if I had stopped by her house and found some strange man going through her clothes.

"You were looking pretty hard at her thongs, you perv. I thought you were a burglar with a panty fetish."

Tristan turned purple. I could tell he wanted to strangle both of us.

"That Succubus will be around my house in just her underwear until she heals since she won't have sex! I was trying to find something that wasn't strings and a tiny triangle."

Okay, giving Tristan a hard time would be my new favorite thing. He just got so mad all the time, and I already knew he hated me.

"That's everything I own," I purred.

Tristan practically launched a duffle bag on my head. "Wear clothes when you are outside a bedroom. Someone call me when it's time to move on Alvah," he snapped, stomping out of the room.

I was enjoying my snuggling session with Dermot and Salem. My stomach was hurting less. I should

be fully healed in another day or so. I got the feeling I wouldn't be snuggling with Tristan at all.

"What's his deal? Is he always so pleasant?" I asked.

"We don't always work together," Adamo said. "Sometimes, we are on assignment on our own. Tristan wasn't always like that. He was on assignment in Haiti about two hundred years ago. He won't talk about it. First, he didn't want to come home, and then he couldn't come home fast enough. It was an ugly job. There was a nasty gang of Baka demons terrorizing Haiti that he was sent after. Our theories are that he saw some dark shit on that job or it was a woman."

A lot of the demons in New Orleans were totally harmless, but I remembered Baka demons from my school lessons. They were cannibals, and they didn't even try to eat anything but human or supernatural flesh.

"I thought the Baka were extinct," I said.

Kobe gave me a grim look. "They are. You can thank Tristan for that. He was in Haiti for fifty years. He killed the last Baka after forty, but he refused to come back for another ten years."

Okay, so I wouldn't be giving Tristan a hard time. I had no idea what happened in Haiti, but Tristan could be a grumpy fuck if he spent fifty years doing nothing but hunting cannibal demons. It wasn't my business. Tristan didn't want to talk about it, or he would have with his friends.

Sierra let out a little cat hiss. "I don't want to talk about the big grumpy guy who has a thong fetish. Hello, Eirwen! They stabbed you."

"She was careless. She didn't tell him not to leave any exposed flesh, and he did it near this club. He wouldn't have known from the outside, but it wasn't like my father where I couldn't have gotten away if I tried hard enough."

"Sloppy is not Alvah's style," Alaric pointed out.

I shrugged. "He was a big shifter. She wanted my heart. I can heal a lot of wounds, but I can't grow a heart back if it's ripped from my chest."

Connor gave me this pointed look. "I've ripped a few hearts from chests in my day, Eirwen. A shifter doesn't have the power to punch a hole in your chest and rip your heart out. He'd have to crack your rib cage open and cut it out. There's no way he could have done that on the street in the Bywater district."

"The shifter was one of her zombies and expendable to her," Salem said. "She probably didn't refresh the hair on her doll before she sent him out, and it was getting brittle. He was gaining control back and was fighting back how he could."

"You know Voodoo?" I asked Salem.

Dermot just laughed. "Don't let his Sin fool you. Salem knows everything. He probably knows more about Voodoo than Alvah does."

"Then why don't we know how to beat her yet? Why do you need me?" I said.

Salem started playing with my long black hair. If Salem was into platonic cuddling, he was definitely getting it from me again.

"We have a long list of Alvah's crimes, but you can get close to her," Salem said, scratching my scalp.

I swear it was like I was the cat shifter and not Sierra because I was about to purr. I could feel my wound knitting together even stronger.

“She will not let me inside her house. She was pissed she had to move when my dad died and left me the house. If I knocked on her door, she’d stab me herself.”

“No, but you work in the same office.”

“So do I,” Sierra pointed out. “Everyone who’s opinion counts has been made into her Voodoo zombie.”

Connor winked at Sierra. “Eirwen’s opinion matters, and so does yours. Alvah not looking twice at an assistant will be her downfall.”

“You mean I can help bring the bitch down that stabbed my best friend?”

Salem grinned. “Do you believe in karma, Sierra?”

“Well, I’m looking at the Seven Deadly Sins. Who’s to say karma isn’t real?”

“Wait,” I said. “I’m still healing a huge knife wound to my gut. Before I let Sierra get involved, how did Alvah come to your attention? What are you *really* doing in New Orleans? You said you don’t always work together. Are all seven Deadly Sins here for my stepmother?”

Kobe stood up and ran his hand over his bald head.

“There’s a lot you don’t know about your stepmother, Eirwen. Stay there and try to heal. This story is best told over good food. Let me cook lunch. Any requests? Do you require anything special to speed up your healing?”

“A big juicy cock,” Sierra snorted.

“Steak it is then,” Kobe said, not even reacting to Sierra.

Salem was back to playing with my hair, and Dermot was stroking my arms. Tristan still hadn’t come back into the room. The rest of the guys were just lounging around the room.

Alaric flipped his red hair out his eyes and trained his gaze on me. “Forget what you know about Alvah Drakon, Eirwen. Everything you know about her is a lie. The truth is much worse.”

I thought about everything I knew about Alvah since my father took a chance and hired her. I thought about how she probably murdered my father and how my board was all her zombies. My stomach was healing, but I would still get twinges of pain if I moved.

How could it possibly be worse?

Chapter 8



Kobe was technically Gluttony, and that was what sin he punished, but fuck, could he cook. New Orleans was one of the top food capitals in the States, and I'd never eaten a bad meal here. My father used some of the best chefs growing up. Hands down, Kobe made the best steak I'd ever eaten. I wasn't even mad that he made everyone wait to tell me Alvah's sordid history until we had finished eating.

Kobe made eating look like sex. If my stomach hadn't been hurting, I would have drooled over this sexy bald man while he ate his steak. I was a Succubus, and not even I could make slicing a hunk of beef and sticking in my mouth look like I was getting oral sex under the table like that. It seemed like I was the only one enjoying the show too. Sierra liked food just as much as I did, and she was raving about her steak instead of trying to enjoy the food and watching Kobe enjoy his.

Kobe shoved his plate away and rubbed what I was sure was six-pack abs underneath his shirt.

"I'm sorry, Eirwen. I'll try to make a proper dessert tonight. I love watching a woman enjoy food. It'll be a joy to cook for you while you're here. Now, we can talk about Alvah. Unpleasant things shouldn't be discussed over good food. It messes up digestion."

Adamo just stood up and pulled his trousers off. "Eirwen is healing. She should sit in my lap."

Alaric wasn't having that. "Piss off, Adamo. You've had your turn. She should sit in mine."

Sierra hadn't gotten the same introduction I did, so she couldn't match every man with their Sin. She just rolled her eyes.

"Let me guess, one of you is Greed or Envy?"

Alaric pushed his hair out of his eyes. "Adamo is Greed, and Dermot is Envy. They've already made sure they've had a turn helping Eirwen heal. It's my turn. I can do it better than they can."

Sierra looked at me instead of Alaric. "Pride?"

"You know it," Alaric said.

I had this feeling if Pride and Greed got into a fight, it would not be pretty. They'd spend hours arguing, and I'd have to wait to hear about Alvah. I couldn't stay here in a sex club playing dead forever. I had a company to run, and Alvah was stealing money from me. I had to move before she did anything else to ruin my family's legacy.

"Why don't we move this to your living room so I can sit with both of you? The more skin contact, the better for a Succubus with an injury like this."

Kobe pushed his chair in. "Actually, it's Adamo's turn to do the dishes. I get to snuggle with you this time."

Adamo scowled and clenched his fists. Connor just smirked.

"You know the rules, man. You leave dirty dishes out, and you have to do them for a whole week. Let someone else help Eirwen."

Kobe stripped down to his boxers and joined us in the living room. Kobe and Alaric smelled

amazing. What was it about these guys that made snuggling with them so nice? It almost made being stabbed in the stomach not so horrific.

I realized Salem was fiddling with a huge television. I thought we were talking about Alvah, not watching television. Salem was glued to his laptop again. He finally looked up at me with his big puppy dog brown eyes.

“While you were sleeping, I put everything I’ve gathered on Alvah into a presentation so I could stream it to the TV. Tristan! Get your grumpy ass in here and share what you know about Alvah. I’m doing a presentation.”

“Give it yourself. It’s not like all of you don’t know,” Tristan yelled.

“You were the one who let her slip through your fingers two hundred years ago, dick for brains,” Alaric yelled. “Get out here and be social.”

Huge Tristan came stomping out like talking to us was the last thing he wanted to do. I knew if Sierra and I weren’t here, he’d probably be out here being as friendly as he could manage. That was when it hit me.

“Alvah is human. She’s younger than I am. What the fuck are you talking about two hundred years ago? I know some Voodoo spells make you live a little longer, but not that long.”

“That’s because you don’t know the kind of magic she does,” Tristan growled. “Two hundred years ago in Romania, there was a clan of Vampires who caught some kind of virus. It mutated and made them violent. They were keeping humans in dungeons. One prisoner was a Romanian witch. She became a pet to them. By the time I figured out how to storm their castle and kill them all, she’d already killed the most powerful one.

“At the time, I had no idea how a Romanian peasant woman overpowered a vampire. Not only that, the corpse had been mutilated. You know the only way to kill a vampire is to cut off their head, but symbols had been carved into the body, and the heart cut out. When I questioned the peasant, she said the vampire stole her blood, so she was just taking her power back from the vampire.

“She wasn’t a Druid, and this wasn’t Druidic magic. I thought it was a local superstition and let it pass. Salem asked me about the symbols when I got home, and I remembered them enough to sketch them for him. He knew what they were. It was a dark, dirty human spell that stole the life force from that vampire and attached it to the peasant woman, allowing her to be young and beautiful until it ran out. You know how long supernatural creatures live. That life force would have lasted until it was snuffed out inside the Vampire, but stolen, it eventually runs out.

“That Romanian peasant woman disappeared when I went back, but we kept hearing stories over the next two hundred years of a human woman inserting herself in supernatural affairs. She would always have some kind of local magic. She would stay there, building trust, sometimes marrying a powerful man. She’d have an entire network of supernaturals as her slaves.

“By the time we heard she was in an area, she had already stolen a heart and disappeared. The only reason we could track her to New Orleans was because of your father’s death. We heard a human Voodoo queen married a powerful Incubus, and they found him murdered. We looked into it and his heart was in his chest.

“But Alvah loves attention, and she’s all over the society pages. She might have dyed her hair, had

her eyes and nose done, and gotten a boob job, but I'd recognize that look in her eyes no matter how she's changed her appearance."

"Then she knows I'm not dead if the shifter brought her an animal heart as I told him to do. I thought it was some fucked up trophy, not that she was using it for that. Why mine and not my father's if she killed him too?"

Salem took over and sent a painting to the television. It was Alvah centuries ago in an opulent gown with a tiara on her head.

"She always stuck with supernatural royalty before. It was kind of like her MO. She always went for a young, impressionable prince with no children who could convince his parents to let him marry a human. It was always the younger son, who wouldn't be king, so the king and queen would usually agree.

Salem started flipping through the photos of Alvah he had collected over the years. Tristan was right. Her look changed, but that glint in her eyes never changed as the images on the television went from oil paintings to still photos.

"After royalty slowly fell out of fashion and she immigrated to the United States, she switched to the most powerful supernatural in that region. In a way, she switched to the king. Your dad was more like the king of New Orleans. He was older than who she normally targeted, but he had something different from her usual targets—he had a daughter.

"I'm sure she always intended to murder him for his money, but the heart she intended to take was always yours. It would have been younger than his and kept her younger longer."

How long would she have strung me along playing her little VP game at my company before she tried to murder me if that was her intent all long? Was she really all that pissed about Mark in accounting, or did that actually save my life? Did my ill-conceived rage fuck with Mark piss her off and get her to step up her plans? Was that why she was so careless when she sent the shifter after me?

"You said she offended all of you. She's murdered, and she's embezzling from my company. What else has she done?" I asked.

"She's vain as fuck," Alaric said. "Sometimes, she would kill servants just for being prettier than she was. I'm sure that was part of why you were a target. Her ego is out of control. Think about it. If she were smart, she would have hit you at the same time as she killed your father. She stayed on as VP of your company because her pride has her thinking no one can stop her, and no one is onto her."

"Lust is not just fornication," Connor pointed out. "She lusts for longer life and money. She kills and steals to get it. She committed the sin of Lust a hundred times over."

"Salem?" I asked. "I'm a little unfamiliar with your sin. Alvah isn't lazy."

Salem looked up from his laptop. "Sloth isn't just being lazy. It's when good people fail to act. Alvah makes sure of that. She steals their bits and turns them into her zombies so no one who could act against her can. Either that, or she threatens them. Alvah committed my sin because she forced other people to through magic. It's an abomination."

"Tristan? I know you found her, but as far as I know, I'm the only one Alvah ever showed her ugly side to."

"Alvah is full of hatred. She thinks she deserves all the things she steals. She hates everyone and

loves no one. Hatred is also wrath. It turns you into an ugly person.”

“What about the Envy part? She just wanted my heart this entire time. I thought she hated me because my father loved me more than her, but it was always about my heart.”

“Ah, Eirwen,” Dermot sighed. “That’s exactly why she committed the sin of Envy. She coveted hearts that didn’t belong to her. She definitely committed the sin of Envy.”

“What about you, Kobe? I don’t know how your sin works, either. She barely eats.”

“Salem got into her bank accounts. She has a huge net worth, but she never donates to charity. He looked at her spending. We viewed photos of events she goes to. She orders elaborate meals and never touches a thing on her plate. She wastes food where people are going hungry. Gluttony is not just about eating too much. It’s going to excess while allowing people to go without. She fits that bill.”

“I think I understand Greed, but is there something I don’t know?”

Adamo had just come in drying his hands on a dishtowel. He threw it at Kobe’s face.

“The dishes are done, asshole. You did that on purpose.”

Kobe just smirked and pulled me tighter to him. “This has been your day to do dishes for the last seven hundred years. Stop pouting.”

Adamo crashed in an overstuffed armchair. It wasn’t past my notice he did the dishes in his boxers. He flexed his tan chest at me and grinned.

“Greed is not just hoarding things. Alvah always inserts herself into positions of power, then manipulates her authority to gain things like power, money, sex, and more hearts. You don’t really think that boy in accounting would have stolen from you without her, do you? He was only an intern. His position with the company was already tenuous. He’s not her zombie, or he wouldn’t have erm, strayed with you. She’s using other means to control him than Voodoo.”

“Sex,” Sierra and I both blurted out at the same time.

Connor just laughed. “Yeah, that’s my area of expertise. It’s not just men either. Throw a little sex in the mix, and people will do anything.”

“Hello, Succubus,” I said, waving at Connor. “You don’t have to explain that. Alvah was pissed he had sex with me. Do you think she’s in love with him?”

Tristan just glowered at me. “That woman doesn’t love. I don’t think she’s capable of it if she ever was. You played with her toy. That’s why she’s pissed.”

Sierra just glared back at Tristan like she wanted to hit him again.

“If Alvah is this big, bad, centuries-old heart stealing bitch, then why did she get careless with Eirwen if it was her heart she wanted this entire time. I don’t believe she sent an assassin after Eirwen without checking he wasn’t able to fight back a little.”

“That’s actually the truth,” Alaric said. “Now that I’m close to her, I can taste her pride from here.”

“The shifter must not have brought the animal heart back yet,” I said. “I didn’t show up to work today. Even though I don’t really have to, I’m there every day. She must suspect something.”

“I did,” Sierra said. “That’s why I used my key to go to your house and found this tattooed pervert looking at your thongs.”

“You are unpleasant, even for a shifter. I’ve told the two little supernaturals what they need to know. Call me when it’s time to kill Alvah,” Tristan snapped.

He grabbed a motorcycle helmet off the table and stormed out of the apartment. Sierra just rolled her eyes.

“Now that I know her history, do we actually have a plan?” I asked. “I can’t exactly shack up above a sex club, and I do have to go to work.”

Alaric squeezed me. “You will have to shack up in a sex club and you’ll call tomorrow and tell everyone you’re working from home. It’s probably a good idea to tell everyone you’ll have Sierra with you. Sierra should stay away from Alvah too. If you two are close, Alvah will use her to draw you out.”

I sighed. How did my life get so bat shit crazy in two days? I was hiding in apartments over a sex club with the Seven Deadly Sins because my wicked stepmother wanted my heart to stay young and beautiful. Sierra and I were plotting to bring her down, but I think we both meant getting her the hell out of my company and proving she killed my father.

We hadn’t talked about it, but I knew the Seven Deadly Sins had something else in mind. Something more permanent.

Chapter 9



I had six protesting Sins after breakfast when I wanted to use my laptop Sierra brought over to work instead of snuggling to heal my wound. It had been a bad stab wound, and it would have healed by now if I would just have sex with one of them. It just seemed weird to after Mark. Mark and I worked together, and it had been random. In a way, me and the Seven Deadly Sins were now coworkers, and I said I wasn't doing that again, even if they were all super hot and very sweet.

Connor just stood in front of me with his hands on his hips as I tried to open a video conference to get some work done.

"Well, how about this, Eirwen? You seem weird about letting any of us heal you the easy way. Skin contact will take forever. We have an entire sex dungeon downstairs. I have a repeat client that made an appointment to scene with me tonight. You're a switch and she's a total sub. Sometimes, she requests two of us, and she's told me during aftercare sometimes she wished one of us was a woman. Why don't you scene with us and help me bring her kinky fantasy to life? It'll heal you faster, and you don't have to have sex with any of us. Though, we are a little offended you don't want to."

Why did I have such a block against having sex with any of them? I was choosy about who I did and didn't have sex with except for that little incident with Mark. If I had applied for membership at the club, gotten approved, and any of them asked me to scene with them, I would have talked to them to hear them out and probably done it.

There was just something about all of them where I just wanted more than random sex. I wanted a connection there, and we were still building on that. I knew Tristan would probably always hate me, and things would never go past snuggling with Salem, but the other five? I wanted to dig deep and find a spark before I went there.

But Connor was right. If I was going to help them bring down Alvah, I needed to heal. I could stop being stubborn and try to pick one of them to heal me, which I already knew would be impossible since there were five flirty guys to choose from who were offering, or I could use what was available. There was a sex dungeon just below my feet where I could heal myself with no strings attached.

I closed my laptop for just a second. "Yeah, I'll scene with you, Connor. What are her limits and hard no's?"

"Oh, she's great. She was a member of the club when it was under old management, even if it was shitty. She's glad things are being done right now. She's one of our regulars, but she hasn't found her Dom yet. She wants to quit her job and become a club sub here, but we won't let her. She loves her job, but she loves BDSM too. She does a lot of good for the community at work. I think you'll love her. She's a huge pain slut, but she's responsive and eager to please her Dom. She's always wanted to work with a woman and has never gotten the chance because there wasn't one willing to work with her."

I grinned. "Then, it would honor me to be her Domme and bring that fantasy to life."

Connor let out the breath he was holding. “Oh, good. You told us you were a switch, but I didn’t know if you played with women too.”

I just shrugged. “I play with whom I feel a connection with. We still must talk with her. She might not be okay with me stepping in. She has to trust me. What’s her name?”

“Dahlia. She’s a Vampire, and she’s never once broken the rules here about not biting without permission.”

“What happened with the Vamp Tristan went to check on?”

“Biting was one of her no-no’s. She felt he was about to do it, used her safe word, and he did it anyway. Tristan is not about the lifestyle, and despite his demeanor, he doesn’t enjoy seeing people hurt. If Salem sees someone getting hurt on the security cams, it’s always Tristan that takes care of it. I think he left a boot print on that skinny Vamp’s ass on the way out the door in just his boxers.”

“Does Tristan ever get any nicer?”

Salem was glued to his laptop again. “Once he trusts you and with him, that usually takes about fifty years. He’ll probably be off on his motorcycle blowing off steam and avoiding the apartment until it’s time to take down Alvah.”

“Sierra and I were just going to get her fingers out of my company and try to prove she killed my father. What exactly happens when someone brings down all Seven Deadly Sins on them? How do you punish them?”

Salem looked up from his laptop. “It doesn’t happen very often. Most of the time, it’s just one sin. We tailor the punishment to fit the crime. Alvah is living on borrowed years from stolen hearts. She’s not using Voodoo for that, but I’ve figured out the ritual she’s doing to put the heart in her chest without having to cut it open.

“I’m just going to reverse it. She won’t die. The magic from the heart will still fuel her body. As the magic slowly leaves her body, all the years Alvah stole will catch up with her. Alvah should have died over two hundred years ago. All the years she stole will leave her body. It took her centuries to steal all her extra years, but they will leave her in about twenty minutes if my calculations are correct. It’ll be agonizing, but Alvah will be nothing but dust when it’s finished.”

“Y’all really like karma with your punishment, don’t you?” I said, opening my laptop again.

Kobe was eating again. A banana this time. God, I thought only women could make eating bananas sexual.

“When you’ve been a Sin as long as we have, you learn to make it a little poetic when you have to punish someone.”

“Okay, I’m about to call a virtual board meeting to announce I’ll be working from home for a little while. Alvah is VP. She’ll see me, and she’ll know I’m onto her and escaped her assassin. I’ve got some shit to take care of.”

Kobe practically deep throat his banana. “She’s got an entire board of zombie supernaturals to attack you with. That’s why you shouldn’t go in. You can announce Mark is stealing and show them Salem’s proof, but Alvah is controlling the board. Nothing will happen with it until we’ve brought her down.”

Salem plopped next to me on the sofa and put his hand on my knee. “I’ve already gotten into her

bank account. I'll know if she does anything with the stolen funds. She can't spend them. Don't worry."

"I just feel so powerless."

Connor just grinned at me. "Then think about our scene tonight. You can feel powerful there."

I moaned. "If Tristan was that uncomfortable with my underwear drawer, then I don't have a thing to wear."

"We have clothes here," Alaric shrugged. "I want a scene with you too."

"Okay, I need clothes to call my board. They need not see I'm sitting here with a bunch of hot guys."

After they brought me clothes, they all got up and moved across the room, but they didn't leave. They clearly wanted to see what Alvah had to say to me. I sent out the email that I expected everyone on a video chat in twenty minutes and waited for everyone to join.

Alvah was the first. She smiled sweetly at me.

"It's not like you to miss work, Eirwen. You aren't at home either. Did you meet a man?"

I controlled my eye roll. "I'm at a friend's house."

"Why ever aren't you at that huge house your father left you?" Alvah said sweetly.

Sierra snorted loud enough for Alvah to hear.

"Ah, you're with Sierra. Late party?"

"Cut the crap, Alvah. You've never cared about my personal life before. We have business to attend to. Let's cut the chit chat until everyone gets here."

I watched as everyone filed in. Salem said something to me in bed while we snuggled that I didn't know. There was a clause in my company's charter that I could override the board in extreme circumstances. I didn't want to fire any of these people, but I couldn't deal with them being under Alvah's control. With any luck, she'd be gone soon.

I cracked my knuckles as I watched our conference room fill up.

"Have the layoffs been done?" I demanded.

"No, I—" Alvah said.

"Good. They aren't," I interrupted. "According to the company charter in bylaw 775, I'm vetoing the layoffs. The company is doing well, and there is no reason to fire anyone except to increase the board's bonuses. I'm not forcing people out of work and leaving people shorthanded and doing extra work because Alvah got greedy. Her reasoning to the board was the bottom line and the bottom line is this—the company is actually doing well enough to give people raises *now* instead of at their annual review. We aren't cutting annual raises or Solstice bonuses either since I'm sure that would be suggested next."

I was focusing on Alvah's face. She was fuming. I had no idea what she planned on doing with the extra money we saved with the unnecessary layoffs. I had no idea if she planned on stealing it legally by voting for a bigger bonus or having Mark ferret it to her secret bank account. Whatever she intended on doing with the money, she was pissed off I had just swooped in and taken it away.

I wasn't done yet. Salem gave me everything I needed to get rid of Mark without a sexual harassment suit. I already had the email queued up. I hit send and smiled at the camera. I said nothing

about him doing it for Alvah, mainly because I had no paper trail of that, and my Seven Deadly Sins convinced me to leave her where they could watch her.

“There will be one firing,” I said, looking hard at Alvah on my screen. “One of our interns in accounting has been embezzling money from our company. I’ve sent you all solid proof of his theft. As Vice President, I’ll expect Alvah to fire him in my absence. I’ve already emailed the police station and asked that they not make a scene at the office when they come to arrest him. He must be escorted out of the building by security, and they will arrest him in the parking garage.”

I was so enjoying the look on Alvah’s face. If she could have jumped through my laptop screen and stabbed me herself, she would have. As it was, she was in her office, and she had no idea where I was. She was trying so hard not to lose control with the entire board watching.

“My, my. You’ve certainly been busy while you’ve been away from the office. What made you look into little Mark from accounting? I wasn’t aware he was even on your radar.”

She was trying to threaten me with my little tryst with Mark in my office. The evidence was ironclad, and it had been going on well before Mark set foot in my office. I wasn’t scared of her, even after everything I knew about her. She could glare at me through her camera and think she could get me to back down, but she couldn’t.

I’d already prepared for this. I leaned back on the sofa. “Read the email. It was small amounts over the course of the last year, but he did frequently enough that a large amount of money was taken. It was only a matter of time before we caught him. He did it from his work terminal and he was easily caught. I’ll expect this done quietly. In case you had any ideas of putting this off, the police will be waiting in the parking garage in an hour. If Mark doesn’t come out with security by then, they will come in, and they will make a mess.”

Alvah scowled at me because she knew I had her. I had no idea if she was really into Mark, and that was why she got so careless trying to kill me or if it was really what Alaric said, and it was her pride. Mark wasn’t one of her zombies, or he wouldn’t have gotten naked with me and begged me to insult his cock. She may have been blackmailing him, or maybe she got off on the same kind of sex Mark liked to have.

But Alvah couldn’t afford Mark making a scene in the middle of the office with the cops there. I knew many people at my office were her little zombies, but it wasn’t the entire company. I’m sure she had cops on her payroll, which is why I emailed Sierra’s dad when I was sending the evidence. He didn’t like Alvah, and he was still trying to tie her to my father’s death. Tate and my dad went way back.

I just needed to send a little nugget his way that someone was embezzling from my company, and I couldn’t do anything on my own because he was Alvah’s pet. He was itching to put everything into motion. He probably had his suspicions of who was and wasn’t on Alvah’s payroll and got the evidence to the right people.

Alvah just tossed her blonde hair over her shoulder and gave me this haughty look like it nonplussed her.

“He’ll be gone and in the parking garage to meet the cops in an hour. What was his motive?”

Ah. Now she was itching to know why I wasn’t having her arrested with Mark. Once she was behind bars, I could give a statement about the shifter. It would be enough for a warrant. Once all her

little dolls and totems were burned, it would break her spell. All Tate would have to do is find the shifter who stabbed me and question him.

Alvah knew I could easily do this, and she was trying to figure out why I hadn't. I gave my black hair a toss over my shoulders.

"Oh, I'm sure he wasn't working alone. That's not my job. It's the detectives working the case to figure out motive and if he was working alone."

"Well, I should call Mark in my office now. Maybe he'll tell me why he did it."

"Why don't you get on that, Alvah?"

"When will you be back in the office?" she demanded. "You aren't at home either. Where are you, Eirwen?"

"I'll be working away from the office for a little while. I'm staying with some friends. As you can see, I can handle things just fine from where I am. Now, I believe you have an office issue to deal with instead of my personal life. That was all I had for today. I'll still be checking my email during the day and will respond to things as quickly as I can. You can all go now."

My board never spoke anymore unless Alvah allowed it, so that whole meeting was just Alvah and me. I closed my laptop when all the windows closed and shut the conference program down. The Sins that were in the room with me started hooting except Salem, who was frowning.

"You realize you just allowed Alvah to make a doll from Mark. She probably keeps the supplies in a locked drawer in her desk. She knows her assassination attempt failed, and you are fighting back. She'll make Mark her zombie, so she doesn't go down with him."

"Yeah, but we'll have taken care of her by then. We'll find her dolls and burn them. Mark did technically steal money and belongs in jail."

Salem just shook his head sadly. "It hasn't sunk in just how evil Alvah is yet, even after that stab wound, has it, Eirwen? Alvah doesn't do loose ends. Mark will probably resist arrest in that parking garage and do something that causes one of the officers to fatally shoot him."

"I have to warn Tate," I said, grabbing my phone. "I hardly know Mark, but he doesn't deserve to die for taking up with Alvah."

I had no idea what Tate was supposed to do up against a Voodoo zombie Alvah wanted to kill, but I at least had to warn him. Salem came to my rescue.

"Tell Tate anyone who goes to arrest Mark will need to be wearing a Gris-Gris bag, and they will need to slip one on Mark to weaken Alvah's hold on him. I know he's not supposed to have anything in his cell, but if they can hide one in there while they hold him, Mark won't be tempted to kill himself while he's in there."

"How the hell is he going to find someone to give him one when Alvah runs the Voodoo circuit here?"

Salem beamed at me. His puppy dog brown eyes lit up.

"She just thinks she does. There's plenty of good Voodoo practitioners in New Orleans who don't like Alvah at all. They just operate under her radar. Tate doesn't have a lot of time. Tell him to go to Dinah's Bakery in the Ninth Ward and ask for the special. She'll know what that means."

“How have you figured this out already? Y’all have only been in New Orleans for two months.”

Kobe was eating again. An pear this time.

“We like to have all the facts before we blow into town. Eirwen, we don’t have a lot of time. You need to tell Tate to get to that shop if you don’t want Mark to die. If the cops don’t shoot him, it’ll happen once he’s in custody.”

I grabbed my phone and dialed Tate. I just hoped he could get to the Ninth Ward and back to my office in time to stop Alvah from killing Mark.

Chapter 10



Tate called me once they had Mark in a cell. He called an officer in the Ninth Ward, who went to the bakery, and got to the parking garage just as security brought Mark out. Just like Salem warned me, he tried to resist arrest. They had all been warned he was hexed, and the only weapon on him was a letter opener from Alvah's desk. Tate sent a ton of shifters to arrest one human.

Mark got tackled by a boar shifter, who knocked the letter opener out of his hand and decided to just shove the Gris-Gris bag down his throat just in case. Mark snapped out of Alvah's spell and realized he had a huge cop sitting on his back. He had no idea what was happening other than we had caught him stealing, and he straight up started crying.

Tate didn't even have time to question him. Mark knew he was guilty. The supernatural world was kept separate from the human world, even if we made a tourist business of it in New Orleans. Mark had no reason to think Alvah was a Voodoo Queen, and an entire army of shifters had arrested him.

Tate got him into an interrogation room to see if he would give up Alvah. The little shit wiped the snot off his face and asked for a lawyer. He still had the Gris-Gris bag shoved in his pocket. The cops knew better than to take it off him when they were taking the rest of his belongings. So, that was all Mark asking for a lawyer instead of blabbing he was doing it for Alvah. Hell, he probably could have gotten a lighter sentence if he coughed up some of Alvah's secrets. I would give him one thing. He was a shitty lay, and he stole from me, but he was certainly loyal to her.

Alaric ran his fingers through his red hair. He got up and straight up took my laptop away from me. He had that Dom look on his face like he was about to give me an order, and he expected me to obey. I wasn't in that headspace right now. I was scening with Connor tonight, and I would be the Domme.

"I know you're scening with Connor tonight, and I think that's a great idea. I think all of us hate seeing you in pain, even though we really enjoy snuggling with you. If you will be cracking a whip tonight, you need more skin contact, so you don't get hurt while you're trying to heal."

Okay, that kind of order, I could get behind. I stood up and yanked my top off. I was out of my shorts in seconds. I wasn't about to pick who I was snuggling with. They were all amazing, and I would not start a fight.

"Whose turn it is?" I asked.

All six of them announced it was theirs. Tristan was still off somewhere on his motorcycle and hadn't come back yet. Even Salem wanted his turn, and he wasn't sexually attracted to me. The sectional was huge and could fit all of us. I didn't want them fighting over me.

"How about you all sit on the sectional, and I lay across your laps?"

"I'd rather have you all to myself," Adamo grumped. "But, we can do the sectional if I can rub your feet."

Kobe put away the bag of chips he was snacking on. How did he keep that hot body if he was constantly eating? I wished I had his metabolism because I loved food too.

“Man, don’t break out your feet thing this soon,” Kobe said. “You will run the sexy Succubus out of here if you start sucking on her toes. Work up to that shit.”

I didn’t like the way Kobe was talking about Adamo’s fetish. Getting my toes sucked on wasn’t the most fucked up thing I’d dealt with. I took up with an eagle shifter who thought he got shafted in the shifter department. What he really wanted to be was a wolf shifter. I think he was the only shifter I’d ever met that wasn’t so proud of their animal they liked to break it out at every opportunity to show it off.

Trent wanted to be a wolf so bad, he went full-on furry. He bought a costume and started attending furry conventions. He couldn’t fuck without that costume on, and when he came, he would howl like a dog. Wolf shifters were always an intense fuck, but they never broke out the howling at the end. He was a sweet guy, and the sex was good, even with the howling, but he eventually dumped me for some human girl he met at a furry convention and moved to California. I wished him well and we still texted sometimes.

“I wouldn’t mind a foot rub, and I don’t find toe sucking weird, just not right now, okay?”

I stretched out across all their laps. Oh, this was nice. They were petting me, playing with my hair, and rubbing my feet. I could get used to this.

“So, when do the rest of us get to scene with you, Eirwen?” Alaric asked.

I sighed. I might as well be honest with them.

“There’s just something about all of you. I may be a Succubus, but I rarely go around having random sex unless I happen to be in a mood, and that doesn’t happen often. I want to, with all of you, but I don’t want it to be because we are all here. I want there to be a connection first. I want to get to know you. I think you know everything about me, but I hardly know anything about you.”

“Tristan would be the best to tell you about our history,” Dermot said. “He’s the oldest. He was born when the first murder was committed.”

“Were you born, or did you just kind of appear?”

Adamo was giving me one of the best foot rubs I’d ever had in my entire life.

“Are you sure you want to know? It’s pretty gross.”

“Well, now you have to tell me.”

“There’s a cave in what would be the modern-day Africa. Back then, everything was just one big landmass. The people that lived then thought that cave was cursed and never went near it. I guess you could say we were born in a way, but not from a woman. When our Sin was committed for the first time, we appeared fully formed deep in the belly of that cave. I remember being surrounded by a thick membrane. I had to claw my way out with just my fingernails. It was gross and slimy.”

“You remember it?”

“It was hard to forget,” Alaric said. “We weren’t like children. We were formed fully able to speak and think. We knew what our purpose was. It didn’t matter where we went, we knew every language, even if it was a small tribe with their own dialect. We spoke the language with a perfect accent. Some of my memories from the past blend together, but I think we all remember clawing our way out of that membrane in the cave.”

“How did you get in the cage fully formed, though?”

“Where do Vampires, shifters, demons, Succubae, and Incubi come from?” Salem said, shrugging.

“We were created in the Underworld,” I said.

We all knew that. It was taught to us in our history lessons growing up. The God of the Underworld created us when he found true love with a human woman. She gave birth to the first of us.

All six men started laughing. They were older than anyone I’d ever met before. Supernaturals lived until someone killed them. We didn’t age, and there were only certain sicknesses we could get. I couldn’t imagine being as old as these six men. Tristan was even older if he was the first.

“It’s a nice fairy tale, Eirwen, but it’s not true. We were born when man first evolved and committed the first Sin. There were shifters, Vampires, demons, Succubae, and Incubi right there along with the humans. You didn’t look the way you do now. You were primitive and looked like you had just evolved. We have our theories, but they don’t involve any god from the Underworld.”

I was dying to know those theories. We had nothing to do until the club opened, or Tate called. Salem could spy on Alvah, but she was careful, and if she would order another hit on me, she would not use a paper trail to do it.

I’d always been interested in supernatural history. It was one of my favorite subjects in school. The Seven Deadly Sins had been there through most of it. I was dying to know the truth about what I thought I knew.

“What are your theories?”

Salem had a thing for playing with my hair, and as far as I was concerned, if he wanted to be my snuggle buddy, sign me up. Salem had answers about everything, which was weird considering his Sin was Sloth. All the guys had traits of the Sin except Salem. Salem was always doing something unless he wanted his snuggle time.

“We didn’t know this at first. We looked like we do now. We thought we were ugly for the longest time because we didn’t look like everyone else. We all knew we just appeared fully formed, but we watched everyone else give birth, and children grow to adults. Everyone, no matter if they were human or supernatural, had some sort of creation myth surrounding a god. We didn’t know why we were different or why we seemed to have a different purpose than hunting and having babies. We thought it was unfair for the longest time.

“We tried praying and sacrificing like the surrounding people did, but we never got our answer. As time passed, everyone evolved to look more like us. We started having theories as animals started dying off and changing along with the people.

“We came up with the Theory of Evolution way before humans did because we saw it happen. The supernaturals we came across were a little more like us than the humans at first. We came to a theory that whatever they evolved from, they came first, then humans came later. You just evolved from something different. Shifters all shift into animals that exist now and then. Some animals kill after sex. Some animals drink blood. We think you are related to them and just evolved differently. Something happened during the mutation giving you what you call supernatural abilities, when really, it just gave you the ability to be at the top of the food chain.”

“What about Druids? That doesn’t exist in nature,” I asked.

It was really odd to have my entire existence narrowed down to some prehistoric praying mantis. I understood what they were saying, but it still didn't explain the Druids. The Druids had powerful magic. The humans had learned their own forms of magic like witchcraft and Voodoo, but it required objects, ingredients, and sometimes chanting. A Druid could just think something, and it would happen, and some of them could see the future.

Salem shrugged. "Nature itself is magic if you think about it. The moon goes through different phases. It's never constant. Seasons change depending on the position of the Earth. There used to be a time people thought praying and sacrifice brought on new seasons, and some tribes worshipped the moon. Maybe the Druids were created like we were. They like to mix with humans a lot which is why humans have their own forms of magic now."

"Is there actually a god of the Underworld?"

Alaric gave me his trademark, arrogant grin. "We wouldn't know. We can't die. People have tried throughout history, and we can't. I was in Mesopotamia to punish a king and got caught. They cut off my head and threw my body in a trench. It just grew back."

"Maybe you evolved from a fucking lizard," I said, poking him in his rock-hard abs.

Alaric grabbed my hands. "Watch it, Eirwen. I'm ticklish, and I fight back. People have tried to kill us a thousand times over. It never sticks, even when it's a Druid. We've caught some nasty curses, but Salem always figures out how to undo them."

"So, if Alvah got your bits and made a doll, she couldn't control you?"

"Oh, she could," Salem said. "But I've prepared for anything Alvah could throw at us. We've got a stockpile of Gris-Gris bags, and if she tries, we'll go full out, kick her door in, and burn all her dolls. We are trying to do this low key because Alvah is high profile, but we don't *have* to."

"Do you think Mark will give her up? Surely, if he lawyered up, the lawyer will try to reduce his sentence, which means turning Alvah in."

Connor just laughed. "Remember when I told you men do stupid things when they are thinking with their cocks? If Mark were stupid enough to embezzle for her, he'd probably go down for her too."

I shook my head. "I don't get people with no sense of self-preservation."

Alaric tickled me this time. "Says the Succubus refusing to have sex even though she would have healed the next morning."

I shrieked and shoved his hands away. I was extremely ticklish too.

"Point taken," I gasped.

"Seriously, Eirwen, do you know how it makes us feel to see you in pain and knowing we could help you, but you won't let us?"

"Well, for starters, I want a connection, and second, there are seven of you and one of me. Tristan and Salem are out. How would I even begin to choose?"

Connor trailed his finger down my arm. "Who said you had to? Think you can handle five Sins, Eirwen?"

I scoffed. "Envy and Greed will share a woman?"

Adamo tickled the bottom of my big toe. "Greed has no problem sharing as long as he gets plenty of

attention and alone time.”

Dermot wrapped a possessive hand on my hip. “Envy is secure in his masculinity and doesn’t mind crossing swords.”

I gulped. I once had a group thing with a Vampire and a Druid in college. It only lasted two weeks before the Vampire wanted me to herself, and the Druid didn’t want the drama. I still talked to them. The Vampire fell in love with the lead singer of a shifter band, dropped out of school, and now followed the band around the world as a groupie.

Bram, the Druid, was probably one of my closest friends now next to Sierra. Bram was every bit as bisexual as I was, but he ended up falling in love with this adorable Wiccan man, and they got married last year. If I could say one thing for the Druids was that they knew how to throw a party. I didn’t even get that hangover in college, and I was so happy for Bram.

Somehow, I got the feeling having a group thing with the Sins would not be like my college experience. We had all been young supernaturals, and we thought we could make it work with no jealousy. It was obvious after two weeks it would be a disaster. I already got the feeling it would not be like that with any of the Sins.

Salem started scratching my scalp. “I don’t want to be counted out. If you decide you want to explore things with us, I want in. It just won’t involve sex. I would take you out, romance you, and cherish you. I would hold you after everyone else has satisfied your sexual needs. I know you might not want this with me. No one ever does, but—”

My head was in Salem’s lap. I just interrupted him because he was rambling. Salem was adorable, and I didn’t really want him left out if I explored anything with the rest of them. I just didn’t want him to do something unnatural for him. What he was suggesting was perfect, and maybe I wanted to try the whole group thing again. Even if the first time was kind of a cluster fuck, I gained two good friends.

“Salem?” I interrupted, placing my finger over his lips. “I wouldn’t dream of leaving you out. I’ll be your snuggle buddy, your dinner buddy, and we can watch stupid movies. We can do anything we want. We don’t *have* to have sex.”

Connor started tracing my collarbone. “I’d like to have sex right about now.”

“Save it for the scene tonight. I mean it. I’m not rushing into a relationship with all of you. It’s not that easy just because I’m a Succubus.”

“Boys, she wants to be wooed,” Alaric said. “Let’s show her we aren’t total savages. We have time for romance while we take down her wicked stepmother.”

“Wait,” I said, rolling off their laps. “Before we start with the romance and getting feelings involved, aren’t you all just going to leave after you finish with Alvah? What’s the point?”

Sweet Salem. He was always explaining things to me and trying to make me feel better. He jumped up and pulled me into a bear hug.

“We have real estate all over the country for work. If things worked out, we’d just buy house better than an apartment over a sex club and make New Orleans one of our residences. You’ve got a nice house that’s been in your family for centuries. We could stay here until you’re ready for us to move in.”

That was great, but what about the big elephant in the room who had been off on his motorcycle

because he couldn't be in the same apartment as me?

“What about Tristan? He hates me, and he won't want to live with me. He's one of you. He's not part of the lifestyle. Is he just supposed to live alone above a sex dungeon while you take up with me?”

Connor was finally serious for once. “Tristan is Tristan. He'll move to a shitty apartment near a bar. He's probably wanted to do that this entire time we've been here. Tristan has always been intense, but whatever happened in Haiti, he won't let us help him. He does his job, but he spends most of his time on his motorcycle or drinking. I think if he could retire, he would. None of us can. We step in because the cops and lawmakers don't have the resources we do and they don't always see the same patterns. We've seen some dark shit, Eirwen. Whatever Tristan saw in Haiti was bad. I wish you had met him after he dealt with it and was more like himself.”

“I want a date,” Kobe said. “The rest of you can all go plot to kill Alvah or go scene in the club. I want to cook Eirwen dinner. Alone. May I?”

“If it's anything like that steak, then yes.”

“We *all* want dates,” Adamo said. “We're just going to have to figure out how to have them with Alvah out there. And we can't forget, our main mission is to take her out of the game.”

Connor just grinned. “You all take killing so seriously. There's no reason we can't enjoy ourselves while punishing the wicked.”

I put my hands on my hips and glared at Connor. “Hello? Your base of operation wherever you go is a sex dungeon. I'd say you are having fun.”

Alaric finally looked a little less smug. “Yes, we have fun. Maybe we want a connection too.”

“Then why do you keep trying to get into my pants instead of making one?” I demanded.

Connor was back to smirking at me. He jiggled his pec muscles at me. “There's no reason we can't make a connection while scening together.”

Well, damn. He was right. And I had a scene with Connor tonight and dinner with Kobe tomorrow.

Chapter 11



Living over a sex dungeon the past few days and I hadn't even checked it out. I hadn't seen the inside at all. I passed out at the front door and was carried inside. I was worried about not having anything to wear to my scene, but Dermot disappeared when I was napping with Salem and Adamo. He reappeared like Sex Toy Santa when I woke up.

Dermot went all out. He bought things for all scenarios. There were floggers, riding crops, restraints, wands, dildos, butt plugs, and all kinds of fetish wear. He just winked at me as I pulled out a leather corset that was exactly my size.

"How did you know?"

"Well, Sierra didn't catch me going through your thongs and was happy to give me your size and preference instead of punching me in the face like she did Tristan."

"Where is Sierra, anyway?" I asked, admiring the handiwork on the flogger.

"She's working with her dad. Tate knows Alvah came for you. They are trying to figure out which shifter clan Alvah has her fingers in. He was a wolf shifter," Alaric said.

"How do you know that? I couldn't tell, and I was the only one who saw him," I said, giving the riding crop a good snap.

"We could feel him on you. You could only feel he was a shifter, but we can tell," Salem said.

Connor came strutting in with his own gear bag and dropped it on the floor next to one Dermot got me. I'd only gone through one bag. I was just so happy with the contents of one bag, I hadn't gone through the second.

"There are a lot of wolf clans in New Orleans. Why do I have two gear bags?"

Dermot gave me a goofy grin and shrugged.

"One is for when you want to play Domme, and the other is when you want to play sub. We have toys too, but I know Tristan wouldn't have brought a gear bag over if he found one. I thought you might like toys for both."

"I'd rather you scene with us, but if you want to look around and find friends while you're in the club, it'll keep you strong for when we got up against Alvah," Alaric said.

Why was I being so bone headed when it came to them? Sure, I wasn't an easy lay, and I had standards, but I was demanding the world from these guys. They saved my life, and they weren't pushing me when I was being hard-headed about healing. They could have just finished me when they checked my license and saw I had the same last name as Alvah.

I had started connections with all of them except Tristan, who didn't want one. I trusted them, or I would have left by now. If they had been anyone else, and I ended up on their doorstep with my stomach ripped open, and they know exactly what to do to heal me, I wouldn't have hesitated. I would have jumped on a cock so fast, so I didn't have to be in pain anymore. I wouldn't have even thought twice about it.

I didn't like games unless they were sex games and involved toys and whips. What game was my lizard brain trying to play right now? Why did I want all the wooing, dates, and dinners with them? Why did I need to know everything about them before I could do what my nature required me to do? It was stupid. It was like my brain was fighting with my Succubus DNA and telling it not to do what came naturally.

Salem grabbed me and pulled me into his lap. His hands went back to my hair, and I instantly relaxed.

"Something is wrong, Eirwen. You tensed up. Do you want to talk about it?"

Did I? I normally talked this kind of shit out with Sierra. We'd get drunk, and she'd tell me why I was being a stupid bitch after we'd had a few daiquiris. She'd insult the shit out of me, but she always knew exactly why I was feeling the way I was. Sometimes, that girl seemed to know me better than I knew myself. She was off trying to protect me. She didn't need girl drama right now. I was reacting strangely to these men. I should just talk things out with them.

"All of you are like Succubus Kryptonite. I can't explain it. I wake up next to two of you in my underwear, and now I can't get it up, and I should because all of you are deathly hot. Is that a Connor thing? Is Connor punishing me?"

"I'm not punishing you, Eirwen. This isn't a Lust sin thing. How old are you?"

"Fifty-five. Still practically an infant. I know many people hate it that someone as young as me is running my family's company. I've had to work harder to prove I can handle it."

Kobe took the lollipop out his mouth and stared at me with those intense hazel eyes.

"Fifty-five is young for a supernatural and compared to us, but it's long enough to get plenty of life experience. You're running a billion-dollar empire with a witch working in the background to make sure you fail. You just survived an assassination attempt. Maybe you've finally decided you want more in life."

Alaric gave me one of his hair flips. "I agree with Kobe. Maybe you've just been dealing with fuck boys, and you met some real men finally."

"Has anyone ever told you that your ego is the size of Texas?" I said.

Alaric just winked at me. "Please, Eirwen. I'm Pride. An entire planet could not contain my ego. But I'm not wrong."

"I haven't dated fuck boys," I argued. "I'm still friends with most of my exes. Even the ones with drama, I still talk to most of them. There were only a handful of relationships that I would classify as going totally ass up, and I had to change my number."

"Something is different about us, though, right?" Dermot said. "I will not insult your choice in previous relationships, and I'm sure you have excellent taste. We're just different."

"Well, yeah. I've been with various shifters, vampires, Druids, Succubae, and Incubi. I've been with more docile demons. I didn't know walking Sins existed. I'm curious, and I want to know everything about all of you. Even Tristan and he hates me."

"Can I offer a less egotistical theory?" Adamo said. "We've all been alive a very long time. We've had our own romances and affairs on jobs. We've scened together with one woman before. You intrigue us too. All of us. Maybe even Tristan. You've never met a Sin before, but we've never met a

woman we've all been interested in before."

"I didn't know who you were when you showed up at the club door bleeding," Dermot said. "I knew you were a Succubus, and if I got you to the right hospital, you would heal. I didn't know Alvah was related to you, and it was her that had you stabbed. I shouldn't have brought you up to our personal apartments. I should have called a ride share to bring you to the hospital. It just felt right to bring you upstairs."

"We were pretty pissed to get called off the floor for a bleeding Succubus. We didn't know why Dermot didn't get you out of here either. You could have brought the cops here and the nature of our club means total discretion. Connor took one look at you and started stripping so he could heal you. I wasn't far behind him," Adamo said.

"I was the one that suggested checking your ID," Salem said. "We figured you'd be freaking out when you woke up with us instead of at the hospital. I wanted you with us too. I think we all did except Tristan. Tristan was pissed when he saw the last name on your license. He wanted you gone. We had our theories about you being Alvah's plant to get into the club. We don't know if she knows about us. I'm not afraid to tell you this now, but there were some suggestions to raid the club stash and thoroughly chain you to the bed until you woke up, and we could talk to you."

"Knowing what you know about Alvah, why *didn't* you kick me out or at least chain me to the bed? It's not like you don't have ample rope and chains here."

Connor just shrugged. "Why didn't you leave when you woke up in your panties next to me and realized I wasn't anything you had met before? You were healed enough to call Sierra to bring you to someone who could completely heal you. You could have left without hearing us out. You had every right."

I shrugged. I should have gotten the fuck out of there when I realized they outnumbered me in a strange place right after taking a knife to the stomach. I should have called Sierra for a ride as soon as I sensed I had no idea what the fuck any of them were.

I shrugged. "I just felt safe. That's why I didn't storm out of there and heard you out when you mentioned Alvah. I'm glad I did now."

"So did we," Dermot said. "That's why I brought you up to our personal space, and you didn't wake up in chains after we found out your last name."

"So, what do we do with that?" I asked.

Connor just winked at me. "I believe we've got some wooing to do. But first, you and I have a sub to punish."

Chapter 12



Dermot had excellent taste in clothes. Connor escorted me down to the club in this sexy little leather and lace jumper that barely covered my ass. The top was all black lace except for the T of leather across my nipples and over my belly button that joined the shorts. And he got me a fucking cape. *A cape*. I felt like Super Domme when the air blew my cape back when we stepped through the door. Sierra even gave him my shoe size because I was rocking four-inch, thigh high fuck me boots.

My blood was pumping as Connor led me to one booth where a cute Vampire was sitting. She looked surprised to see me.

“Oh! Master Connor, are we not scening tonight?” she said, looking crestfallen. I wanted to nibble that little pout right off her face.

Connor stroked her cheek. “What have I told you about pouting, Dahlia? Don’t earn a spanking before we start. Mistress Eirwen will be joining us tonight. I told her you’ve had this long fantasy of being punished by a woman, and she wants to make it come true. Is that okay with you, sweetie?”

Dahlia’s head whipped in my direction so fast, I thought her neck would break. Her blue eyes lit up, and I knew tonight would be a fun night.

“Really? Thank you so much,” she gushed.

“First things first, Dahlia. What is your safe word?”

“Strawberry,” she said. She was practically dancing in her seat from excitement.

“Any hard limits?”

“No, Mistress.”

Connor put his hand over Dahlia’s and had his Dom face on.

“That’s the riding crop, Dahlia. Don’t lie to your Mistress because you are excited. Dahlia doesn’t do needle and blood play. She likes dirty talk, but she doesn’t enjoy being humiliated, and she draws the line at degradation.”

I tucked her crimson hair behind her ear. “Sweet Dahlia, why would you lie to your Mistress? I will have to punish you, and we haven’t even made it back to our room yet.”

Her eyes dropped in perfect submission. “I’m sorry. I was just so excited, I forgot all about my limits. I’ll be grateful for any punishment you deem necessary.”

I looked at Connor. I remembered the Vampire when I met Salem.

“What are the club rules on Vampire bites?”

“Only if it’s consensual.”

I’d dated my share of Vampires, and I knew it was highly erotic for them to bite when they came. I also really enjoyed getting bitten when *I* came. I had no idea how Connor felt about getting bitten, but we were laying out rules, and I had some of my own.

“Dahlia, you can bite me during the scene when I give you permission. You will also not come until

one of us tells you that you can.”

“Oh, thank you, Mistress.”

We started out towards the private rooms. Connor leaned down towards my ear.

“We all let her bite us. That’s why she only wants to scene with us and a few other Doms at the club. There are a few assholes with fat heads that think her biting them is topping from the bottom. They don’t seem to get how much it enhances the experience for her, and Dahlia makes her bite erotic. She never does it unless she has permission, and she never complains if she hasn’t been given it. I don’t think you realize what you’re doing for her tonight, especially when you just told her she could bite you.”

“How are you going to punish her for lying about her limits? I have my own plans.”

“Do you mind if I take over after you punish her? I’ve got a fantasy of my own.”

I grinned up at Connor. “Little Dahlia is in for a long night.”

Connor fingered the sleeve of my jumper. “You will have to lose this for what I have in mind, but you should definitely keep the cape.”

“I feel like Dominatrix Batman,” I admitted.

Connor laughed. “You should join the club the right way and use that as your pseudonym.”

Dahlia already knew what room we were going to. I followed Connor inside and color me impressed. The room was sterile enough to have surgery in, but still was sexy as hell. The walls were painted a dark gray, and there was a large bed in the center. There was plenty of furniture in the room.

The Saint Andrews Cross was sturdy and well made. The spanking bench was my favorite kind and had me thinking that after I had Dahlia draped over it, I might want a turn on it myself later this week. It was one of the sawhorse style spanking benches with the armrests above where the knees went. It looked like it had ample padding too. It was definitely the kind of spanking bench where a sub could kneel comfortably while they were being disciplined.

Dahlia was waiting for us on her knees with her hands behind her head like a good little sub. Her eyes were looking down at the floor. She had worn little to the club. She had a red lace bra on that matched her hair and a spanky skirt. I decided I wanted her to leave the skirt on. It would give me less access to her ass, but there was nothing sexier than leaving a handprint and having it framed by shiny black polyester.

Connor just hung in the back to watch me. I eyed the implements on the wall. They had just about everything. I had plenty in the gear bag Dermot bought me, but anything I didn’t have, I could easily access.

I lifted Dahlia’s chin, so she had to look at me.

“Have you been a good girl other than lying to me?”

How she answered would tell me how much of a masochist she was and how to start.

“Yes, Mistress. Except I overslept and was late to work two days ago. My boss was mad and yelled at me.”

I stroked her cheek. “But you didn’t like the yelling. You would have preferred he take you to his office and spank you, correct?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“How many minutes were you late?”

“I was twenty minutes late, Mistress.”

“Stand up, Dahlia. Give me your hands. You deserve a spank for every minute you were late. And I’ll expect you not to be a brat and be late again expecting you’ll get your spanking here. If you get yourself fired, I won’t scene with you again.”

I had no idea if Dahlia had brat tendencies, but I remembered what Connor said about her wanting to work here, but loving her job and doing a lot of good. I didn’t want her totally blowing her career coming in late just because I was spanking her right now.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Dahlia’s pupils dilated as I wrapped the cuffs around her wrist and secured the Velcro.

“I want this skirt left on, but I’d love to look at those beautiful tits. May I take your bra off?”

Dahlia’s breathing spread up, and she just nodded. I didn’t go for her bra. She knew how this worked if she had been going to clubs for a while.

“Out loud, Dahlia. I need you to tell me if you don’t like something and need me to stop. No nodding. I will watch you and look for signs, but if I miss a cue, you have to be able to tell me. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress. I’m sorry. You’re just so beautiful, and I’m so excited.”

I unhooked her bra and admired her beautiful, pale body. Dahlia let out a little moan when I caressed her right breast. Connor was right. She was very responsive. I led her over to the spanking bench and let her get situated. I secured her cuffs to a loop on each armrest. I intended to start with my bare hand to warm her up a bit. Connor sprung from the wall and came to stand in front of Dahlia on the spanking bench.

“I want you to tell Mistress Eirwen exactly how beautiful you find her while you take your punishment. Make it good because I still have to punish you next for lying about your limits. I think you will like what I have planned for your punishment, but if you try to be a brat while Mistress Eirwen is spanking you, I’ll change my plans, and you won’t like it at all. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master Connor.”

I circled Dahlia on the bench. Her juicy little ass was up in the air, just ripe for my hand. I loved spanky skirts. I loved wearing them, and Dahlia didn’t go cheap for hers. Some of them you could buy were cheap material that lost their shine after a few uses. Dahlia’s was leather and fit like a second skin. She took the time to oil it properly too. Her ass was perfectly presented to me in the cut out in the back of the skirt.

I stood behind her and stroked her ass. “How do you feel about anal play?”

Connor just laughed. “This one loves it.”

“Is that true, Dahlia?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

I went over to the table of butt plugs and started hunting until I found one that vibrated. I grabbed the lube and oiled up the plug. Dahlia let out this sensual moan while I was easing it in. Connor had given

her an order to tell me I was beautiful while I spanked her, but I kind of would have liked to watch her suck his cock while she got her punishment.

Dahlia let out a huge groan when I turned the plug on. Connor lifted her chin and looked me right in the eye.

“This one can come from just anal play.” He looked back down at Dahlia. “Remember, not until you have permission. If you come while Mistress Eirwen is having her fun, I won’t get to have my fantasy because I must punish you differently. Do you want to let me down, Dahlia?”

“No, Master Connor,” she gasped.

It turned me on to all hell. I had a beautiful sub tied to a spanking bench with her sweet ass pointing right at me. Connor was standing right in front of her, wearing nothing but black leather trousers and a vest. But tonight wasn’t about me. It was about Dahlia. I wasn’t the sub tonight.

“Eyes on me,” Connor demanded. “I want you to keep your eyes on mine and pretend like I’m Mistress Eirwen. I want you to tell her how beautiful she is while you take your punishment.”

I didn’t spank her just yet. I caressed her perky ass and just enjoyed the feel in my palm. Before she could open her mouth and say anything about what I looked like, I brought my hand down hard on her right cheek. Dahlia let out a yelp, and Connor pounced.

“Don’t let me down, Dahlia.”

“Mistress Eirwen is the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. Her skin is as white as snow. Her lips are red like blood, and Vampires love blood. I hope I get permission to kiss those lips. Her hair is as black as night, and nighttime is the favorite time of Vampires. If you weren’t a Succubus, the Vampires would make you their queen. Your beauty is everything we prize.”

Well, that was so much sexier than *Damn, you’re hot*, which is what most people tried to get into my pants. I’d already given her ass six hard spanks with my hand and decided to change things up. I caressed and massaged her ass. I trailed my hand down her thigh and up her skirt. Just like I expected, she was dripping wet. I slid two fingers in her and easily found her G spot. I started massaging it.

She’d already done what Connor asked. It was my turn. I wasn’t into trying to make Dahlia fight an orgasm against a Succubus and then have Connor punish her for it. I withdrew my fingers from her cunt and licked them. She tasted just as sweet as she acted.

“That was beautiful, Dahlia. I’ve never felt more beautiful in my life. I think it’s Master Connor’s turn. For the rest of your punishment, I want you to worship his cock with your mouth.”

Connor unzipped his trousers. He was commando underneath. Connor and the rest of the Sins were bigger than any shifter I had ever met, but I was still a little shocked at the size of his cock when he pulled it out. Connor saw me gaping and winked at me.

“Little Dahlia handles my cock like a pro. Open your mouth, Dahlia. Mistress Eirwen has given you an order.”

I grabbed my new flogger out of the gear bag Dermot gave me. It was perfect for sensual flogging. The threads were thick leather, and there was a huge clump of them at the end. It had good weight in my hand. It was like this flogger was made just for me.

I looked at the scene in front of me. Dahlia was handcuffed to the spanking bench, her ass red with my handprints. Connor was in front of her, fucking her face. He was right. She took that monster like a

champ. I hadn't heard her gag once, and Connor wasn't exactly gentle. I was having flashes of myself strapped to the spanking bench, getting my face fucked by one of the Sins — Head in the game, Eirwen. You aren't playing sub tonight.

The only sounds in the room were Dahlia slurping on Connor's cock and the thud of the flogger on her ass and back. I gave her twenty spanks, either with my hand or the flogger, just like I told her. I gave her ten more with the riding crop for lying to me about her limits.

I stood behind her admiring the beautiful welts on her back and ass. Connor pulled his cock out of her mouth when he realized I was done. I started petting her back.

"Dahlia has been a good girl. Do you think she's earned an orgasm?" I asked Connor.

"She still hasn't been punished by me yet. She knows better than to lie to a new Master about her limits. That's how people get hurt."

"I'm sorry, sir," Dahlia whimpered.

She was expecting something extreme. Honestly, I had no idea what Connor had planned. I'd never scened with him before, and I didn't know what kind of Dom he was. Connor leaned down and unhooked her handcuffs from the armrest. He kissed her on the forehead.

"Come on, Dahlia. I know how much you've wanted this. I'm not upset with you, but I don't want a repeat of that. I promise, you will enjoy your punishment. I will need you to help Mistress Eirwen out of that sexy jumper and fuck me boots, then return to me."

I stood there while Dahlia undressed me. She did it with trembling fingers and tried to avoid touching me, like Connor would punish her because she didn't have permission. It was agonizing for me because I *wanted* to be touched. Every time her knuckles grazed my skin, she would pull them away like my skin burned her, and I just wanted to fling her on her back and bury my face between her thighs while Connor fucked me from behind.

Yeah, as much as I had been putting off having sex with them until I felt this mysterious connection, now that I was in the middle of a scene with Connor, I wanted to do all manner of dirty things with him while Dahlia either took part or watched. I was *dying* to know what Connor was planning and why it required me to be naked.

I stepped out of my jumper and couldn't resist kissing Dahlia. I wanted to kiss Connor too. I wanted to know what it was like to kiss all the Sins, despite having Succubus erectile dysfunction not an hour ago and only wanting to cuddle.

Dahlia obediently scurried back to Connor. He put his arm around her and started petting her head.

"Now, Dahlia, how would you like to help your Mistress?"

"Anything."

"She's healing an injury. You will heal her and give her a mind-blowing orgasm at the same time. Can you do that?"

Dahlia let out this little squeal of excitement. "It would be an honor, Sir. I can really help heal her?"

"If she gives her permission. She didn't know I was planning this. I will give you fifteen lashes with the paddle for lying about your limits while you're trying to make her come. What do you say, Mistress Eirwen? Can Dahlia help you heal while she takes her punishment?"

That devious little shit. He planned this all along when he asked me to do this. Whatever mental block I had against having sex to heal was well and truly out the window now. I was ready to let my freak flag fly all over the place, and I had a few ideas of my own about Connor's little idea.

"She has my permission only if she has yours to finally come. I want her to come when I do, and then I want her to bite me. I want *you* to come too."

Dahlia let out a little moan, and a shudder ran through her body. Connor kissed the top of her head and let her go.

"Perfect. We all get what we want, and Mistress Eirwen fully heals. Bed or sofa?" he said.

"Sofa. I want to watch."

"Well, get that sweet ass over there so Dahlia can pleasure you."

I swayed my hips as I walked to the sofa. I turned and sunk into the plush cushions. I spread my legs and crooked my finger at Dahlia to come to me.

"Oh, thank you, Mistress," she squealed, rushing over.

Connor said she had never played with a Domme before, but she clearly had experience with women. She teased, nibbled, and flicked her tongue on my clit while she took her punishment. I said I wanted her to come with me and Connor hadn't given her permission yet. Connor was across the room, getting the riding crop. Dahlia never broke stride. She never stopped her teasing as the riding crop came down on her ass and back, and I could tell Connor was striking her harder than I did.

Connor finally came back with a condom. His eyes bored into mine as he rolled it down his thick cock. His eyes never left mine as he got on his knees behind Dahlia.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Dahlia. You don't have permission to come until you make Eirwen come. And you don't have permission to bite until you've accomplished your task. Hold on tight, little sub."

Connor and I locked gazes as he pounded Dahlia from behind. She was furiously lapping at my clit. I needed this. My stomach was tingling as I felt the wound healing for good. I was feeding on both Dahlia and Connor. Dahlia felt like a normal feed. I'd had sex with plenty of Vampires. What I felt from Connor was like getting hit in the face with pure sex.

Why had I been such an idiot and kept telling them no? Yes, I wanted a connection, and yes, I wanted to get to know them, but I needed this. It was my nature to do this. I would literally die if I didn't do this. I ate food to keep my body strong, but sex kept me alive.

I kept my eyes open and staring into Connor's. I felt our connection snapping into place as we shared Dahlia. Connor was the total picture of calm, but I was losing control. Dahlia was excellent at oral sex and watching Connor plow her from behind was just the cherry on top of her tongue.

I let out a strangled cry. I couldn't keep it in.

"You hear that, Dahlia? I think she likes what you are doing."

"Use your fingers, Dahlia," I panted.

Yeah, Dahlia definitely had experience with women. As soon as her fingers slid inside me, she curled them up and found my G spot. I was playing Domme tonight, but I had plenty of experience playing sub too. Connor and I were still staring into each other's eyes, and he saw something in me.

He gave me that same smirk as the first day I met him. He gave me a cheeky wink.

“Come now, Eirwen.”

I let go, so Dahlia did too. It was intense. More intense than any other supernatural creature I’d been with before. If I came this hard from Dahlia talents and just being in the same room as Connor, what would happen when I was with one of them directly instead of feeding off them second hand?

Connor had as much orgasm control as a well-trained sub because he let go when we did. I felt Dahlia’s fangs in my thigh and sighed at the erotic pinch. Connor let her get several sips in before he pulled her from between my thighs. He threw a blanket around her and pulled her on the sofa with me so we could both snuggle with her for some aftercare.

Connor rubbed her back, and I played with her hair, and we just sat there in silence and let her come back to us. Dahlia burst into tears, and we both pulled her closer. Crying after was normal sometimes. All those endorphins and emotions during a scene could sometimes bring a sub to tears.

“It was better than I ever thought it would be. Thank you.”

I kissed the top of her head and stroked her hair. “No, thank *you*, Dahlia. You were amazing, and I’m healed now.”

Connor rubbed her back. “You really were amazing, Dahlia. I knew if anyone could help Mistress Eirwen heal, it would be you. Just remember tonight. If you meet someone new, no matter how excited you are to scene with them, you can’t forget if they ask your limits. We screen everyone who comes into this club, but they ask you for a reason. I don’t want to see one of my favorite subs get hurt.”

“Do you really think that wolf shifter that just signed up is a good fit for me? I like you and the rest of the guys so much.”

“Sweetie, I interviewed Master Orion myself. I think you’ll like each other. You just say the word, and I’ll make the introductions.”

“But tonight was so amazing. Every time I scene with one of you, it’s awesome.”

“Have you ever had a Master that was just yours, and you were his only sub?” I asked.

“Just once, but he was one of those fake Doms who was just a bully.”

“I know the type. Do you trust Master Conner and the other Doms on staff?”

“Completely.”

“Then trust they wouldn’t allow someone like that into this club. It’s up to you, but it wouldn’t hurt just to talk to him.”

“Can we scene again? Maybe Master Dermot and Mistress Eirwen next time. I just need more time to think. One more scene and I can decide.”

Connor rubbed her shoulder. “I’ll talk to Dermot. It’s up to Eirwen if she does it again.”

I was in the mood to play sub instead of Domme after seeing Connor with Dahlia, but I would play with Dahlia again if it got her to make the first move at finding love or a relationship. I pulled her into a kiss.

“I’ll scene with you again if you agree to just say hello to him. Is that a deal?”

“Yes, Mistress. One more scene and I’ll at least meet with him.”

I didn't normally try to play matchmaker, but Connor seemed to know her and thought Orion would fit her needs as a sub. I could at least give her a little nudge and see if he was right.

Chapter 13



I was totally healed now. I could technically ask for Tate to send someone to watch my house and go home. I didn't want to. The apartments above the sex dungeon were small since the club was in a warehouse. Hell, I could have suggested we all move to my house where we had more space. I didn't. I knew the Sins were deadly killers, but I didn't want Alvah to know about them until they were ready to move on her.

Sweet Salem was waiting for me when I got back to the apartments with Connor. Salem shyly asked me if we could snuggle while we slept. Connor didn't like that at all. I think Connor was hoping I'd fall into bed with him when we got back to his room, but I was well satisfied. I had no problem with sleeping with Connor or any of the other Sins anymore, but I didn't need sex upon sex just because I was a Succubus. Too much of a good thing, and you feel bloated and walk funny.

I ended up snuggling with Connor and Salem when I slept. The Sins looked lost now that I was healed and didn't need to snuggle during the day. They looked at me funny when I appeared for breakfast wearing real clothes instead of a lacy bra and a thong. I had to remind them I was here to help them bring down my evil stepmother, not as visual entertainment around the apartment.

Connor just smirked at me over his eggs. "We all showed up in our boxers. You can ogle us whenever you want."

Salem was the only Sin not sitting at the breakfast table half-naked. Kobe even cooked bacon in his underwear, which I didn't understand at all. I wasn't about to get burned on sensitive bits just to show off. Salem had his long hair swept up in a bun and was wearing baggy jeans and a flannel shirt. He looked like some sexy hipster lumberjack wet dream.

"You're getting your Lust everywhere," Salem said. "Eirwen probably doesn't want to be objectified, even if you revel in it."

"I enjoy being naked just as much as the next Succubus, but after walking around in just a thong for the past few days, I just want to wear trousers today. Keep in mind, you're here to bring down Alvah, not because of me. What's going on with her? Surely, something is happening since they arrested Mark."

"You must call Detective Tate for an update on Mark, but I watched Alvah for a little while before I watched the security cameras for the club last night. She's hired a private investigator to find out where Eirwen is staying. It's a shady one. Druids gone bad. It's only a matter of time before they pinpoint Eirwen to this club. I doubt Alvah will come herself. We need to get close to her before she fucks up our business and gets someone hurt."

"Well, we need to step up our plans then," Adamo said. "We asked Eirwen to stay because she could help us get close. Eirwen, is there anything you can think of where she'll be in public, and we can snatch her in the car on the way?"

"Well, Mardi Gras is starting next week. I thought that was why y'all came now. There will be balls and parades. The Krewe she's in has their first ball in three week. She goes all out with her gown and

mask. She uses the same tailor every year. You'd have plenty of chances to grab her as she gets ready for the big ball. It's her favorite event of the year."

"Do you attend this ball?" Adamo asked.

"Yeah. The only reason she's even a part of that Krewe was that my dad got her in. It's all the prominent supernaturals in New Orleans. This will be her first year going since my dad died. Honestly, I'm shocked they haven't kicked her out. They may already have, and I haven't heard about it yet. If not, she's got her little dolls there too."

"Or blackmail," Salem pointed out. "Alvah has a network of human spies, and she's blackmailing supernaturals when she doesn't have a doll. Some of them, she doesn't have to blackmail, she can bribe them. She could have bribed the Krewe to keep her in."

I shook my head. "No, these people are snobs about mixing with humans. I remember the big stink when my father wanted to have her admitted so he could bring her to balls and have her on the parade float. I think he had to make several large donations for them to accept her. They were civil, but they bad mouthed her behind her back. They thought Voodoo was filthy magic stolen from the Druids, and my father was an idiot for marrying her."

"Alvah wouldn't stand for that. If she's going to that ball, it's for revenge," Kobe said. "She probably intended to have you out of the way before that. We need to get to Alvah before then. What about this tailor?"

"Her tailor is in Uptown. They close the entire shop for her. Before you go storming the tailor's shop, the owners are human. They make wedding dressing and ball gowns. They are popular for Mardi Gras. It's a family run business and they've been in Uptown for as long as anyone can remember. Even the supernaturals use them. They made my prom dress, and they usually make my ball gowns too."

"Do they have a dress in the works for you now?" Alaric asked. "You could pay them a visit and talk about Alvah."

I shook my head. "Sierra is usually my plus one to the ball and rides with me on the parade float. I gave her my ticket, and she'll bring her own date this year. I've already let the Krewe know."

"What's the Krewe name?" Connor asked. "I've been to Mardi Gras before on vacation. Don't they all have special names? Is yours *Krewe of the Fancy Pants Supernaturals*?"

"They are usually based on Greek gods or other forms of magic," Salem said.

Eventually I would come across something that man didn't know, but today was not that day. We didn't base our Krewe name off a Greek god, but some other supernatural Krewes did.

"Ours is the *Krewe of Maghdim*. It means *wisdom and philosophy*. Kind of weird considering a lot of the members are snobs."

"Well, we need to figure out how to grab Alvah," Kobe pointed out. "We need Tristan for that. Did he bring his cell phone with him this time?"

Adamo shrugged. "He will not answer it, but you can always call and see if we hear it ringing in the apartment."

Salem just sighed. "Leave him a message. He'll get around to responding in a day or two like always."

“So, we are waiting for Tristan?” I asked.

“Yes, but Dahlia requested another scene as soon as possible. She wants one with you and me tonight,” Dermot said.

“But I have dinner with Kobe!”

I said I would scene with her again, but I wasn’t expecting it so soon. Dermot knew I had plans with Kobe tonight. Why did he try to set up a scene with me tonight of all nights? Kobe grabbed a piece of bacon.

“We can do lunch, and you can have your scene tonight. Really, if we are moving in on Alvah soon, you need to be as strong as possible. You should scene tonight and have lunch with me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Totally. Why don’t you soak in the bathtub and come to lunch smelling pretty? Dermot should have gotten you oils in your second gear bag.”

He didn’t have to tell me twice. I grabbed my gear bag and headed towards Alaric’s bathroom after he told me he had the biggest bathtub in the entire apartment. I could go for a good soak, and I was dying to catch up on my reading.

Chapter 14



Kobe went all out for our lunch. He made me stay in the bedroom until he came to get me. When he knocked on the door, he was wearing black trousers and a smokey gray silk shirt. He left a few buttons open so I could see his chest muscles. I tried to dress up as much as I could with most of my wardrobe at home.

Kobe's eyes were sparkling as he kissed my knuckles. "Are you ready for lunch, baby girl?"

I took his arm, and he led me into their tiny dining room. He'd dimmed the lights and lit a ton of scented vanilla candles. He was every inch the gentleman as he pulled my chair out. He wouldn't sit down until he fussed over me. He wanted to make sure I had everything I needed.

"Kobe, it's okay. Sit down and relax."

I thought he was just nervous, and then I remembered Kobe was a Daddy. He was making sure I was spoiled before he ate. I touched his arm.

"I'm fine, Kobe. Please, sit and talk to me."

"I didn't know what kind of dressing you wanted on your salad or if you'd like my homemade dressing, so I bought a bunch of different kinds."

I sighed. I hadn't gotten into a lot of Daddy relationships because I wasn't a little. I thought Kobe knew that. I knew he was trying to spoil me.

"Your homemade dressing looks wonderful. Please join me."

"Sorry, Eirwen. I've just been playing the scene for so long. I haven't met someone I wanted to take under my wing until you."

I took a bite of the salad and groaned out loud. "You seriously thought I wouldn't like this dressing? Is there miso in this?"

Kobe gave me a mysterious smile and tapped his finger against his nose. "Chef secret. Sierra told me your favorite foods. She's proving to be quite the source of information on you."

"Remind me to kill her later."

Kobe just chuckled. "Why? You looked amazing last night in the outfit Dermot got you, and I was able to make a lunch you would enjoy."

I laughed. "There isn't much food I *don't* like. Except for maybe mushy peas. I definitely don't like those."

"No mushy peas for lunch today."

"Are you such a good cook because your sin is Gluttony, or do you just enjoy it?"

Kobe shrugged. "Probably both. I've had this knack for cooking for as long as I can remember. Since we all found each other, I'm usually the one who cooks. Connor would probably set the house on fire, and Alaric thinks he's too good for it. Tristan would get mad at the oven and bash it in. Adamo and Dermot will eat pizza for every meal if you let them. Salem is not a bad cook, and he

helps sometimes, but he tells me I'm better than him and he'd rather eat my food than his.

"I'm sure you've noticed we all carry a bit of our Sin with us. It helps us understand better when we are choosing people to punish. Like I said before, Gluttony isn't just about food. It's about excess. Some people like me eat all the time because we have high metabolisms and we are always hungry. I get scrawny if I'm not always eating something."

"Has anyone ever told you that you make eating look like pure sex?" I asked, cocking an eyebrow at him.

Kobe cocked an eyebrow right back at me. "Are you getting off on watching me eat, baby girl?"

I kind of was. I could watch Kobe eat all day and not get bored. Even eating a salad, he sensuously pulled his lips down the tine of the fork.

"Come on. You were practically mouth fucking that ice cream the first time we met."

"Good food should be savored. Enough about me and my eating habits. Let's talk about you. Eirwen, your father was murdered, and you had to take over his company barely a year ago. Now, Alvah is after you. I don't just want to get in your pants. How do you feel about all that?"

Yeah, Kobe was definitely a Daddy. He wanted to talk about my feelings over lunch he cooked for me to make sure I was okay with everything. He had that look on his face like I could tell him anything and he would help me work my way through it.

"Well, I never really had time to process it. It was like they found his body, and I went from planning a funeral to running a company. The only reason I'm even functioning right now is that I've stayed busy, and Sierra wouldn't let me shut down."

"I want you to process it, Eirwen. After Alvah is gone, you will have to deal with it. She murdered your father, and she's actively stealing money from you."

"Well, I'm pissed off. I'm upset my dad is gone, but I've always been angry about his murder. My dad was strong. Someone had to have gotten the jump on him. He wouldn't have gone to a warehouse alone unless he trusted someone. I suppose I've always known it was her. I just had no proof. Can we talk about something else over lunch?"

Kobe put his hand over mine. "Of course. We can talk about whatever you want. But I hope when you're ready to talk about your dad and Alvah, you come to me."

I nodded. This food was excellent, and Kobe just had this air about him that I could tell him anything and he wouldn't judge me. He would make a good therapist if he weren't a Sin and such a good cook. I guess that was why he gravitated towards being a Daddy instead of a Dom.

"I know Tristan was born first. What about the rest of you?"

"Salem and I are the youngest. There wasn't much in the way of resources and time for Gluttony and Sloth to be born at first. People were hard workers, or they would die. It took some time before chiefs and kings were set up before we were born. Dermot and Adamo are the next oldest right after Tristan. It took them a while to find each other, but I'm sure you can imagine. Greed and Envy are usually causes of murder. They were born shortly after Tristan was when the first murder was committed."

This was so fascinating. I wanted to pick his brain all afternoon. I had about a million questions. How exactly did that work? Shouldn't Adamo and Dermot have been born at the same time as

Tristan?

“I’m not understanding. Tristan is Wrath, and he was born after the first murder, but shouldn’t Adamo or Dermot have been born at the same time? What was the guy who committed the first murder so angry about?”

Kobe shrugged. “He was just angry. From what Tristan tells us, his goat wasn’t producing milk, so he killed the goat and his wife. There was no Greed or Envy involved. It was just an angry, hungry farmer who took it out on a harmless goat and his wife.”

“I guess I don’t understand murderers,” I said, shrugging. “What’s your birth story?”

“Oh, this was thousands of years ago. Homo sapiens had become the dominant species and were developing communities. There was this chief in one village. He wanted to marry every beautiful virgin once they became of age. He had thirty wives by the time I was born, and parents were having issues arranging marriages between their sons and other people’s daughters because no one knew if the chief would swoop in and take her for his wife.

“He made his hunters hunt harder than ever because he always wanted the best cut of meat from every animal. The rest of the animal would basically go to waste. He could have fed several families in his village, but he didn’t. People then used every part of the animal, but not this chief. The animals hunted for his food were just wasted. He had a preferred cut of meat. It would be cut off and roasted for him, then the rest of the animal would be burned so no one else could have it.

“I was born when he decided a certain vegetable that grew back then was his favorite. It was a common crop among the gatherers. He announced people would still grow it, but no one could eat it but him. The gatherers were to harvest this vegetable and bring it to him. What he didn’t eat would be burned. Livestock could have eaten the waste, but he thought anything he ate was too good for his people, and they couldn’t eat it too. As soon as he announced that edict, I woke up in that cave.”

“What did you do?”

“Are you ready for the main course?”

My stomach betrayed me by growling. As much as I wanted him to continue his story, I was hungry and curious about what he could have made me for lunch.

“What did you make?”

“Herb roasted beef tips, bacon Gruyere mashed potatoes, and rosemary garlic Brussel sprouts. Sierra said you liked all that.”

“Oh, my God,” I moaned as he came back with my plate.

It smelled so good. I had no idea what I wanted to eat first. I wanted to dive face-first into my plate and eat like a total savage. Kobe tucked my hair behind my ear.

“I love watching a woman enjoy food.”

“More than I enjoy watching you eat?”

Kobe just winked at me. “You haven’t even experienced me eating yet. I’d love to gobble you up.”

My throat went dry. “You’re a Daddy, correct?”

“Yes, and I will punish that little ass of yours if you don’t enjoy your lunch.”

I immediately snapped into sub mode. I grabbed my fork and scooped up some potatoes. “Yes, Sir.”

“You amaze me. Do you know that? I was off last night. I watched your scene with Dahlia. You were a total Mistress. But you took that order like a true sub.”

I couldn't talk because I had a mouthful of mashed potatoes. I didn't care that he watched me. I knew Salem was to make sure everything went safely. It would just make sense one of the Sins was watching too. I didn't want to talk either. These potatoes were orgasmic, and I wanted to mow my way through the entire plate.

I was never one of those girls who was shy about eating in front of people or declined a second plate because I was worried about how my butt would look. A little extra padding never hurt anyone. It always seemed to piss Alvah off, who took maybe two bites max of everything before she pushed her plate away and said she was done. She would look at Sierra and me with this sour look on her face as we mowed our way through second helpings.

Kobe had this small smile on his face as he watched me shovel food in my face. I wasn't even watching how sexy he was when he ate. This food was fucking *amazing*, and a sexy guy was sitting next to me who not only cooked it for me, he enjoyed watching me eat it.

Sierra must have spilled that Crème Brûlée was my favorite dessert because Kobe made it. I ate two plates of food and a generous helping of dessert. I sat back when I was done and rubbed my belly. I surveyed the damage I did to my plate.

“Wow. Just wow.”

“How do you feel now, Eirwen?” Kobe asked.

“I have puppy belly and need to nap.”

Kobe scooped me up and carried me back to his room. “You'd better sleep off your meal. We wouldn't want you puking on a sub tonight, Eirwen.”

I rubbed my face in his chest. My eyes were drooping. I came, I saw, I ate massive amounts of food. Now, I needed a nap. It would be horrifically embarrassing if I puked on Dahlia and Dermot in the middle of a scene. I liked Dahlia, and I was still trying to impress Dermot.

I snuggled into Kobe and slipped into a food coma.

Chapter 15



I woke up to light kisses all over my eyelids. I could smell sandalwood and smoked vanilla. I knew it was Kobe, and I fell asleep in his bed. I just went for it. I grabbed him and kissed him. Kobe groaned and rolled on top of me. He grabbed my hands and pinned them over my head as he claimed my mouth. I barely even heard the sound of a throat cough until Dermot told us to knock it off.

Kobe just rolled off me and lounged on the bed while Dermot glared at us with his hands on his hips.

“We have a scene in an hour. And I want one of those kisses too.”

“Of course, you do, Envy,” Kobe taunted.

“Play a good scene with me, and you’ll earn yourself a kiss,” I promised, getting out of bed.

Dermot scowled at Kobe as we walked to his bedroom.

“Can I make a request for tonight?”

“Sure. Whether I do it or not depends on if I like it.”

“You’re a naughty little brat, aren’t you?” Dermot said, a dangerous twinkle in his eye.

“I’m playing Domme tonight, remember? I don’t *have* to do what you say, and you aren’t my Dom just yet.”

Dermot crossed his arms and pouted. He blew his bangs out of his eyes and just glared at me.

“Fine. Can you *please* wear the lattice front bodysuit tonight? I was hoping the first time you wore it was with me.”

I touched Dermot’s cheek and kissed him on the nose. I could do that. It was just fun giving him a hard time.

“Of course. Do you want to help me into it?”

Dermot’s eyes lit up. “Yes, I definitely do.”

Dermot was wearing black leather trousers and nothing else. I was admiring his hard chest and tattoos. He didn’t have as many as Tristan, but he had his share. I pulled the bodysuit out of the lingerie bag and held it up. It was a catsuit with a lattice front, and it was sheer aside from the embroidery down the thigh.

“Damn, Dermot. You have good taste in clothing,” I said, stripping my clothes off.

When I was totally naked, Dermot came up to stand behind me. He pressed himself against my back possessively and stroked my arm. He leaned forward, and I felt his teeth on my earlobe. I broke out into goosebumps.

“I can’t wait to watch you play Domme, but as soon as you’re back in the sub mood, I want you over my knee,” he growled.

Well, damn. I know I said I promised him a kiss if he was a good boy tonight, but all my logic just flew to my vagina, and it was saying kiss this man now. I grabbed Dermot and pulled him down to

me. He walked me backwards until I slammed up against the wall. He braced his hands on either side of my body, trapping me there. I'd never been so turned on.

Dermot had thousands of years to perfect his kissing skills, and it showed. When Dermot broke away, I was a shivering, quivering mess. He was the one kissing *my* nose this time.

"Let's get you in that bodysuit. We don't want to let Dahlia down. I hear you and Connor were able to convince her to meet with Orion after this scene. It'll be good for her."

"Who is this Orion?" I asked, coming back to my senses. I started pulling the bodysuit up my body as Dermot tried to help.

"He's a wolf shifter. An Alpha and the head of his clan. He's all about loyalty and honor, and he's good to the subs. He's been asking about her since he joined, but she only wants to scene with us. He approached Adamo for an introduction, and he said he would bring it up to her. You don't understand how bad it was when this club was under old ownership. Dahlia went through a bad time. She's wary about scening with new people."

"Well, she said she would at least meet him after tonight. You ready?"

"Damn, girl. You look sexy as fuck in that," Dermot said, moving towards me again.

I held up my hand. "If you kiss me like that again, we will never make it to the club. We'll disappoint Dahlia, and she'll never meet Orion."

Dermot just let out this little growl. "Later. I want you more than anything, Eirwen."

We went down to the club and met Dahlia. She was different from last night. Something distracted her. Her eyes kept darting around the room, and she was just different from the sub I met the night before. She jumped when I touched her arm.

"Are you okay, Dahlia? We don't have to do this tonight. We can hold off until you are ready. We had an intense scene last night. Maybe you need a break."

"No, I'm just tired. I need this. Can we get back to the room now?"

I frowned. I didn't know Dahlia personally, but I'd scened with her before, and this wasn't like her. Dahlia was a total submissive, and she was almost ordering us around. I shot Dermot a look like we should call this off. He nodded to me like he agreed.

Dermot slung his arm around Dahlia's shoulder. "Hey, why don't we do this another night? You don't seem like yourself tonight. It wouldn't be safe to scene with you now. Why don't you go home and collect yourself, and we can do this again when you are ready?"

Dahlia let out this unreal shriek and just launched herself at me. Before I could even fight her off, she had her fangs buried in my neck, savagely biting me. I tried to shove her off, but I hadn't had a full feed yet. I'd healed with Dahlia and Connor, but I hadn't fed to get stronger yet. I was regretting telling Connor no last night.

Dahlia was wild. She was clutching the neck of my bodysuit, and it was almost like her mission wasn't to drink my blood. She was biting and shrieking, but she wasn't doing a lot of drinking. My blood was spurting everywhere.

Dermot had her off me in seconds. He hauled a shrieking Dahlia off somewhere while Salem and Alaric came running in the room.

“Are you okay?” they demanded.

“That wasn’t Dahlia,” I said, rubbing my wounded neck.

“I agree,” Alaric said. “It seems like Alvah has finally found us, but her target is you, not us. I wonder if she’s forgotten Tristan. She might not have known what he was when they met the first time.”

“Salem? If it’s Voodoo, can you go help Dahlia?” I asked.

“It might be blood magic too since she’s a vampire. I’ll deal with it. Alaric, take Eirwen upstairs to heal.”

I could walk just fine. I just had a huge bite wound in my neck. I didn’t let Vampires bite me long enough for their venom to allow them to control me, and Dermot had gotten to her in time. I wasn’t feeling drunk like I was under a Vampire spell.

Try telling that to Alaric. He scooped me up and tried to carry me upstairs.

“Alaric, I can walk, you know.”

“I know. I just enjoy holding you. That might be all I get to do tonight. I’m not about to ask you to scene or play after you just got attacked by a Vampire.”

“I need to question Dahlia after Salem breaks the spell. You forget what I am. My touch can get her to spill how Alvah got to her.”

“Nope. No way,” Dermot said, kicking the door open. “I’m a Shibari rope master. If you try to go anywhere near a Vampire who has been spelled to kill you, I’ll have you trussed up before you know it.”

“Fuck you, Dermot! Salem can just give her the same thing Tate gave to Mark, and I can go in here. Put me down now.”

Dermot had me held to his chest so tightly I could hardly move or fight. My touch didn’t seem to work on the Sins like it did with everyone else, and that pissed me off to no end. I wasn’t at full power, but my hand on his naked chest and telling him to put me down while I was sending out what I was should have had me on my feet in an instant.

I let out a frustrated shriek as Dermot easily held me in one arm and dug in his dresser drawer with another.

“Aww, is the little Succubus upset that doesn’t work on me?” Dermot said, making pouty lips at me.

I punched him as hard as I could from this position. Before I knew it, I was on my feet, but I was handcuffed to Dermot. I shoved him, and he went stumbling back. He hit the bed, which was right behind him, and I knew he fell back on purpose. I fell with him because I was handcuffed to the fucker and landed right on his chest.

“Well, hello,” Dermot purred. “Your neck is still bleeding. May I heal you, Eirwen?”

My neck was killing me. Dahlia wasn’t just trying to drink my blood. She was ripping my flesh with her fangs. It was like she was trying to rip my head off with her teeth. I could feel the blood pouring down my neck. She had been so crazed she hadn’t hit a major artery, she just took out a few chunks of skin. If she had been herself and wanted to kill me, she was a Vampire. She would have known exactly where my carotid was.

No, Dahlia had been made to kill me in a way that went against her Vampire instincts. It could only be Alvah. Alvah always thought the Vampires were the lowest of the supernaturals. She called them parasites behind their back and was always passive aggressive to them to their faces. Alvah hadn't bothered trying to understand the Vampires, so she tried to get Dahlia to kill me in the way Alvah thought she should instead of what came naturally to Dahlia and would have actually worked.

I needed to heal, but Dermot was being a turd. I would serve him right if I made him stay handcuffed to me while I fucked Connor in his bed right in front of him. Dermot tried a different tactic. He tried petting my back and explaining shit to me instead of going full.

“That wasn't Voodoo, love. I was with Salem when he was watching the cameras. We were hoping she would just go home. If it were Voodoo, it would have been more controlled. That was dark magic—blood magic. Many people don't know it anymore, but Alvah would have. Remember, Tristan found her in a nest of Vampires keeping humans as hostages, and Alvah was being treated like a queen. She could get close enough to a Vampire king to steal his heart.

“You aren't familiar with blood magic, Eirwen. It's ancient, and it can't be broken with a talisman. Alvah has some of Dahlia's blood. She's controlling the very thing keeping her alive. All Dahlia feels like now is that she can either kill you or die herself. There are all kinds of nasty things Alvah can do with her blood.”

“But Salem knows how to break the spell, right?”

“He knows some. Now, can I heal you or not?”

“Do you want to heal me or just get into my pants?”

I saw hurt flash through Dermot's intense eyes. He ran his thumb down my cheek.

“Heal you. I'm only joking around when I'm acting like an ass, and some of that, I can't help.”

I nipped at his thumb. “How would you heal me?”

“Gently. Fuck, Eirwen. Your neck looks like raw meat. We wouldn't be scening. I'd be making love to you. I enjoy that too.”

I squirmed on top of him. “You will have to unhandcuff me for that.”

“Do you promise not to run off to Dahlia, you little minx?”

I held out my pinky. “Pinky swear.”

Dermot didn't grab my pinky. He pulled me down for a passionate kiss.

“If you break your word, I'm going to turn that perky ass a lovely shade of red.”

Was it bad that I wanted to misbehave a little so he would?

Chapter 16



Dermot didn't unhandcuff me right away. He sighed and pressed his forehead to mine. He readjusted, so it nestled me into the crook of his arm and pulled his cell phone out his pocket.

"Do you mind if Kobe helps? You seemed like you got close when I came to get you. I'd ask Connor, but he has the same effect you do, and I'm sure he's working on Dahlia."

I cocked my eyebrow at Dermot. Mr. Envy was willing to share me with Gluttony? That was certainly interesting.

"I don't mind if you don't. I'm not a Sin."

Dermot kissed my forehead. "And I'm not an idiot. You could have fought her off yourself if you had fed. You only healed with Dahlia and Connor. You didn't feed to get stronger. You need to heal *and* get strong. Why didn't you feed with Connor?"

"Well, I thought I did. I *was* feeding on him, just not directly. I didn't think I needed to do it again, and I was totally satisfied. I wasn't counting on Alvah taking Dahlia, and I felt strong when I went to bed. I guess I don't have a lot of experience with group sex. I haven't done it in a long time, and I forgot it wears off if I'm not directly having sex with someone. I'm bleeding all over your pillows!"

Dermot just shrugged. "I can change the sheets. I'm more concerned about the wound than the silk. Let me call Kobe."

Dermot quickly uncuffed me and called Kobe. Kobe burst into the room with his broad chest heaving.

"Are you okay? We all wanted to come, but we've been trying to deal with Dahlia."

"How is she?" I asked.

"Nope. You heal now," Dermot said, scooping me up and placing me on my feet. "You've got blood in your hair. Let's get you to the shower."

I let them lead me to the bathroom. I was hoping this bodysuit could be salvaged because it was sexy as fuck. Dermot was stripping it off me like it could be. Luckily, Dahlia didn't rip it.

Dermot slipped the bodysuit down my left shoulder. I broke into goosebumps. But I needed to know about Dahlia.

"How is—"

Kobe grabbed my cheeks and looked down at me. "They are still working on it. You'll be the first person Salem tells if he can break the spell. May I kiss you?"

I drew in a breath. Kobe was tracing my lower lip with his tongue, and Dermot was trailing his fingers down my bloodied right arm as he slipped my bodysuit off that shoulder. I nodded. I could worry about Dahlia after I healed. Blood was trickling down my back, and my neck was throbbing. Vampire bites could be erotic, but Dahlia wasn't going for pleasure. Her venom wasn't controlling me, but it was coursing through my veins and made it feel like my blood was on fire.

Kobe barely let me nod before he crashed his lips down on mine. I pulled at his shirt as we kissed.

Dermot was behind me, trying to sensuously tug a skin-tight bodysuit off my body when I was covered in blood. It was even dripping down my thigh.

I ripped Kobe's shirt off right as Dermot peeled the bodysuit down my thighs. I'd long kicked my heels off. Kobe pulled me to his chest as Dermot pulled the bodysuit off my feet. I was totally nude and dripping blood on the tile.

Kobe didn't care. He pulled me to his chest and kissed me deeply. Dermot came up behind me and pressed himself to my back. I sighed as my Succubus side started feeding on both of them. I could feel my wounds start to knit closed.

"How do you like the water? Scorching hot or lukewarm?"

"What do you think? Scorching hot."

Dermot stepped away to run the shower, then disappeared into his bedroom while Kobe pulled me inside. The hot water hit my back, and I could see pink water pool at my feet. Kobe let out a little growl and pulled me back to his chest. We stood there kissing as the hot water sprayed against my back until the door flung open, and Dermot was standing there with a little shower caddy.

I stayed in Kobe's arm, but I stared at Dermot.

"What is that?"

"I didn't just buy you gear. I hoped I could eventually bathe you. I wasn't expecting it to be because Dahlia maimed you, but may I?"

I nodded. Dermot could be a jerk sometimes, but he was also really sweet. He went out of his way to buy me the perfect things for my scenes, and he really picked out the perfect things for me. The outfits he chose were totally me.

Dermot stepped under the spray and pressed himself against my back. I felt his huge cock pressing against my back.

"Why don't you get on your knees and suck Kobe's cock while I wash your hair?"

"You will get it in her eyes, asshole," Kobe said, pulling me closer.

"I swear, I won't."

Maybe he would, and maybe he wouldn't. All I knew was that I wanted to try it. It couldn't hurt any worse than the huge, chew marks in my neck.

"It's okay," I said.

I let my wet body slide down Kobe's until I was on my knees in front of him. Kobe had a long, thick cock. It was perfect. I remembered thinking how well-trained Dahlia was with Connor's cock the night before. I was no slouch myself. I licked the drop of pre-cum at the tip of his cock and started swirling the head with my tongue. I hadn't realized the showerhead in Dermot's bathroom was detachable until I felt it massaging my scalp.

There was something to be said for getting your scalp scrubbed and washed while you worshipped Gluttony's cock. They should really offer that service at a salon or something. Dermot was washing my hair like he had done this before. I could feel him massaging conditioner into my ends while I sucked on Kobe's balls.

Kobe was grunting, and I could tell he wanted to fuck my face. He was just holding back because he

wanted nothing to get in my eyes. I grabbed his balls and squeezed them while I went back to licking the head of his cock. I wanted Kobe out of control.

“Fuck,” Kobe growled.

Dermot finished rinsing my hair and pulled me to my feet. I was a little irritated. I wanted Kobe back in my mouth. Dermot spun me around, but he didn’t kiss me. He was holding two bottles in his hand.

“Which shower oil do you want? Jasmine or ylang-ylang?” he asked, shaking the bottles at me.

“Jasmine. You certainly know your aphrodisiacs for someone whose Sin isn’t Lust.”

Dermot set the other bottle down and squirted the jasmine shower oil into his hands. Kobe came up behind me and pressed himself against my back as Dermot rubbed the oil into my breasts.

“I’m Envy, not dead, Eirwen.”

My head fell back against Kobe as Dermot pinched my nipples as he was soaping me up. Kobe started nibbling on my ear.

“I would have gotten pumpkin pie instead of jasmine. You’ll find we all have our preferences,” Kobe purred.

I moaned as Dermot got on his knees and started soaping up my thighs. He buried his face between them and was flicking my clit with his tongue as he was rubbing his hands up and down my legs.

“You can use pumpkin pie oil on me whenever you want,” I moaned.

And just like that, right when I was just getting into it, Dermot’s tongue was gone. I nearly screamed.

“Time to rinse off,” Dermot said, kissing me on the forehead. “Have you ever tried water torture, Eirwen?”

“I can’t say that I—Oh!”

Whatever setting Dermot just set the showerhead on, as soon as he aimed it at my aching nipples, they got even harder. Dermot just stood in front of me, letting the spray of water beat against my nipples. Kobe reached around me and started making teasing circles on my clit. They weren’t trying to make me come. They were dragging this out and teasing me like thousands of years old Masters.

Dermot put the showerhead right up against my nipple. It was almost like a nipple clamp, but not quite. He leaned right into my ear and gave it a nip.

“You were going to play Domme tonight, Eirwen. Now that you’re here naked with us, what kind of headspace are you in? What role do you want to play?” Dermot whispered in my ear.

Between the spray of the water on my nipple and Kobe’s fingers making slow circles on my clit, there was only one right answer to that question.

“I’m yours, Master. Both of you,” I whimpered.

“Do you like this showerhead, Eirwen? We were going to put a wet room in the club and install one of these. It would have required redoing the entire plumbing system of the club to install a wet room, and none of the people who had sent applications said they had any experience with water torture. We nixed it, but I had this custom showerhead installed in my bathroom.”

Dermot kept the showerhead focused on one of my nipples and started pinching the other with his free hand. My eyes rolled back in my head.

“Yes, Sir. It’s amazing. I’ve never used one before.”

“Let me show you how amazing it really is. Remember, Eirwen. You’re playing sub tonight, so you need permission before you let go.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I knew the rules. I had excellent control most of the time. It took a fantastic Dom to get me to lose it too. I could fight it and fight it while my body was shaking until I had that permission, then I would surrender to that sweet release. It was always much more satisfying when I had to delay it until they gave me permission.

“How’s your neck?” Kobe asked, moving my wet hair out of the way. “It’s looking better. Once we are done with you, you’ll be healed and juiced up.”

I was about to thank him, but Kobe removed his fingers, and the spray of water hit me directly on the clit. I had no idea there was a showerhead that could make simple water feel like a Hitachi Wand. Dermot kept bringing the showerhead close, then moving it away. Kobe had his arms around me, pinching my nipples hard, just the way I liked it.

I could feel it. I was losing control. What were these men doing to me? My body was shaking, and I had to fight it. Normally, I could slip into this headspace where it was just me and the sensation, but I was just so fucking aware of Kobe and Dermot in the shower with me, and they hadn’t disciplined me at all to send me to sub space. The pain in my neck was almost gone, so I couldn’t even focus on that.

I normally didn’t do this, but my body was shaking, and my legs were Jell-O. I couldn’t fight it anymore.

“Please, Sir,” I begged.

I just wanted to come. I needed the release. I couldn’t stand it anymore. Instead of permitting me, they both just...stopped. I nearly screamed. Kobe wrapped his hands around my waist to hold me up, and Dermot hung the shower head back on the hook.

Dermot gave me that stern, Dom look like I had misbehaved. Was he going to spank me? I’d take a spanking. I just wanted them to touch me.

“Get that lower lip back, Eirwen. If we permitted you now, you wouldn’t get to finish feeding. I know that look. You’d be a big pile of jelly and need to sleep. Now, you will turn around and suck Kobe’s cock while I fuck you. You will feed off both of us and heal your neck. You will juice yourself up so that if Alvah sends someone else to attack you, you can fight them off before they do that much damage. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I could deal with that. In fact, I wanted that. If Dermot and Kobe wanted to hear me beg for it, I had no shame and would scream it loud enough for the club to hear downstairs. I needed their cocks, and I needed to come. I needed to feed, and I had two strapping Sins here willing and ready.

I turned around and grabbed Kobe’s hips to steady myself. Dermot grabbed my hips, and I could feel him rubbing his cock against my slit. I didn’t wait. I needed Kobe in my mouth. I took him deep in the back of my throat and started working him with my mouth.

I nearly choked when I gasped as Dermot thrust into me hard and fast. He was built like the other Sins. Taller and more muscular than any shifter I knew, and his cock was no exception. All the Sins

I'd seen naked so far were no exception. They had beautiful, thick cocks. Dermot stretched me out to the point it stung a little, but it was a good pain.

I ended up holding on to Kobe's hips for dear life. Kobe was fucking my mouth, and Dermot was pounding away from behind. I was delirious from pleasure. My vision was blurring from feeding off both of them. My neck was already healed. I could feel it. The missing chunks of flesh had filled out. All I was doing now was filling with strength and power. Fuck, if I had this when that shifter tried to stab me, I could have picked him up and thrown him across the street before he ever got the knife in my gut.

My body was humming with power and pleasure. Dermot brought his hand down on my ass. God, I needed that. I hadn't had a proper spanking in so long. I could hold off on coming if he would just keep spanking and fucking me. I couldn't exactly beg for that because Kobe was fucking my face hard. I was one happy Succubus at the moment.

Dermot just let go. He was fucking me hard, but he gave each side equal attention as he rained down a series of spansks. I would have some pretty handprints when he was done with me. My ass was on fire, but my body was still humming with pleasure. Yes, this was exactly what I needed to heal from Dahlia's attack and forget Alvah was actively trying to steal my heart.

"Think she's had enough, Kobe? Does she deserve permission to come?"

Kobe grunted. "I'd say so. Let go, Eirwen. You have permission."

That was all I needed to hear. Those few words telling me it was okay to let go. I surrendered to everything. The pleasure and pain all became one, and I felt like I was flying. I felt Kobe come and swallowed out of instinct. I felt Dermot when he let go.

Kobe scooped me up as I sagged. Dermot threw a towel around me, and Kobe carried me to his room. They both snuggled with me on the bed after throwing another blanket over me.

"How are you, Eirwen? Better?" Dermot asked.

"Perfect," I sighed. "What happened with Dahlia?"

"Aftercare, Eirwen. When Salem has an answer, he'll be up. Just relax. How was it feeding directly from a Sin?" Kobe asked.

"Two Sins," I pointed out. "Dermot was there too. You two are huge, but I feel like I could beat the shit out of both of you."

"Good," Dermot said, kissing my forehead. "But if you try, you won't like your punishment."

My body shuddered involuntarily.

"Promise?"

Chapter 17



Kobe and Dermot let me sleep in. I honestly hadn't slept that late in a long time. Salem brought me breakfast in bed. He sat a tray down with breakfast only Kobe could have cooked and took a seat in the chair next to the bed. I was starving, but I also needed to know Dahlia was okay. She technically bit chunks out of my neck, but I knew that wasn't her.

"Kobe and Dermot said you were asking about Dahlia even after you were coming down from intense sex."

"I know I just met her, and she attacked me, but that wasn't her. I could tell something was off as soon as I sat down. Is she okay?"

"No, she's not. Alvah somehow got her blood. You can't break blood magic without destroying the blood. We can't break Alvah's hold on Dahlia without getting her blood back. It's dark magic from a forgotten time. They burned most of the people that knew how to do this alive, so the knowledge died out. Unless you're a psychopath who steals hearts to live longer with a penchant for reinventing yourself."

"You didn't kill Dahlia, did you?"

"Dahlia is very much alive. We all have our specialties. Mine is magic. Alaric is good with medical stuff. There's a room in the back of the club we shut down to renovate. There's a bed in there. Alaric has her sedated on an IV until we can get to Alvah's place and destroy all her totems."

"When will that happen?"

"We're the only ones here now. The rest of the guys are out scouting the tailor you told us about and the route to her place. It's gone too far. She attacked you in our backyard, and we will not stand for that. She will try again. Knowing her, it won't be brute force next time. If she's resorting to blood magic to get to you, she'll use the old ways for her next attack."

"What kind of old ways?"

"There are some curses and spells that are so evil that anyone who knew them were wiped off the place of the Earth so that knowledge couldn't be passed on. Alvah would know them."

"Can she kill us from her house?"

"No. Like Voodoo, she would need something of ours to kill us or get her hands on something in this apartment to curse it to kill us. We allow no one in our private quarters except you. She would have to set foot in the club to curse something here, and she wouldn't be allowed in the front door."

Someone suddenly started pounding on the apartment front door. I knew the club had staff that was there during the day setting things up and cleaning, but what were they doing at the apartment? Salem and I exchanged a glance and went running for the front door.

Salem flung the door open, and a harried woman was standing there. I had no idea who she was, but Salem did.

"What is it, Steph?"

“No one is supposed to be in the club after closing, right?” she asked, wringing her hands.

“What happened?”

“Dahlia, that Vampire who is in here all the time just walked out the front door like she’s been here all night.”

Oh, shit. I didn’t doubt Alaric had her on some powerful drugs to keep her sedated until the Sins could get her blood back. The only magic I was familiar with was the Voodoo Alvah talked about, and some magic I watched the Druids practice. I don’t think anyone, but the Druids knew what they could do. They were a secretive bunch. Maybe Salem knew Druid magic. I wouldn’t put it past him.

Salem pulled Steph into a hug. “Did she hurt you?”

“No, she just seemed really fucked up. It was like she got drunk or high in one of the rooms and passed out. I know none of that is allowed in the club. Someone would have found her and kicked her out way before she passed out.”

“Were you working last night, Steph?”

“No, I got here for my shift about an hour ago. I was restocking the bottled water at the bar when I sensed I wasn’t alone. I tried calling out to her because it seemed like she wasn’t okay, but she was ignoring me. There was something off about her. She didn’t smell right for a Vampire.”

Steph was some kind of shifter and could smell something was off with Dahlia. After what she did to me, I’m glad Steph didn’t touch her. Dahlia would have attacked, and Steph would have defended herself. One of them probably would have died, and I didn’t want innocent people dying because my stepmother was a psycho who wanted my heart.

“Lock the door, Steph. Don’t open it for anyone until one of us comes down to play bouncer. Send word to anyone you see working if they see Dahlia around the club, don’t approach her and come get one of us.”

“What’s up with the Vamp?”

“Bad magic. Stay away from her until I can break the spell.”

“What did she do to piss off the Druids?”

“This isn’t Druidic magic. This is dirty magic. Be careful outside the club, Steph. The person who cast the spell wants inside this club.”

“Curses are a little extreme to gain entrance to a sex dungeon,” Steph said.

“She’s not into kink,” Salem said. “She wants to hurt someone inside these walls. Thanks for letting me know about Dahlia. Be careful, Steph. Don’t open the door for anyone. If it’s a scheduled delivery, come get me.”

“Yes, sir. I’m dating a Druid. Do you want me to call him?”

“No, but if you might want to get some magical protection from him.”

Salem shut the door and gave me a grim look.

“I’m sorry, Eirwen. I know you wanted to save her. We were hoping to keep her here sedated so she couldn’t report back to Alvah you survived, but the spell overrode the drugs in her IV. Once Dahlia makes it to Alvah, she’ll know you’re alive.”

“I don’t get it. If Alvah wants my heart, why would she have Dahlia try to kill me in a packed sex

dungeon? She will not get it that way.”

“You’re right. It makes little sense. Alvah might know nothing about sex dungeons, but she would know most clubs have security, and someone would stop Dahlia. I think Alvah knew Dahlia would fail.”

“Then why the blood curse? Dahlia wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

“Either a power play or to flush you out of hiding. She’s clearly found out you’re staying here. She knows she can’t get to your heart while you’re in here. She needs you where she can attack. She wants you out in the open, so she attacked you here. She wanted to play her hand and make you think you aren’t even safe here. She’s playing games.”

“With a living person. Dahlia could have been killed last night. What if Alvah kills her once she’s done with her? Alvah won’t leave a witness. I’m sure that shifter Sierra is looking for is long dead.”

“I already called Sierra. She’s coming for lunch. She wanted to come last night, but I explained to her you were busy healing. She understood.”

“Oh, Steph was told not to open the door for anyone!”

“Come on, Eirwen. I’ve got cameras everywhere, even at the front door. I told Sierra noon. I’ll just watch the front door camera and let her in. Come sit with me, Eirwen. You will drive yourself nuts worrying about Dahlia. We know Alvah used old magic to make her a blood slave. That’s a big spell and Druids used to be the police against that kind of magic. I don’t think Alvah will kill Dahlia. If she comes to the attention of the Druids for doing old magic, they will get to her before we do. She will not risk making more because it will draw too much attention. They let her slide with Voodoo, but they will kill her for blood magic.”

“So, you think Dahlia will be safe until we can make our move? Does Dahlia know what’s going on?”

“Are you sure you want to know?”

“This is all because of me. I need to know.”

“We worked in the background while the Druids were wiping out all the witches who could do this kind of magic. I’ve destroyed a few of these curses and talked to the people under them. They say it’s like being locked in a room and watching yourself do things as if in a dream. I’m sure if movies were a thing back then, it would have been described as a movie. Dahlia will need help when this is over. She could see herself attacking you, and she was helpless to stop it.”

“Oh, no. There’s no way to break it except by destroying the blood?”

“Alvah would have used the blood to make a totem. We have to destroy the totem. I can’t even imagine how Alvah got Dahlia’s blood. Vampires only share their blood with other Vampires. It’s not like Alvah could have just asked for it. We’re missing a piece here. Alvah is getting bits and blood from many people she shouldn’t. Like, you say your entire board is under her control. How did she manage that?”

I shrugged. I already knew that answer. It had been too easy for her. My father knew she was doing it, and when he made her destroy his doll, she had to destroy the board members too. She must have waited until she had a full house and offed him before he could make her get rid of them again.

“Sneaking into bathrooms and stealing the hair off brushes. The board is all like close family

members. They get together for dinner all the time. All she would have had to do is say she needed to go to the bathroom and sneak into their bedrooms and steal hair. My father knew she was doing it. He was an Incubus. He would just touch her and make her tell him how many and where they were. He would burn them in front of her. Don't ask me why he thought it was so cute."

"Love makes people do stupid shit."

"Yeah, but you didn't know my dad. He was cunning and scary if you fucked him over. Fuck, he was scary if I missed my curfew when I was in high school. If he found out anyone else had made just one Voodoo doll of him, they would have just disappeared one day. He bragged about all the dolls Alvah made and how he took them away from her."

"She could have forced him to fall in love with her. There is old world magic to force someone to fall in love. He would have known to ask about the Voodoo dolls. He didn't know how old she was or that she knew that kind of magic to ask about anything else."

"No way. I dated a Druid. They say it's impossible to force someone to love you."

Salem tapped my shoulder so I would turn around. He started giving me this marvelous back rub.

"It's not love. It's blood magic. It makes the person obsessed a little. Back in the day, it was hardly ever done because that obsession could turn dangerous. You could use that spell to bring someone in your life, and sure, they would act like they loved you, but a lot of times, they would turn into jealous fucks and just end up killing you."

That made little sense. Alvah was cunning. She would not use a spell on my dad where he would just up and kill her. It also made no sense that my father didn't make Alvah disappear off the face of the planet after she made her first doll with his hair. Something wasn't right.

"How is Alvah going around getting blood, anyway? My father wouldn't give his blood to a Voodoo priestess. He wouldn't give his blood to anyone who just asked for it. Dahlia was a Vampire. Blood is her life. If a human walked up and asked for it, she wouldn't. It's not like the movies where she could have turned Alvah into a Vampire with a little blood. If Alvah tried that, Dahlia would have set her straight."

Salem was giving me one of the best back rubs I'd ever had.

"She's getting blood somewhere. She got Dahlia's, and I'm willing to bet she had your fathers. We need to be asking ourselves how she didn't get yours. If she had yours, she could just have you waltz right up to her and offer her your heart."

I knew. It hit me right then, and I realized Alvah might have other blood slaves. It would have been too easy for her.

"My company and several other companies run a charity blood drive every year. It would have happened two days ago. Alvah has been organizing it since she was an intern at the company. She started out in Public Relations. She's always at the drive handing out juice and flyers. She could have stolen anyone's blood at that drive," I moaned.

Salem pulled me down to his chest and wrapped his arms around me. I don't know what it was about Salem. I'd only just met him. There was something about snuggling with him where I just felt safe with everything going on. I knew Salem had the magical knowledge to combat whatever Alvah threw our way. Salem seemed to know everything about anything.

“She can steal blood, sure, but she can’t just go around doing that kind of magic. Most of the ingredients, you can now only get from the Druids. A garden level Voodoo Queen asking for those ingredients enough will get her on their radar. They would organize a raid. Alvah isn’t stupid.”

“How do you know all this, Salem? I mean, you’re Sloth, and all the other Sins have characteristics of their Sin. You seem to know everything and you’re always working. You’re up early, and you go to bed late. Where exactly does the Sloth come in?”

“Can I tell you a secret, Eirwen? We don’t *have* to be like our Sins. Those guys just see it so much, they let it get to them and have adopted some of it. They try to own what they were given. Alaric doesn’t have to be an arrogant twat all the time. Dermot is jealous because he’s an attention whore. Adamo is greedy because everyone is greedy. He just takes it to another level. Connor is just a horny douche bag. Kobe likes to eat. Tristan has always been grumpy, but he got worse after Haiti. It’s not ingrained in my DNA to be lazy just because my Sin is sloth.”

“Really? I thought you kind of had to be like your Sin.”

“We actually don’t. They just want you to think that. It’s their personalities. I love them the way they are. Sloth is an easy Sin. I don’t get called away often, so I have time to be the eyes and ears of our operation.”

“If Sloth is an easy Sin, how were you born?”

“A warlord was terrorizing a bunch of villages. One village got word they were next. They went to their neighbors and asked for help to defend their homes. The chief of that village told them it wasn’t their job to protect their village. It wasn’t their duty. It was that chief’s failure to act that created me.

“When the warlord got to that village, he slaughtered everyone, stole what he wanted, and burned their huts. He didn’t stop there. He went to three more villages in the area murdering and raping. If that larger village had just stepped up and defended the smaller village, the warlord might have realized that area wasn’t easy picking, and it would have saved countless lives.”

“What did you do to the larger village?”

“Nothing. By the time I clawed my way out of that cave and made it there on foot, they had all died of disease. They had no neighbors to ask for help from anymore. Sometimes, karma gets people before we can. As I said, I have an easy Sin. I don’t get called away often, so I learn and listen.”

“You’re an excellent listener, Salem. And you’re smart as hell.”

“I try to be.”

“How did you end up so different from the rest of the Sins?”

“Well, I didn’t find them right away. I was on my own for a long time, and I always preferred reading and studying over punishing. When I finally found the guys, they had their personalities, and I had mine. I hid the fact that I wasn’t into screwing wenches and drinking for the longest time. Finally, it got old, and I decided to just be me. They never gave me a hard time. They just accepted it as part of me.”

“I hope you know I accept it. Just because I’m a Succubus doesn’t mean I don’t understand friendship and snuggling like we’ve been doing. You’re amazing to snuggle with.”

Salem pulled me down as he nestled further into the sofa cushions.

“It’s hard to find someone who will, you know. Everyone assumes because I look the way I do, that I will be into fucking and all that. I’m not. I just want platonic snuggling, but I want love too. I just don’t want sex.”

“I get it, Salem. I do. I’ll never ask that from you. If we fall in love, I’ll never ask you to do anything you’re uncomfortable with.”

“That’s because you’re amazing, Eirwen.”

I sighed and leaned back into his chest.

“You’re pretty amazing too, Salem.

Chapter 18



Sierra knocked on the door at noon. Salem kept his promise and was watching the door camera. I followed him down, and Sierra was holding a fruit basket full of apples. She looked confused as she held it out to me. I took it and shot her this bewildered look.

“Don’t ask me,” she said. “An old lady was standing by the curb who said they were for you. There’s a card.”

The apple’s looked ripe and juicy. They were a lovely red color. I had no intention of eating them. I had no idea who that old lady was, and after all I was learning about blood magic, I didn’t want to risk it.

“What is this?” I asked Salem as we went upstairs.

Salem just shrugged. “Leave it, and I’ll try to figure out what curse is on them.”

Sierra flopped in the armchair, and I nestled into Salem’s chest.

“My dad called. Mark still isn’t talking. He’s looking at some serious jail time because of the sheer amount he stole. He still won’t give up Alvah. They are trying to tie the bank account to her. They froze it as soon as you emailed, so it’s not like she can do anything with the funds. I’m not having much luck finding the shifter who attacked you.”

“He’s probably long dead for failing to kill me, and all you had was a description. It’s not like you had a scent to go on.”

“Those apples smell great,” Sierra said, reaching for an apple.

They were enticing me too. They were so red and juicy. Salem slapped her hand away, and she hissed at him.

“No eating the apples until I find out if they are cursed. Read the card, Eirwen.”

I looked at the card. There were no clues there.

“It’s just my name. I don’t recognize the handwriting. It’s calligraphy. There’s something about those apples that make me really want to eat them.”

“Which makes me think they are cursed. Don’t make me hide them.”

“Maybe you should put them where I can’t smell them,” Sierra said.

Salem got up and moved the basket of apples to the desk on the other side of the room. I heard boots on the stairs, and when the door opened, all my Sins came back in. Tristan was with them this time. He scowled when he saw Sierra and I sitting there.

“Any luck?” I asked.

“No,” Tristan grumped, going to the other side of the room.

“Alvah has the tailor coming to her place. Three of us hit up the tailor, and three of us scoped Alvah’s place. She’s not going to the tailor. We must grab her at the ball which isn’t for another three weeks. She’s got bodyguards with her to and from work and when she leaves the house now.”

“Yeah, she knows she fucked up, and I’m coming for her,” Sierra growled.

“We all are,” Alaric said, tipping a hip flask at her.

“What’s with the apples?” Tristan asked.

It was like slow motion. I turned my head just as Tristan raised the apple to his mouth. Salem and I screamed not to eat it just as he took a bite. As soon as the bite of the apple hit his mouth, Tristan collapsed on the floor in a heap.

Time started moving again, and we all rushed towards Tristan. Alaric was checking for a pulse. Please let there be a pulse. Tristan might be a total knob, and he might hate me, but I didn’t want him to die.

Alaric shook his head. “I don’t feel a pulse.”

“He’s not dead,” Sierra insisted. “I would smell it. He’s alive. Eirwen, reach out with your Succubus side.”

I let my magic seep out and reach into Tristan. I could feel him. He wasn’t dead. He was still with us. He was just far away.

“He’s not dead. He’s sleeping. How can he be sleeping without a pulse?” I asked.

“Let’s get him to bed,” Salem said.

I watched as all six Sins heaved huge Tristan up and tried to get him to bed. Sierra and I followed. I had no idea why Salem was taking his clothes off. Did he need that to heal?

“Salem? What’s going on?”

“It’s a sleeping curse. It’s the only thing it can be.”

“Well, how do you break it?”

“Like the stories. With true love’s kiss.”

“No way,” I scoffed. “That’s in fairy tales.”

“Fairy tales have a basis in real life,” Adamo said. “If Salem said true love’s kiss would wake Tristan, then that’s how he wakes.”

“Well, who does he love, and how long will it take them to get here?” I asked.

The Sins all exchanged grim looks.

Adamo ran his fingers through his hair.

“Unless Tristan is keeping something from us, he loves no one. He loves his Harley and drinking. That’s about it.”

Well, fuck.

Chapter 19



It wasn't going down like this. There had to be something we could do for Tristan. I wasn't accepting he was stuck in a sleeping curse because he wasn't in love with anyone. Maybe he was, and the other Sins just didn't know about it. And why was Tristan in his boxers?

I was pacing and ranting. Salem jumped up and grabbed me. He pulled me over to Tristan.

"Think, Eirwen. You can dream walk as a Succubus. You can talk to Tristan and find out if there's someone he hasn't told us about."

"Yes, but Tristan hates me. He will not want to talk to me."

Connor just shrugged and grinned. "Tristan is now trapped under a sleeping curse, and you're his only hope, Obi-Wan Kenobi. He will have to let you help him."

"Except I'm wide awake now and couldn't nap if I wanted to," I moaned.

"It's my turn," Adamo said. "I'll order takeout and get you good and sleepy, and then you can go nap with his grumpy highness and see if you can get him to spill if he's got a love somewhere out there."

"But—"

"No, Eirwen," Sierra said. "It's a good idea. If you try to force yourself to sleep, you'll be up for hours. You know how you get after pizza. Eat pizza with Adamo, and you'll be ready for a nap before you know it. Adamo, get her mozzarella sticks and tiramisu from that pizza place on Canal, and she'll be napping in an hour."

"Bitch," I muttered.

She knew my secrets, and she was spilling all my weaknesses. The next time she met a guy, I would tell them all about how she pretended to hate having her belly rubbed, but secretly loved it. She just had to trust you first before you could touch it.

Sierra swatted my leg. "I'm just trying to help you out, you wench."

"I know. I'm just tense. I'm sorry for taking it out on you."

"I'm in the mood to cut a bitch," Sierra announced. "Is there anything we can do to take down Alvah? I didn't like the thong perv, but I don't want to see him under a sleeping curse."

"Can't we grab her earlier?" I said. "There's a parking garage at work. I can try to arrange it so that security fails in the parking garage."

Salem shook his head. "We've already hacked your security feed. Alvah has bodyguards now. We're pissed she hurt our brother. We need a new plan. Come on, Sierra. Come plan with us. Let's leave Adamo and Eirwen alone."

I turned to face Adamo, who was already on his cell phone.

"What do you want on your pizza?"

"The one on Canal has a Muffuletta pizza. Sierra and I get extra cheese on a thin crust. They have a personal size if you don't want it."

“Hey, if it’s your favorite, I want to try it. Pineapple on pizza. Go,” Adamo said as he completed our order on his phone.

“No. No way. Pineapple does not go on pizza.”

“Good girl,” he said. “Let’s go into the living room. I know Tristan isn’t waking up unless he gets a kiss, but it feels weird talking in here with him in his boxers.”

I followed Adamo out to the living room and snuggled into his chest. He started playing with my hair, and I sighed.

“I heard you fed from a Sin for the first time last night. How was it? Different than usual?”

I craned my head up at him. “None of you have ever been with a Succubus before?”

Adamo shrugged. “One-night stands or scenes at the club. Nothing ever got serious. And we never had a Succubus turn up on our doorstep who was related to the perp we were after. Never one who ends up bleeding as much as you do.”

“Hey!”

“I didn’t mean it in a bad way. It pisses me off that Alvah keeps coming for you. Dahlia is a sweetheart. I can’t believe she used Dahlia to hurt you. If Alvah has hurt her in any way, I’ll kill her twice.”

“Tell me about this Orion I talked her into meeting. I know a little.”

“Orion? Oh, he’s a great guy. Firm hand when he’s a Dom, but he’s really gentle with his subs. He’s only been coming here for three weeks, and everyone is requesting him. He only has eyes for Dahlia, but she’s been burned before.”

I sighed and rubbed my face into his chest. “Love in the sex dungeon. Tell me about yourself. Salem said you don’t *have* to be greedy.”

“Yeah, Salem is a fucking saint. I don’t *have* to be, but we all had to dip our toes in our Sin to understand it better. We aren’t exactly receiving communication from the mother ship on how to punish people. We just know that’s what we’re here for. We get a feeling when something major is happening, but that’s it. We still have to figure out who is and isn’t involved. To do that, we have to understand our sins. Besides, everyone is greedy a little.”

“True.”

Someone was banging on the door again. I had forgotten Salem told Steph not to open the door for anything. I told Adamo that Salem told Steph to let one of them open the door for deliveries. He kissed the top of my head and disappeared out the door. Not before throwing over his shoulder to make sure I took my socks off before he got back. I had forgotten about his foot thing.

Adamo came back with our food, and I had the plates ready. I was sure they had been to New Orleans before, but I wasn’t sure if I was after they turned a Muffuletta into a pizza.

“Tell me about this pizza,” he said, kicking his feet up.

“It’s the olive mixture on a regular Muffuletta, but the pizza has mozzarella cheese, Provolone cheese, Parmesan cheese, hard salami, mortadella, and prosciutto. It’s amazing.”

Adamo was already taking a huge bite while I was finishing my sentence. Like a good little New Orleanian, I sat back and watched his reaction before I ate my food. Anyone from New Orleans had to

make sure a tourist enjoyed their food before you could eat yours.

I watched Adamo's eyes light up.

"Holy shit. This is amazing. Aren't you going to eat?"

"Yes. I just had to see your reaction first."

"Why? Do you get off on watching people eat like Kobe?"

"It's a Louisiana thing."

"Kobe will fit in here just fine."

"You're really thinking of moving here because of me? You hardly know me."

"I know you feel it too, Eirwen. There's something different about this. I can't explain it, but you're different. We've all had our affairs, and hell, we've even been in love before. There's just something different about you. I felt it when I held you while you were healing."

"It could just be because I'm a Succubus. You could be feeling my vibes and just thinking there's a connection."

Adamo just laughed and passed me a mozzarella stick.

"You think you're the first Succubus any of us have taken up with? Hell, I nearly married one back in the Roman Empire on a job. I snapped out of her spell before I made a huge mistake. We all know what a Succubus spell feels like. We've figured out how to break them. We're immune to you now, sugar."

I grabbed his arm and sent him the full Succubus. I tried to get him to get up and do a little striptease. I wanted to see Adamo shake his ass, and I wanted to prove a point. I was stronger than ever after feeding on Dermot and Kobe. I should be able to control whoever I wanted. Adamo just laughed at me.

"That tickles."

"Okay, how are you doing that? That's not fair."

"Neither are those Succubus gifts of yours. That hot little Succubus in the Roman Empire had her father's permission, and I was about to eat the spelt bread and make it official before Tristan burst and nearly caused a war with the Romans getting me out of there. I didn't exactly want to leave either. Connor had to deck me in the face, and they all dragged me out of there while Tristan fought her father."

"Not all Succubae are like that," I pointed out.

"Not anymore. The Succubae and Incubi used to be villain number one during a certain point in history. They kept Connor busy for a little while, then we all had to step in."

That wasn't taught in any of my classes in high school. I had certain classes growing up teaching me to be responsible with my feeding and powers, and they expected my father to raise me right too. My mother was also a Succubus, but she died during childbirth. She would have been expected to teach me history and not to be a total bitch with my gifts.

Some Druids and upper-class Vampires looked down on us because we fed off sex. They called us all kinds of names like *deviants* and *parasites*. It was a little rich coming from the snotty rich vampires, considering how often *they* got called parasites for needing blood. It wasn't all of them. I

had plenty of Druids and Vampire friends, and there were plenty on the board of my company that didn't look down on me at all. But they were pretty progressive.

None of my supernatural histories covered an uprising of evil Succubae in history. If it was so bad, the Sins stepped in, why was I even alive right now? Wouldn't they have just wiped them all out like Tristan did with the demons in Haiti?

"You will have to tell me that story, Adamo. It was never taught to me, and I'm wondering how I'm alive today if all of you stepped in."

"I'll only tell you this story if you eat while you listen. Your food is getting cold. Save room for that tiramisu too. Deal?" Adamo said in his Dom voice.

"Yes, sir," I said, sitting back with my plate.

"Put those gorgeous feet in my lap, Eirwen," he said, showing me his empty plate.

He'd already mowed his way through half the pizza and his share of the mozzarella sticks. Adamo put his plate on the coffee table and patted his lap. I remembered he had a thing for feet. I shifted and rested my feet in his lap.

"Ah, you have lovely feet," Adamo said, giving me a foot rub. "Let me tell you a story. It wasn't just all Succubae and Incubi. It was three powerful families in Italy during the Proto-Renaissance. In fact, they were in partly responsible for raising up Giotto and starting the entire Renaissance movement."

"That part, I know. I know which families too. I wasn't taught they were supervillains, though."

Adamo just shrugged and tickled the bottom of my foot. "Eat, or the story stops. It wasn't everyone in the family, nor was it the head of the families. The head of the families were all good people. It was the first-born sons and daughters of each family acting out. They formed an underground secret society. They even had a supervillain lair they took their victims to.

"Back then, the church ran everything. Your concept of being created by the Lord of the Underworld was strong, even back then. You had your areas of power back then like you do now, but the church was everywhere, and it wasn't the same then. All they had to do was say the word, and you'd be burned.

"There was this system of balance they had then. The supernatural families dabbled in politics and became patrons of the art. They manipulated the clergy just enough to not get accused of witchcraft, but it wasn't malicious. They were trying to make a better society for everyone, even the humans.

"This secret society, they didn't want a better world. They wanted anarchy. They were luring sons and daughters of prominent human families to their secret lair. They would ransom the family with no intention of returning their sons and daughters. They would keep them prisoner, feeding on them until they were dead.

"They used their persuasion powers on the clergy. The Crusades were dying off. We finally got to them right before they got close enough to the Pope to convince him to start another one.

"We didn't wipe out everyone. The secret society just disappeared, and we did some damage control with the clergy they had turned to their side. The reason you were never taught about it is that I don't think even their parents knew what they were up to. Maybe they eventually figured it out after we left, but it was done quietly and discreetly, like all our jobs."

"Adamo! Y'all don't even tell the families when you punish someone? You let those poor people

wonder what happened to their kids until someone finally gave them the final death. I know their kids were evil, but you said their parents were good people. You could have at least given them peace of mind.”

Adamo just shrugged. “Are you ready for the tiramisu? If you had a kid, or you were married to someone, would you want to know they were so bad, they brought down the wrath of one or all of the Seven Deadly Sins? Most people don’t want to know that. We decided it was best to leave them with their good memories and not know what happened instead of knowing how awful their Sins were. And we only get involved when they are terrible. Think of Alvah.”

If Alvah was my mom and not my stepmother, would I want to know? She didn’t exactly try to hide anything from me. I got where family members could be ignorant of wrongdoing, but even when I first met Alvah, there was just something off about her I didn’t like. That was before my father started dating her.

“How does one not know your kid or spouse is so bad they summon one of you? I mean, I’ve always sensed something off about Alvah.”

Adamo shrugged. “Some people choose not to see. Eat your tiramisu. As much as I want to sit here chatting all day, Sierra said this was guaranteed nap food, and my brother is in there under a sleeping curse.”

I dug into my tiramisu as Adamo continued to rub my feet. I could feel my eyes drooping. Since Adamo was spilling, I just had to know.

“Fess up. How does one fight of my brand of persuasion powers?”

Adamo picked up his necklace and dangled the charm at me. All the Sins wore a charm on a leather strap, but they all looked different, so I thought nothing of it. It was a crystal, but it was a different kind for all of them. How was that Succubus kryptonite if it wasn’t the same for all of them?

“It’s a little spell Salem picked up. I wasn’t the only one to fall under the spell of a Succubus. Connor was a repeat victim, but the ladies always love him.”

“If that spell actually exists, why aren’t the Druids peddling Succubus repellent?”

“It’s an older Druidic spell. The Druid who came up with it mysteriously died in a house fire along with his work. Salem looked into it for years. They were friends, and Salem learned a lot from him. This Druid was a revolutionary with his magic. He could never figure out if it was old school Druids scared of what he was doing or a pissed off customer.”

“Wow, that’s—”

“Nope. Story time is over, Eirwen. Sierra was right. This is your night-night food. You can barely keep your eyes open, and Tristan needs help.”

Adamo scooped me up and carried me into Tristan’s room. I’d never been in there before, but it differed totally from the other Sin’s rooms. It was spartan. There was a bed, a dresser, and a desk, but nothing personal. Tristan hadn’t tried to decorate and make the room more him like the other bedrooms I had been in.

I started stripping down to my underthings as I yawned.

“I’ll get a deeper connection, and he’ll have a harder time kicking me out his dream with skin contact.”

“Don’t let him be a dick to you, Eirwen. Tristan is gruff, but he’s a good guy underneath it all.”

I didn’t normally snuggle with half-naked guys while I was in my thong unless I had their permission. I made it a point not to enter people’s dreams unless they had asked me. Sure, I could peek and get a glimpse of people’s inner thoughts, but my father drilled it into me that was wrong.

I knew Tristan didn’t like me and wouldn’t want me touching him. I knew he wouldn’t want me in his dreams, either. I didn’t enjoy doing this. My father raised me not to do shit like this, but it was possibly the only way to save Tristan and wake him up.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered as I crawled in bed and snuggled into his chest.

Chapter 20



Tristan's dream was kind of like a country song. I found him sitting alone at a dirty bar downing shots of whiskey. I might as well just get this over with. He could get all his yelling out of the way, and then we could figure this out over shots. I took the chair next to him and poured myself a whiskey shot.

"Can't a man be cursed in peace?" Tristan growled.

"You can't fault your brothers for trying. I'm the only one who can talk to you this way. I know it's an invasion, and I wouldn't normally enter a dream without permission. Salem said we just need to find out who you love, and they can wake you up."

Tristan scoffed and slammed back his whiskey. "Tell Salem that only works in the fairy tales."

"He said it's old magic, but it will work."

Tristan finally turned to me. I could see the pain behind those black eyes.

"No, princess, I mean having someone who loves you that can break the curse. In fairy tales, they are always alive and well. They find their love and end the curse. This is the real world. Shit happens."

I had a feeling he was talking about Haiti and whatever happened there that he refused to talk about with the other Sins. There was no one to talk to here except me. There would be no one to talk to for Tristan unless I could get some clue how to wake him up and tell Salem.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Do you think I fucking want to talk about it, princess?"

I shrugged and poured another shot. "There's not much else to do in here besides talk, and I'm the only person who can dream walk. I know you hate me, and I'm not one of your brothers, but I'm the only one who can get a message to them right now. If anyone can figure this out, it's Salem."

Tristan slammed back another shot and went back to glowering at the bar. "Salem isn't the only one of us that knows about magic and curses. I'm the oldest, remember? There's only one way out of this curse, and it ain't happening, princess. And who said I hated you?"

"Um, you did. You haven't exactly been very nice to me since I ended up in your home."

"You're related to our target, and she's a crafty bitch. Our lot has had little luck with your kind until Salem met that Druid, who had a spell to keep you from manipulating us. For all I knew, you were just a plant."

"Knew?"

"I've been looking into you while I was away. Your story checks out. Everyone I asked said you and Alvah hate each other, and I asked people with no horse in this race. Fuck, I even asked some of her little zombies, and they said the two of you don't get along. Now, either this is some really long con or the two of you really hate each other. Seeing as how Alvah didn't know we were coming, there's no reason for there to be stories about how the two of you hated each other on sight. I can get stories

about a recent feud if she knew we were here, but I talked to some of her friends too. They said you were an uppity little bitch who never gave her a chance.”

“Well, if she didn’t know you were in town before, she does now.”

Tristan just shrugged. “Alvah didn’t understand what I was the first time I met her. She probably still doesn’t. Most people don’t know we exist or they think ridiculous shit like you told us when my brothers were telling us what we were.”

“If you don’t want to talk about breaking the curse, tell me about the first time you met Alvah. I just ate a ton of food, and I will not wake up for at least an hour. Why don’t we pass the time figuring out how to bring my wicked stepmother down?”

I couldn’t believe it, but Tristan actually chuckled. I didn’t think he was capable of laughing.

“To hear her friends tell it, you were the evil bitch, and you hated her on sight. I’ve told you what happened when I first met Alvah. I thought she was a harmless peasant and let her go. I’m bored here. Why don’t you entertain me? You didn’t know Alvah’s history. Tell me why you hated her before she had you stabbed.”

“They introduced her to me as an intern in my father’s company. She was in our PR department. Honestly, she just had this arrogance about her, and she talked down to the other interns like she was better than they were. Even if she was into Voodoo, she was still human. She would have eventually been shipped off to one of the branches staffed by humans if my father hadn’t married her. From day one, she acted like she would own the company one day. She had other interns fetching her coffee and doing her work for her. I wanted her fired, but my father ended up smitten and overlooked all of that.”

“Was it her ego, her mistreatment of the interns, or that your father asked her out that made you not like her?” Tristan asked.

“Are you fucking kidding me? My father might have practically run New Orleans, but he raised me not to be a knob to people and never act like I was better than anyone. I treat all my employees well, even the people that scrub the toilets. Alvah waltzed into the company and acted like she was better than everyone there. I watched her drop a piece of trash on the floor right in front of the janitor just to make him pick it up. I fired her on the spot. She had her hooks in my dad by then. She went behind my back, and he hired her back after she gave Greg some half-assed apology.

“I was so mad at my father about that. We got into a huge fight about it. He was actually mad at *me* for firing her instead of just making her apologize. I knew that wasn’t my dad, and she’d gotten her hooks in him. If anyone else had done that, and he heard about it, he would have had security escort them out the building. I challenged him about it, and that was when he confessed he was seeing her and hadn’t told me.

“We fought about that too. I didn’t care that he was dating a human. I cared he dated *that* human. Alvah should have been fired on her second day when she pawned her work off on someone else. There was just something about her that rubbed me the wrong way, but I thought maybe she just didn’t understand how this company worked. I gave her a second chance and told her to just do her own work from then on. She was just a little more careful after that.”

Tristan turned his chair, so he was looking at me now. I didn’t think Tristan would ever make eye contact with me, but I guess he decided he could trust me.

“Alvah wasn’t like that the first time I met her, or I wouldn’t have let her go. She was a young peasant then, and she must have learned dark magic somewhere, but not actually use it yet. I sensed wrath in her, but I thought it was towards the Vampires who kept her as their pet and were drinking her blood.

“That particular virus was a nasty one. It turned Vampire clans totally feral. Do you know how Vampires normally exist off blood and food? This virus made them unable to eat food without getting violently ill. The only thing that could sate them was blood and a lot of it. It turned them very violent. They weren’t just drinking blood. They were holding people hostage and torturing them while they fed.

“The Druids were working overtime to find a cure. They eventually did, but not before I had to wipe out entire clans. Frequently, by the time I got there, all the humans were dead. It would have been like that in Alvah’s case, but she was the only one left alive. She killed the head of the clan and had barricaded herself in his room.

“I had to kill the entire clan and kick my way through the door. I found Alvah in the corner away from the body. I could tell she was human, and she was covered in bite marks. I was pretty impressed she took a Vampire down herself. I saw the symbols she carved into his body and knew she was a witch.

“I know magic, but not as much as Salem. I didn’t recognize the symbols, so I asked her about them. She insisted she used them to take power away from the Vampire so she could kill him. I was dumb enough to let her go then.

“Maybe she used that kind of magic because of the situation she was in, and it saved her life. But I didn’t know she had taken the heart into herself. She didn’t need to take that step to save her life. I think she knew the spell, and she had a Vampire there she could use it on. Either way, if I knew she was in possession of that kind of magic and had used it to steal a Vampire's heart, I would have killed her then. We may be Sins, but we make mistakes. My mistake cost you your father and nearly got you killed. I’m sorry, Eirwen.”

Was Tristan blaming himself for my dad and everything Alvah did? How was he to know some peasant in a Vampire prison was an evil bitch? I wasn’t sure if he would pull away, but I touched his arm.

“My dad wasn’t your fault. Nothing Alvah has done was your fault because you let her go. Alvah was the one deciding to do all those things, not you.”

“You don’t understand, Eirwen. Alvah is the one that got away. I’ve been trying to track that bitch down for centuries to put it right. We finally find her here. We are so close, and she got me with a cursed apple.”

“That apple was meant for me. It was calling to Sierra and I, so Salem moved it out of the way. We tried to stop you. We were sure it was from Alvah, but we had no idea what it would do.”

“No offense, but why would she put this kind of curse on a Succubus?”

“True love’s kiss? Because there’s no one to wake me. I’m friends with almost all of my exes, but that’s because we were always better as friends. Just because I’m a Succubus doesn’t mean I automatically get true love.”

“You and my brothers seem to be getting cozy,” he said, the scowl coming back to his face.

I shrugged. “I’m not exactly sure what’s going on with your brothers other than there’s some sort of crazy connection there, and I like them. It’s too soon to call it true love for them to wake me from a sleeping curse.”

Tristan just grunted and knocked back his shot.

“Best not tell them you feel this way. Last time I saw Connor like this, he was in deep with another Succubus, and we had to break the spell. We’re immune to you now, so I know you didn’t hit him with Succubus mojo.”

“Not all of us are like that, you know. I’d never force someone to love me or be my sex slave. My father wouldn’t either. I don’t know anyone like us that would either. It’s just a rule. They’ll kill you for that now.”

“It didn’t use to be like that, princess. There weren’t the same rules as there are now. Connor likes pretty women, and your kind got him several times before Salem talked to his Druid friend.”

“You talk about us like we are filthy creatures.”

Tristan looked at me again, and he looked surprised. “I’ve got no beef with your kind. I rarely have to swoop in and punish them for Wrath. It’s mostly Connor that deals with you when you act up, and that doesn’t happen much anymore. Connor has to punish more humans than he does Succubae and Incubi now. I’ll tell you one thing, an Incubus would never get into sex trafficking like humans do. It’s evil shit.”

“I’ll drink to punishing sex traffickers,” I said, raising my shot glass.

I was shocked, but Tristan clinked his glass to mine and downed his whiskey.

I could feel it. I would wake up soon. That was the thing about dream walking. I could only stay as long as I was naturally asleep. I couldn’t force myself to stay asleep just to be in the dream longer.

“Tristan, I will wake up soon. Before I go, please. Is there anything you can think of that would help us break your curse?”

“There’s no true love out there that can break this curse, Eirwen. I’m sorry. But I have a request. I know I’ve been a dick to you, but it gets lonely in here by myself. Can you visit my dream again and drink with me?”

“Of course. Maybe if we work together, we can come up with another way. Is there anything you want me to pass on to your brothers?”

“Tell them don’t worry about me. Focus on bringing the bitch that cursed me down.”

“We can do both. I can—”

The dirty bar shimmered, and I was back in my body. I blinked as my body came awake. Tristan wasn’t so bad now that I’d talked to him. Maybe if he hadn’t eaten that apple, we could have had a similar civil conversation once he realized I wasn’t working with Alvah. If Alvah was this huge regret for Tristan and he spent the last few centuries tracking her down, he had every reason to mistrust me when I randomly showed up at their club, and they saw my name on my ID.

I wasn’t expecting miracles, but maybe I could call Tristan a friend. I wasn’t giving up. There had to be a way to wake him up.

Chapter 21



The Sins were all waiting for me in the living room when I left Tristan's room. They had all suspiciously stripped down to their boxers and were posing on various pieces of furniture like a dirty magazine for women. I didn't know if I wanted to laugh or fuck every last one of them. It was ridiculous, but so sexy at the same time.

Connor was flexing and posing over by the bookcase like the epitome of walking Lust.

"Did he give you anything, or was he a grumpy dick and tried to boot you out?"

"We talked, and he's asked me to visit his dreams again, but he said there's no long-lost love out there we can call to wake him up. Is there any other way to break this curse?"

Salem shook his head. "That's the point of this curse. The fairy tales make it seem like there's always a true love out there waiting to find the cursed person to break it, but back when this curse was popular, it was pretty horrible. It was only ever cast when there was no one out there to wake the person up. It's not like fairy tales where some stranger comes upon the sleeping person, instantly falls in love, and can break the curse with a kiss.

"Both parties have to love each other for the kiss to work. Back in the day, people would try to break it by bringing in people who had secret crushes on the cursed, and it never worked. No one ever really knew what was happening with the cursed people. They didn't need to eat or drink. They barely seemed to breathe. There was a lot of thought they were suffering, so people ended up killing the cursed for good because there was no way out, and they thought death was better than being eternally cursed."

Kobe growled. "Is Tristan suffering? Tell us the truth."

"We drank whiskey shots in a dirty biker bar while we talked. He said he's lonely and asked me to visit again. There has to be another way. I intend to visit him in his dreams to keep him company while we figure that out. He also really wants Alvah dead. He said to worry about her instead of him."

Dermot cracked his knuckles. "Maybe there is another way. Maybe we don't have to kill Alvah right away. Maybe we can torture the answer out of her. If she knows all this old magic, maybe she knows another cure."

Salem pulled his laptop out. He was the only one not in his boxers, but he always kept his clothes on around me unless I needed to heal.

"I have all my notes and diaries throughout the centuries in a database I created. If there is another way, it'll be there. I'm a lot older than Alvah is, and I've studied more than she has. There might be a remedy that is older than the spell itself. It will take time to go through all my notes."

"Time is something that is not on our side. Alvah will try to figure out if Eirwen ate that apple. She'll send someone to attack the club and fetch the body," Dermot pointed out.

"We need a plan. Salem is on curse-breaking duty. Eirwen, I want you keeping Tristan company in his dreams. See if you can get him to talk about anything that could help us and ease his loneliness.

The rest of us, we need a plan to grab Alvah and grab her soon. I doubt she knows about us, but she knows Eirwen is here and might be under a sleeping curse.”

“She might know Tristan is here,” I pointed out. “Tristan was trying to figure out if he could trust me, so while he was gone, he went around interviewing people who knew both of us, including her friends. All of Alvah’s friends are gossiping hens. They will report back to her a big, brooding man was asking about the two of us. They are constantly snapping selfies and posting them all over social media. They take photos of everything and post it. Two of them brag about being influencers and think some smoothie recipe they came up with to clean their asshole out will go viral. It wouldn’t shock me if they snapped a photo of Tristan when he wasn’t looking and showed it to her.”

Everyone started laughing, and I wasn’t sure what they found so funny. If one of her friends thought Tristan was sexy, he’d probably been blasted all over social media with about a million hashtags and shared by all the followers who thought he was cute.

“None of us look the same as we did back then,” Connor laughed. “Back then, Tristan looked like a book cover model for some bodice ripper barbarian romance. Don’t let the bad boy biker look he has now fool you. Tristan used to have long, flowing locks he spent a *lot* of time on. He came back from Haiti with all his hair chopped off and started wearing a lot of leather.”

“He didn’t talk about Haiti, and I didn’t ask. If he doesn’t want to talk about it with you, he definitely doesn’t want to talk about it with me. He hardly knows me.”

“He asked you to come back. That’s a good sign,” Alaric said. “Tristan isn’t civil to anyone but us anymore, and even then, sometimes he needs to leave to be alone.”

Salem cleared his throat, but he didn’t look up from his laptop. “I’m digging in my database. You’re supposed to be figuring out Alvah, not discussing Tristan’s issues.”

“Could we arrange something at my office?” I suggested. “We have a private parking garage. Parking in New Orleans is a nightmare.”

“You aren’t kidding,” Alaric said. “Your office is out. Alvah has too many zombies there, and there are too many innocents there to strike. We need to get Alvah when she has the least amount of people around her. She always has an entourage wherever she goes. She has the best security system out there. If we even tried to take her at home, we’d have an army of shifters there before we made it to her bedroom.”

“I have that same system at my house,” I said. “It’s amazing. I called a shifter friend over for a booty call and forgot to disable it when he came in. We hadn’t even started kissing, and shifters surrounded my house.”

“I can’t disable it either,” Salem said. “It’s all Druidic wards. If I disabled even one ward, it would trigger the alarm. Traffic in New Orleans is too bad to grab her on the way to work. We need to catch her either coming home from a night out or coming home from that Mardi Gras ball. The ball is too far away to risk.”

“Check her friend’s social media accounts. They blow it up all the time. If Alvah is out with them one night, it will be all over social media. I can give you their usernames.”

Salem rolled his eyes. “I’m on curse duty. Someone else can check for social media posts. I nominate Connor. Everyone thinks he’s an Instagram model, anyway.”

“Seriously?” I said, cracking up laughing.

“Hey! Alaric has a following too. He posts more shirtless selfies than I do, and he even has his own hashtag.”

“You do it,” Alaric said, flipping his hair back. “Everyone has gotten alone time with Eirwen except me. I’d rather spend time with a woman I like than look at selfies of Alvah’s friends.”

“Fine,” Connor pouted. “But I want more than just a scene too.”

“Um, y’all? Tristan is under a sleeping curse, and Alvah will send someone to see if I’m the one sleeping. We need to be worrying about that instead of me.”

Alaric just winked at me. “We’re the Seven Deadly Sins. We can do all of that.”

Chapter 22



Alaric insisted on dinner with me. Kobe cooked it, and Alaric brought it on trays to his bedroom. I sat at the desk with my food while Alaric took the armchair. I was curious. Wasn't he due at the club? From what I understood, the Sins were in high demand. I asked him about it.

"We rescheduled our scenes with Doms we trust. Things were getting deep with you, and we can't after Alvah got Tristan. None of us have done a scene since your night with Connor and Dahlia. Dermot was going to do that scene with you and her, but only because it was you."

"The Sins are monogamous?"

"We are. Are you?"

"Well, normally when I'm with someone, yes, unless there is an agreement. Y'all seem okay with me being with all of you except Tristan. I'm still getting used to that. I tried being with two people at once, and it was a huge disaster. Have all of you ever shared a woman before?"

"We've shared subs. We share everything else. It won't get dramatic. I promise."

"So, tell me about your Sin. You punish the prideful. How does that work?"

Alaric just grinned at me. "I'd rather talk about my favorite egotistical jerk—me."

I laughed. "Fair enough. Tell me about you then."

"Did you know everyone nowadays considers Pride the original and worst Sin? I'm actually the third youngest of us. I ended up in that cave because of a woman. She was so prideful as queen and committed so many atrocities, I was spat into that cave. It's disorienting, you know? One minute, you just are. You wake up in this sac you have to claw your way out of."

"We were never kids. I woke up in that cave, looking exactly like this. Humans back then didn't look like me. There were no mirrors, but I could see my reflection in the water. I think we all thought there was something wrong with us for the longest time because we didn't look like everyone else until evolution caught up."

"I suppose I never thought about it that way with all of you. I can't imagine being alive that long."

"Before television, after we all found each other, we would sit around the fire and talk about who our parents were. We've had our various theories over the ages. For all I know, aliens sent us. Whoever or however we ended up in that cave, they've never tried to contact us. We tried prayer, sacrifice, all those weird conspiracy theories on how to contact aliens, and nothing. It's been so long, we've stopped trying to figure it out and just do what our instincts tell us."

"I used to think I knew how I came to be and what my history was. Now that I've met all of you, I'm realizing I know nothing at all. I know my father, and I know my family, but everything I was told about how supernaturals were created and a lot of the history they taught me is not correct, is it?"

Alaric just shrugged. "Maybe there is a Lord of the Underworld, and he created all of you before we were born. Maybe he showed himself to someone, and that was how those stories got created. How

do any creation myths get started? Maybe it's the same creator appearing to random people and starting different stories for shits and giggles. All we know is what we can see and what we hear."

I wasn't expecting to have a religious conversation with Pride over gourmet tacos in his bedroom. Alaric was a lot deeper than he let on. He liked to swagger and boast. He was constantly posing and flipping his hair. There was more to him than the raging ego he showed me at first. I wondered why he didn't demand to spend time alone with me when we decided on that like his brothers had. He let his more impatient brothers have their turn first before he let his voice be heard.

"You know what I think, Alaric? I think you're really a great guy who likes to pretend he's got a huge ego."

Alaric just winked at me. "Oh, I have a huge ego about what I'm good at. I know my strengths, and I've had a *lot* of time to get good at things. I have plenty of hobbies. I tried to get a piano in here, but we didn't have space. I could join an orchestra in any of the musical sections or play in a rock band on any instrument. If you check the pictures, I filled in on bass for a major band at Woodstock. I got laid so many ways that night."

I cocked an eyebrow at him. "What was Pride doing at Woodstock? Wasn't it just peace and love?"

Alaric grinned at me. "We don't just travel to punish people. I was there for the music. Connor was there for love. Kobe went for the food and company. Dermot and Adamo both had bands they wanted to see. Salem wanted to listen to music and meet up with some Druid friends. Even Tristan went, and he had been in a mood for a while."

"You're telling me the Seven Deadly Sins hit up Woodstock to party?"

"Sure. We love concerts. I hear you have Jazz Fest here. Can you get us tickets and be our date?"

I cracked up laughing. "The Seven Deadly Sins want to be my date to Jazz Fest?"

Alaric just shrugged. "Sure. It's only a matter of time before we snag Alvah. If Salem doesn't find the answer to waking Tristan, we've got one heart-stealing witch who might have the answer and all kinds of toys downstairs to play with to get her to talk."

I shook my head. "Alvah doesn't work like that. You can torture her to death. If she knows how to wake Tristan, she won't tell you without a blood oath. The only way Alvah will tell you how to wake Tristan if it's possible is if all of you make a blood pact she walks, and you never come for her again. She's crafty. She'll wait until Tristan is awake and make him take one too."

"Tristan doesn't work like that. He blames himself for every single one of Alvah's crimes since he let her go. He'll snap her neck as soon as he wakes up."

"She might not remember that man who let her go from those Vampires, but believe me, she'll have a plan for the man that ended up with the sleeping curse intended for me."

Alaric just shrugged. "Alvah has had a few centuries to get cunning. We've been around longer than she has. She may have evaded us for a while, but you can't outrun your Sins. Alvah will get what's coming to her. Now, get over here and snuggle with me, wench."

I threw the pillow I was sitting against at his face. "Wench? Really? Does that actually work on women?"

Alaric smirked at me. "We have a pirate-themed room downstairs. Would you like to see my plank, Eirwen?"

“Why do you have a pirate-themed room in a sex dungeon?”

That had to be the most out-there theme I’d ever heard of in a sex dungeon. I wasn’t kink-shaming. I was thinking about all the fun I could have in that room.

“It was Connor’s idea. The warehouse they built the original club in was pretty big. We had an extra room we couldn’t figure out an idea for. Connor kept insisting on a pirate room. It’s actually popular.”

“Can we play in there when this is all over? I want to know more about this room.”

“Oh, Connor let his freak flag fly with that room. There’s a hanging stockade from the ceiling, and there’s an actual plank. It’s a padded table that’s built into the wall. He hired a local artist to paint the walls like a pirate ship. There’s even a standing cage in the corner.”

“Oh, my god, can we play in there?”

“Why, Eirwen, are you asking to be my wench?” Alaric said sweetly.

I dove into bed and buried my face in his neck. “Yeah, and I want to be all over your plank too. My nights are just going to be spent with Tristan keeping him company until we can figure out how to wake him up. Maybe he’ll say something that means something to Salem.”

Alaric let out a little growl and bit my ear. “As much as I want to play with you, my brother comes first. We all have each other. Tristan has no one and we all know he’s been in a dark place for a while. I can’t imagine what he’s going through trapped in his own thoughts. You don’t know what it means to us you are keeping Tristan company like this. He hasn’t exactly been nice to you.”

“I know it took a lot for him to ask me to come to visit him again. Even if he says nothing that helps Salem wake him up, at least I can keep him company for a little while.”

“You’re a good person, Eirwen,” Alaric said, pulling me into his chest.

“So are you, Alaric,” I whispered.

I didn’t let him hear me. Alaric wanted everyone to think he was some egotistical jerk. I knew better now.

Chapter 23



Tristan looked so peaceful when I left Alaric to sleep in Tristan's bed. It didn't look like he was cursed. He looked like he just had a great meal, great sex, and was blissfully sleeping it off. I knew better. I'd been in his dreams. Tristan was drinking alone in a dirty bar with no one to talk to.

When I slipped into Tristan's dream this time, it was different. It wasn't the same pub. This pub looked like it was from a long time ago and Tristan was in a bad mood. He wasn't drinking this time. He was pacing and beating on the door like he wanted out.

"Tristan?" I said, trying to get his attention.

He whirled around to face me. His black eyes were wild. Tristan was afraid of this place. I didn't think Tristan was afraid of anything. His huge shoulders slumped.

"Sorry, Eirwen. When I asked you to visit again, I thought I could control my dreams. This is a reoccurring nightmare."

I nodded to the dusty bar. "Do you want to get shit faced and talk about it?"

Tristan sighed. "I've been avoiding talking about this for the longest time. I might as well. I've tried every way I can to get out of here, and I can't."

"I can get you out of here. Where do you want to go? I'm a Succubus. I can make your dreams become anything you want. Do you want to go back to the pub we were in before, or would you prefer to see something else?"

"I want to see a sunrise with a well-stocked bar. It feels like I haven't felt the sun on my skin since I ate that fucking apple. Can you do that?"

"Yes, I can."

I closed my eyes and pictured a beach. I gave it a beachside bar with plenty of booze and two stools for us to sit on. I drew on my power reserves and manipulated Tristan's dreams. I knew a few bitter Succubae liked to give people nightmares as payback, but my father taught me better. I didn't change dreams without permission.

I could see the dirty pub getting hazy as it shimmered. The dream changed, and Tristan and I were standing on the beach I pictured in my head.

"Is this good, or do you want something else?"

Tristan plopped on the stool and grabbed a bottle of rum and two shot glasses from behind the bar.

"This is perfect."

"I know you hardly know me. You don't have to talk about that nightmare if you don't want to."

"No, I want to. I know you're into the same kinky shit my brothers are. I wasn't exactly nice to you when we first met. You could be downstairs getting your brains screwed out by a Sin, and instead, you are in here keeping me company. Few women would do that after how I acted."

"I'm not most women."

“I only ever knew one other woman who would do something like that. I married her, and we had a baby girl.”

What the fuck? All the other Sins made it seem like they never had anything serious before, but Tristan had a child out there somewhere.

“Is your daughter a Sin like you?”

“I assume my brothers spilled something went down when I was on assignment in Haiti?”

“They said you wouldn’t talk about it.”

“For good reason. I was sent to Haiti because it was being overrun with Baka demons. I was there for a long time. Long enough to fall in love, marry, and have a child. This was two hundred years ago. I couldn’t exactly call or send them an email. The Baka were running wild and getting letters in and out was problematic. I was essentially on my own and couldn’t call for backup.

“The Baka knew I was hunting them. I was trying to narrow in on their leader. He was a cunning demon and kept himself well hidden. His minions kidnapped people and brought them to him to eat. He never hunted his food himself. I had his location narrowed down to a backroom in that pub you found me in when you entered my dream.

“I kicked my way into the pub, weapons blazing. I was ready to take out the lead Baka. The pub was full of drunk Baka. I slaughtered all of them and kicked the door down to the back room. That was when I saw it. He had found my wife and daughter, even though I took great pains to hide them. He’d already started eating them. It was too late to save them.

“I just saw red. I’ve never been that angry in my entire life. I couldn’t let myself feel grief just yet. I had to murder every Baka in that room. I was in a total haze. I blacked out for a little while. When I came to, the room was covered in black demon blood and they were all dead. My wife and daughter were still tied to the chair, partially eaten.

“It hit me all at once. I had done this to them. If I had just kept things casual with her, if I had never married her and we had never had a child, she would have never had such a horrible death. My mind was filled with all these horrible images of what my wife and child went through in their last moments.

“I gave them a proper burial, and as the last clod of dirt hit their grave, I made a vow. I would wipe out every last Baka off the planet. Most of them were native to Haiti, but a few had branched out to other places. I hunted every one of them down until there were no more filthy Baka left on the planet.

“I thought it would give me a sense of peace to know there were no more Baka left to put anyone else through what I went through. It didn’t. I just felt hollow after I beheaded the very last Baka. Yeah, the Baka were now extinct, but it didn’t bring back what I had lost.”

I knew something bad had happened in Haiti, but I had no idea it was that bad. What could I even say to that? Nothing I could say would bring them back, and when had saying you were sorry made anyone feel better when they told you a story like that? Tristan needed closure, and there was no way to bring his family back for him to say goodbye.

“Tell me about them. Tell me about your family.”

“My wife was human. She was a local. She practiced white magic and was a healer in her village. I met with her after a Baka got their teeth in my arm. I would have just stitched the fucking thing up

myself, but Baka have venom in their teeth, and the wound was turning black.

“She was beautiful and charming. She knew I was killing the Baka. She knew there was a darkness in me and that I was a killer, but she still saw the good in me. It was almost unheard of back then, but she was the one courting me and not the other way around. I found it adorable.

“None of us had ever married before. It was a combination of not finding the right person, and we had this agreement to hide what we are and what we were doing. It didn’t seem right to marry someone and lie to them. But she knew. She was human, and she could sense I was different.

“She was different too. I was eating dinner at her hut and realizing I was falling in love with this woman. I would cut ties and keep my distance. She told me that night she knew I was different, and she didn’t care. She knew I was killing the evil things in her village. She told me she didn’t care what I was. She didn’t need me to tell her. She knew I might have to leave her to take care of the bad things in other places. She wanted to be mine, anyway.

“So, help me, I didn’t walk out of her door and break things off. I asked her to marry me right then and there. Being a Sin can be lonely. We get to watch other people run off and find love, but we never get it ourselves. I get why we don’t now. If I had just walked out that door, she would have died of old age and found another husband.”

“Maybe. She loved you, though. She may have found someone else to marry and spent the rest of her life wondering why you walked out that door. She would have wondered why she wasn’t good enough for you. There are so many unknowns. What happened to them was horrible, but can you say your family was happy before the Baka broke you up?”

“Blissfully. There’s nothing like holding your child for the first time. Or watching them crawl or take steps for the first time. We had a feast when she said her first words. We celebrated every little first with her like she was the first child ever to be born. I know it’s stupid. Babies are born every day, but this was *our* baby.”

“It’s not stupid. Every new baby is special, even if they are your second or third one. Every baby is special because they are yours. Why didn’t you ever talk about this with your brothers?”

“I’m the oldest, Eirwen. I’m not supposed to fuck up all the time. I’m under a sleeping curse, and countless people have died because I let Alvah go. My wife and child were murdered because I just couldn’t walk away. My younger brothers don’t make those kinds of mistakes.”

I just shrugged. Would Tristan even want a hug right now? Sure, he was confiding in me, but I wasn’t sure we were quite there yet. I didn’t want to offend him and push him away when he was just starting to confide in me. If I pissed him off, and he told me not to visit his dreams anymore, I’d honor that and stay away.

“Tristan, what you see as weakness and mistake is what I see as a compassionate, loving man. What you saw when you raided that Vampire lair was a human peasant covered in bite marks who had killed her attacker with magic. What were you going to do then? Murder her for fighting back? Were you supposed to be knowledgeable of everything to know what those symbols were?

“And as for your wife, why should being a Sin mean you can’t have love? Why should any of you not get to have love? Your wife understood what she was getting into when she started courting you, and she did it anyway. She knew you were something she hadn’t encountered before. She didn’t demand you tell her what. She understood you would have to leave, but she had faith you would

always come back to her. She knew you did dangerous work because she treated your Baka wound.

“You think you are the fool for not running, but she didn’t run either. She loved you enough to stay no matter what the risks. And that says something about you. She might be gone from this world, but there was someone out there willing to take the risks that came with someone she knew killed demons to marry you anyway. You can call it foolish all you want, but that’s love, and not everyone gets that kind of love. Try to focus on the good memories you have of her and your child instead of how they were taken from you.”

Tristan was leaning back with his elbows on the bar sipping his rum and watching the sun come up. He didn’t take his eyes off the rising sun, and he was silent for a minute.

“You’re pretty wise for someone so young. Aren’t you like, only fifty? What happened to your great love that you can give me such advice?”

“I haven’t met them yet, though I am growing fond of your brothers.”

“You would love my brothers knowing we are killers, and after my story?”

“You aren’t murderers. You kill with a purpose. You’re kind of like the Sin superheroes. Alvah would have killed me by now if it weren’t for you. And your brothers are all great guys.”

“Then why aren’t you out there with them right now? You could play kinky sex games with Connor in his pirate room instead of in here listening to my sob story,” Tristan said sullenly.

“Because you need company and they don’t. They have each other to talk to, and you’re stuck in here. And I’m honored you chose me to share that story with. I hope you’ll eventually tell your brothers.”

Tristan let out a bitter laugh and emptied his glass. “I’m stuck here. You heard my story. Even if the Baka hadn’t eaten my wife, she was human. She’d be dead by now, anyway.”

“There’s another answer, Tristan. We just need to find it. In the meantime, I can keep visiting, and we can keep chatting.”

Tristan sighed and settled back onto the bar. His eyes were still trained on the sunrise I’d conjured. The sun was almost up, but since I made it from a dream, the sun didn’t hurt our eyes, but it warmed our skin.

“You’re good company. I’m grateful you’re here with me. I know you could be with one of my brothers that have been nicer to you and will play sex games with you. All I can offer you here are sad stories and alcohol.”

“Ah, Tristan. Sometimes, stories and alcohol are better than sex. And I know not all of your stories are sad. You just focus on the bad ones.”

“How do you focus on good memories instead of bad ones?”

“Tristan, I will wake up soon. I’m giving you a homework assignment. When I join you next time, I want you to think of all your good memories. You’ll tell me good stories, and I’ll tell you good stories.”

Tristan sighed. “You’re a good person, Eirwen. I’m sorry I was such an asshole to you when we first met.”

I didn’t have time to respond. My body was waking up, and I slipped out of the idyllic sunset I had

created for Tristan. I blinked and sat up. I looked down at Tristan's sleeping form. He was a good guy underneath all the gruff. After he told me his story, I realized why he had been so distant from his brothers.

I brushed a lock of his black hair off his forehead.

“Sleep tight, Tristan. I'll be back tonight.”

Chapter 24



I was the first one awake, so I cooked breakfast for the Sins. Kobe had a well-stocked kitchen, so I didn't have to leave for anything. He even had grits, even though he'd never cooked those for me before. I went all out. He had shrimp in the freezer. I made Bananas Foster French Toast and Shrimp and Grits. I was making them a proper New Orleans breakfast.

Kobe trailed into the kitchen first. He wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed the top of my head.

"That smells amazing. I've eaten grits before, but I was hoping to find a local recipe to do magic with them."

"I'm doing magic with them now."

"Can I watch?"

"Are you learning or playing voyeur?"

"Uh, both? You're sexy as fuck in that thong cooking me breakfast."

I looked down. "Yeah, I suppose I should have gotten dressed. I'm just used to cooking like this at home, and I seem to need to be half-naked around here."

"Oh, damn, she's naked *and* cooking," Connor moaned, stumbling in. "Do you need me to do anything besides sit here and enjoy the show?"

"If I didn't need this piece of bread, I'd throw it at your face. Sit."

Dermot came in, scratching his head, and just stopped. "Dude, it's so much sexier when she does that than when you do it. Sorry, Kobe."

Salem came in next with his laptop. He kind of reminded me of the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland* with that laptop. He sat down and buried his face in the screen.

"Yes, you look gorgeous. I can't find a damned thing on breaking Tristan's curse. I'm still looking. I feel horribly stupid."

"Salem, you're the smartest person I know," I said, slicing bananas. "We'll figure this out."

"Did he say anything last night?"

Yeah, actually. He said a lot. But I wasn't betraying Tristan's trust. I'd only tell his brothers about Haiti if he permitted me. Nothing about that story would help them break the curse as far as I knew.

"Just that there's no one alive out there that can kiss him and wake him up. We talked a lot, and I'm visiting his dream again, but he said there's no long-lost love out there."

"Fuck!" Salem yelled, slamming his hand on the table. "That's the only thing I can find that will wake him up. I'm still looking. I'm not giving up."

Alaric decided to Rick Roll the entire room. He came in with an acoustic guitar I hadn't seen in his bedroom singing that song. Salem rolled his eyes, and I just stopped what I was doing to listen. Alaric was good. He sat down and stopped his song.

Adamo came stumbling in. “I told you not to sing that song around us again. Well, hello,” he said, giving me a wolf whistle.

“Why do you have your guitar with you, Alaric?” I asked, focusing back on breakfast.

“Food tastes better when you sing with it.”

Connor just snorted. “No, he uses that guitar to get laid. He’s showing off.”

I tossed my hair over my shoulder and looked back at Connor. “I heard about your pirate room. I want in.”

Connor just laughed. “Everyone wants the pirate room. It’s booked solid for the next three months. Some people have come in wearing custom fetish wear when they’ve booked that room.”

My mouth went dry. Was it warm in here? I was thinking about all the clothing I could wear if I could ever get into that room. I had a bottle of expensive rum next to me for the French toast. I yanked the stopper out and gulped down a mouthful.

“Let me sing while you cook,” Alaric said. “We can talk about the pirate room later.”

Alaric sang his way through a lot of Beatles albums while I finished up breakfast. He was good. He could be famous if he wanted. I thought about the Sins as I was finishing up breakfast. I was sure they all had hobbies, not just music. How much were they giving up to be what they were?

Tristan thought he didn’t deserve love, and yes, his situation ended badly. Alaric looked so peaceful and happy while he strummed his guitar and sang to me. Would Kobe be happier cooking for people than punishing the wicked? What I had learned about all of them was that they were so much more than just their Sin. They were great men.

Oh, shit. Was I falling for the Seven Deadly Sins? I was even getting a soft spot for Tristan. I had a feeling Tristan was only talking to me because he was bored and had no other options. I said I wanted a connection. Well, I had it now, and I was totally fucked.

I wanted to cook with Kobe. I wanted Alaric to Rick Roll me again. I wanted more showers with Dermot. I wanted Salem to teach me everything he knew about magic. I wanted to play with more subs with Connor. Adamo could do whatever the fuck he wanted to my feet. I wanted to sit there and talk with Tristan until he knew it was okay to think about the good stuff too.

Fuck me. I wasn’t falling for the Seven Deadly Sins. I had already fallen.

Chapter 25



Sierra showed up after breakfast, and we were back on Alvah duty. She hadn't stormed the club yet, but she would eventually find a way in to see if I was sleeping. None of us could figure out if it were better or worse for me to call a video conference with my board and let her see I wasn't sleeping. On the one hand, it would mean she wouldn't send zombies to attack. On the other, it would just mean she would double her efforts with curses, and she'd already gotten Tristan.

I wanted to show her she didn't scare me and go on video. Salem kept telling me not to provoke her. Sierra just wanted to march in her office, shift, and eat her. We had to remind her that just because her dad was a cop didn't mean Alvah didn't have cops in her back pocket, and I didn't want my best friend in jail for murder.

Waiting for that ball was too long. It gave Alvah too much time to try again. Alvah could do a lot of damage in three weeks while we sat on our asses and just waited. We needed to take Alvah out of the game and soon. Adamo confessed sometimes, they used long-range sniper rifles for high profile targets, but now that Tristan was cursed, that was out.

We had to take Alvah alive so she could tell us if there was a way to wake Tristan. I already knew she wouldn't unless they would bargain and let her go. She would make them sign in blood, so it was binding. My sins would have to decide if waking Tristan was more important than punishing Alvah.

She would not let it slide that I was the one heart she wanted and didn't get. She'd twist the contract to her favor where she'd still be able to come for me, but my Sins couldn't come for her.

As much as I knew that was exactly what Alvah would do, I didn't want her taken out by a sniper rifle, even if it meant I was safe from her. I couldn't leave Tristan like that. Now that I was visiting him in his dreams, he wasn't some mean, glowering bastard to me. He was a man in pain. I wanted to help him any way I could. I wanted him back with his brothers.

"Eirwen, didn't you say you used to date a Druid?" Salem asked.

Sierra fell out laughing. "Which Druid? She's dated a few of those."

I elbowed her hard in the ribs. "Do I need to remind you of that time you dated a mouse shifter you kept wanting to eat, but he was just so sensitive and wrote you poetry? Do I need to tell the class how that ended?"

Connor raised his hand. "I'm dying to know how that pairing ended. Did you eat him, Sierra?"

Sierra glared at me. "He was a great guy. He just smelled like prey. I broke it off before I killed him and he didn't get it. It turned into this whole mortifying thing on social media until Eirwen and my brother both threatened to break his face if he didn't stop."

"Damn. I was hoping you ate him in a fit of lust," Connor said.

Sierra's face was as scarlet as her hair. "Can we focus on Alvah, please?"

"I've got several Druid friends, Salem. What did you need me to do?"

"I've been looking into this security system Alvah has. It's a joint effort between the Druids and

shifters. It's supposed to be foolproof. The Druids draw the wards, and if any of them are tampered with or triggered, a portal opens up at headquarters and the shifters jump through to assess the threat. The wards all have to be disabled at once, so the portal doesn't open. There's not enough of us to do it.

"I think all the Druids in New Orleans would want to know their magic is keeping the likes of Alvah protected. Back in the day, all seven of us worked with the Druids to wipe out knowledge of the kind of magic Alvah is still using to hurt people. I say we bring the Druids in on this one. It'll be like old times," Salem said, setting his laptop down and kicking his feet up.

Dermot just scoffed. "Druids today are more like corporate lackeys instead of the warriors we worked with. They do board meetings instead of rituals. They drink mushroom coffee instead of the blood of their enemies. You want to bring a kombucha drinking snob in a suit up against Alvah?"

"They aren't all like that," I pointed out. "Trust me. If you tell them Alvah has been misusing old magic, they will step up."

Adamo just shrugged. "We stopped working with the Druids after a point. We got into a disagreement about the magic humans use today. There is a good side and a dark side to all magic, even Druid magic. Not all Voodoo is about curses and creating zombies. That wasn't what Voodoo was created for. It was just as history progressed, humans started perverting it into something dark. There are parts of the world that still practice the original form of Voodoo that would find what Alvah uses it for an abomination and want her dead. That your Druids here in New Orleans haven't done a damned thing with Alvah says a lot to me about the Druids here."

"Not all Druids," I said, calmly. Adamo was badmouthing a lot of my friends, and I didn't like it. "My generation of Druids wants to do something about the little circles of Voodoo practitioners that are using it for bad things. They all loathe Alvah. It's their parents who are running things that let them run amok. Voodoo is a huge tourist draw here. Even the fake shops make a ton of money. And even though we have our Alvahs, there are good people using Voodoo for healing and protection here too. When my generation takes over, you'll see things changing."

Kobe ran his fingers over his bald head. "Yeah, but which generation runs the security company?"

Salem snapped into action. When had he had time to look into Grove Security while he was looking into breaking the sleeping curse?

"Grove Security was started by a young Druid named Damek from Metairie. He set up an office in New Orleans and hired the top Druids and shifters straight out of college. Damek is even younger than Eirwen, and so is most of his staff."

Adamo rolled his eyes. "Is he one of those young people who have to post everything on Instagram and can't go anywhere without a million sycophants?"

"Hey!" Connor said. "I've been around for millennia, and I post everything on Instagram. I wouldn't mind some sycophants either."

"I'm just saying, it's a good idea in theory, but if it's hard to get close to Alvah because of Damek's security system, how are we supposed to contact Damek?"

Alaric just flipped his hair back. "I sent him a DM. You forget, I have my own hashtag."

Sierra had her phone out too. "*GingerSin*? That's your hashtag? Isn't that a little obvious?"

Alaric just winked at her. “I wasn’t the one who picked it, love. Damek responded already.”

“How in the world did you manage to word a message to him that didn’t sound totally insane?” I asked.

“He’s local. He knows about the Voodoo scene. I sent him a message that his security system was protecting someone using old magic to hurt people. I told him I needed his help and his company’s help to take them down. He responded right away he wants to meet. Do I bring him here or a public place? I can’t tell from his posts if he’d get all squirrely if he saw downstairs.”

Sierra hissed at Alaric. “Alvah has eyes everywhere. Eirwen can’t go out unless you want her to know she’s not cursed.”

I touched Sierra’s arm. “You know how people get about this lifestyle. Damek is our best shot at getting to Alvah before she tries again. If I have to stay here while the rest of you meet with him, I can.”

“No. I don’t like that either,” Sierra argued. “It *has* to be here. We don’t know when Alvah is making her move. Everyone could leave to meet with Damek, and Alvah sends zombie shifters to storm the place to get your body.”

“Someone can stay behind and—”

“I’ve handled it,” Alaric said. “Damek said he’s not into the lifestyle, but he doesn’t care about meeting here. He said it’s a good place to meet because it’ll be discreet. He’ll be here in an hour with his best Druids and shifters. We must meet downstairs by the main stage. I’ll go downstairs and set up.”

Sierra didn’t care I enjoyed getting tied up and spanked or sometimes enjoyed doing that to other people, but that wasn’t her scene at all. From what she told me, she was having sex with a Vampire, and he was going at it from behind. He gave her a little love tap on the ass because he got into it. She straight up whirled around with her claws out and drew blood. Sierra wasn’t a kink shamer, but if you even suggested handcuffs to her, she would be out of the room before you could finish your sentence.

Sierra sighed when she realized if she wanted to be a part of taking down Alvah, she would have to set foot in a sex dungeon. She eyed all the Sins.

“If any of you get horny in there with all those whips and chains, save it for after and focus it on Eirwen. If I even smell it on you that you are thinking about using anything in there on me, I’ll rip your balls off with my teeth.”

Connor must be totally insane. He just scratched Sierra’s head.

“Down, kitty. We only spank people when we have their permission.”

Exactly as I expected, we walked downstairs with Connor’s arm bleeding. I wonder what he thought would happen provoking a cat shifter who didn’t take any shit.

Chapter 26



Damek was good looking, but all the supernaturals were. He didn't come with an army of fans like the Sins thought. Damek was all business. He brought six Druids and six shifters that were almost as big as the Sins. Sierra leaned in and told me they were all bear shifters, and the blond one smelled good to her. Sierra might not be into BDSM, but when she was into someone, she was aggressive about going after them. I hope she would rein it in during this meeting.

Damek settled himself down on the black leather sofa. He was younger than I was, but he radiated power.

"Talk. You said my alarm system was protecting someone using the old magic to kill people. I agreed to hear you out because if I'm wrong, people will die. I know Druid history. The old magic was wiped out two hundred years ago. I agree with you that Alvah Drakon is problematic with her Voodoo, but there's no way she could know old magic."

"Alvah Drakon is over two hundred years old," Salem blurted out. "We've been hunting her ever since my brother let her go as an act of kindness, not knowing the kind of magic she had used. She evaded the Druids and us while the old magic was being purged."

"No offense, but before we play this game where a simple human has lived over two hundred years, what exactly are you? You aren't human, but you're nothing I've met before."

"My name is Salem. We worked closely with the Druids to wipe out the exact kind of magic Alvah is using. I used to work with the Druids often, but times changed. You would know us as the Seven Deadly Sins. Alvah has hit all seven, and we are here to collect."

Damek frowned. "There's nothing in Druidic history about working with the Seven Deadly Sins, and there are no references to a Salem."

Alaric ran his fingers through his flaming red hair. "Out of respect for us. It's best if we keep our existence on a need to know basis. If the evil people of the world know we are eventually coming for them, it would be even harder for us to get to them. Case in point, Alvah met my brother over two hundred years ago. She probably had no idea what he was, but she knew he let her go once and would not make that mistake twice. Alvah has been eluding us for over two hundred years, and now she has your security system protecting her, which is quite genius. It even keeps the Seven Deadly Sins out."

I think every male bear shifter in the room was interested in Sierra. Their eyes were glued to her, and they were trying to be sneaky sniffing the air. One of the female bear shifters noticed and rolled her eyes. It was her that addressed the sins.

"I've met Alvah Drakon. She asked to meet with some people who would respond if the wards were breached. I scented her. She was wearing a ton of perfume. It threw my nose off, but she's human. They have trained all of us at Grove Security on magic in case we respond to a call, and the perp is using it. Human magic can extend their life a little, but it can't prevent aging. Alvah looks like a young, human woman. You can't expect us to believe she's over two hundred years old."

Salem cleared his throat. "It was a dark spell that existed a long time ago. Understand, it wasn't

performed often because a human would have to overpower a supernatural to do it. There was a dark witch back then that wrote it. It essentially allowed a human to steal a heart from a supernatural being and allow them to not age until the heart finally gave out since it wasn't in the chest of its rightful owner.

“Even then, human witches weren't strong enough to overpower a supernatural creature to carve the runes needed into their skin. There was also a backup to that spell. You could crack the chest open, rip the heart out, and eat it with certain herbs. You understand why we wiped this spell out, but hardly ever saw it performed?”

The female shifter scoffed. “No offense, but Alvah is not a large woman, and she's one of those women who probably have a total meltdown if her nail polish gets chipped. You expect us to believe she's stolen hearts from our kind this long without losing her head? One of us would have killed her by now for trying.”

Salem shook his head. “Don't underestimate Alvah because she's human. She's had ample time to travel the world collecting spells before we could erase them to hone her craft. The Seven Deadly Sins can't die. Believe me. People have tried. My brother is under an old-world sleeping curse because of her and we are still trying to figure out how to wake him up. She's taken an unkillable Sin out the running while she makes her move to get Eirwen's heart. The curse was meant for Eirwen, not Tristan. If she took one of us out by accident, imagine what she could do on purpose.”

“The pretty kitty is Eirwen?” one shifter growled.

Sierra flat out started purring. I would murder her for trying to get laid by a bear while we plotted to take out my evil stepmother.

“I'm Eirwen. That's Sierra, my best friend.”

Every single bear looked disappointed they weren't going to get to swoop in and protect Sierra, and she was eating it up in the middle of a sex dungeon she didn't even want to set foot in.

“We'll help you, but this has to be done carefully,” Damek said. “We are building a reputation of having the best security system for supernaturals on the market, and I'm working on a contract to expand in Europe. I agree, Alvah needs to go, but if it gets out she died because my system failed, my entire reputation and company goes bankrupt. Everyone in New Orleans knows Alvah Drakon and you either love her or hate her. There will be people cheering she's gone, but her fan club will want answers how she disappeared with a Grove Security system at her house.”

“I understand this totally,” Salem said. “It's part of why our relationship with the Druids died off. For the longest time, there was a fund set up that paid the Druids enough to keep them comfortable working for the supernatural community. They policed bad human magic as it cropped up and were healers. As times changed, so did the Druids. They wanted to branch out and follow their own interests. They started forming their own companies and did marvelous things. Your security system is quite genius. I wouldn't dream of getting Alvah in a way that would ruin your business.”

“Then why did you ask me here if it wasn't to disable the alarms or ask my shifters to let you beat them? Either scenario would ruin my business.”

Salem hadn't shared his plan with me. He hadn't shared it with any of us. I honestly had no idea how he intended to do this without ruining the empire Damek had built. Salem had this sweet face and puppy dog eyes, but when he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, he looked like pure Sin.

“I’m not asking you to disable the alarms, nor am I asking you to lose a fight. I will open a portal into Alvah’s bedroom using Druidic magic. It’ll trigger your wards. Your people will hopefully get there right as we find Alvah’s totems and dolls. We’ll take Alvah, and your story will be that you responded to a call at her place and when you got there, you discovered Voodoo dolls of prominent members of the supernatural community and totems of old, forbidden magic. Alvah was arrested and taken to face judgment and you brought everything to the Druid council to be destroyed.

“That way, your team comes out the hero, and even Alvah’s fans can’t say a fucking thing about it without looking like they knew something about it and getting implicated right along with her. Eirwen said the older generation of Druids doesn’t want to do anything about the likes of Alvah because of the tourist industry. I think when they see the sheer number of dolls she’s made and who all she’s had under her thumb, they will rethink their stance on what they let slide when it comes to Voodoo in New Orleans.”

Damek looked around. “Is there any booze in here? You seem to have a bit of everything else.”

“There’s no drinking or drugs allowed in the dungeon. It’s not safe to play under the influence. We do have some upstairs. What’s your poison?” Connor asked.

“Do you have any gin?”

“Of course. And the rest of your party?”

The shifters all wanted a beer. Adamo and Connor disappeared to raid the liquor stash upstairs. No one spoke until they got back. Salem’s plan was a good one. It was the best we had so far, but it all depended on Alvah’s dolls and totems being easily found. Not even I knew where she hid them at her new house. I knew one thing from my father that could help them.

“When my father used to make her tell him when the dolls were, they were almost always in a trunk by her bed. The key is around her neck, and she never takes it off. It’s on a long chain and she wears it under her clothes, but I’ve seen it on her when she was laying by the pool at my father’s house.”

The female bear shifter trained her gaze at me. “Wait, you’re the stepdaughter she complained about? She had a lot to say about you when I met her. According to her, the only reason she was slumming it in the huge house she was in was because you were an evil Succubus bitch.”

“My father may have tolerated a lot of her shit, but he would not leave her everything in his will. I got the family home and his company. She was pissed when the will was read. She was sure she would get everything. She cursed everyone in the room out before flouncing. He left her enough to be comfortable if she was careful, and he let her stay on as VP of his company, but she wanted it all.”

“I didn’t like her when I met her. She looked her nose down at all of us she wanted to meet like she was better than us. I don’t look down on humans for being weaker than us, but I don’t enjoy being looked down on by anyone. I could have snapped that uppity bitch’s neck before she could blink. From what I’m hearing, she would have deserved it.”

Damek gave her a look of warning. “Maybe, but I need you with me, not in jail. This way, Alvah gets what’s coming to her, and we get to save all the people she’s turned into zombies. This makes my company look good and we get to act like the Druids I learned about in my history lessons. I like this plan. When do we move?”

Salem shook his head. “This requires more planning. How many shifters usually show up when an

alarm goes off, and can you guarantee they will all be in the loop about not fighting us? We'd hate to kill any of your men."

"There are usually twenty shifters on call and seven go through the portal. I planned to bring seven trusted shifters with me, but Beck had a thing at his kid's school. I trust everyone I use and could bring any of them in, but when Alvah asked to meet my shifters, she met most of the bears I use. She treated them so badly, I almost canceled her contract and refused to do the system. They all told me to just do it anyway. That was when we were just starting out and word of mouth was important. They didn't want someone like Alvah bad-mouthing me when we all knew we had a good system. Now, I wish I had just told her no."

The blond shifter Sierra had been into and had been eye-fucking her this entire time finally realized he was here for work and started contributing to the conversation.

"We need to make sure we are all there when the alarms go off and that it's us that go through the portal. I think we can say we want it since Alvah asked to meet us. Beck has a kid at home, so this should all go down when we are normally at work. Beck's kid is having trouble with a wolf shifter at school, and Beck needs to be there for him when he's awake."

Adamo had been pacing this entire time. He was ready to take on Alvah, and now we had a plan. We could finally find out if she had a way to wake Tristan.

"When does Beck usually work? Alvah has an active social life. She's out with her entourage until at least midnight every night," Adamo said.

"Beck works overnight. He gets home when his kid wakes up. He cooks breakfast and takes him to school. He sleeps while the kid is at school and he goes to work at night. It's hell on his mate, but they do it for the kid."

Dermot was ready to go too. All my Sins could cut up and joke, but now, they were downright deadly.

"Would you all be ready and on shift to take her down at two in the morning?"

"Can you wait two days? Beck is taking his child hunting after school. It doesn't have to be Beck. I can pick someone else, but he needs a win right now."

"We need time to prepare talismans in case she throws curses at us. I'll get some for your people too," Salem said. "It's decided. In two days, we move on Alvah."

Sierra shot me this look. I smiled and shook my head.

"Go get 'em, girl," I said, nodding at the bear shifters.

Alaric and Connor came to stand in front of me.

"Oh, Eirwen," Connor said sweetly. "The pirate room is free until dinner. Want to play?"

"Oh, fuck, yes!"

Chapter 27



Adamo jumped in as soon as he found out we were going to the pirate room. He didn't think it was fair I hadn't played with him yet. I hadn't played with Alaric yet either, but I had scened with Connor. Connor gave my ass a little tap and told me to go down to the third door on the right and wait. He told me to check for treasure, and I might find something to wear too.

There was a little bounce in my step as I made my way back to the room. When I threw open the door, my eyes went as wide as saucers. I didn't know what I was expecting, but Connor had gone way out. I was told about the mural on the wall, but it was a three-dimensional side of a ship with mermaids peering up from the water.

There was a treasure chest up against a different wall, so I went to open it. Sure enough, there were costumes. I pulled a leather cupless corset from the chest and laced myself in. I yanked my jeans off and stood there in my black lace thong. What next? My throat felt bare. I really needed a collar, but whose collar would I wear? There wasn't one in the room. Wearing a collar was such a personal thing. I couldn't pick one from a treasure chest in a room. I needed to either pick it out myself or wait to be presented with one.

I saw the hanging stockade on one side of the room and the standing cage in the other. There were pillows on the floor for me to kneel on and wait. Maybe I was topping from the bottom a little, but I grabbed the pillows, dragged them over to the standing cage, shut the door, and waited on my knees in there.

The Sins took a while to come to me, but I didn't mind. I went to a sweet spot in my head where time didn't matter. I cleared my head of everything except for the possibilities of what might come next. I tried to calm myself down, but my heart was racing. I had three Sins to play with this time. Could I even handle them?

I didn't raise my eyes when the door opened. I didn't have permission. I didn't look up until the cage door opened, and Adamo lifted my chin. He helped me to my feet and pulled me into a passionate kiss. His hands tangled in my hair as he yanked and he bit my lower lip when he pulled away.

"No shoes. Excellent," he said with a grin.

He led me to the center of the room where Connor and Alaric were waiting. Adamo and Alaric were both just wearing black trousers, but Connor had a pirate hat on. He gave me a cheeky wink as they all surrounded me. Connor was pressed against my back, kissing my neck. Adamo was in front of me kissing me and pinching my nipples. Alaric was circling us like a panther and running the tickler all over my body. I shivered when Connor bit my neck.

"Has someone been a good girl?" Connor growled in my ear.

"I think someone has been a very good girl," Adamo purred. "She's been helping Tristan. How should we reward her?"

"She has such a long, slim neck," Alaric said, tracing my shoulder with the tickler. "Don't you want

to see it in the stockade while we play with her? How would you like that, Eirwen?"

"Oh, please, Sir," I begged as Adamo dipped his head to suckle on my nipple.

Adamo kissed his way back up to my mouth. "We will lock you in that stockade and give you a little spanking. Then you see that big bed over there? After your ass is on fire, we're all going to fuck your brains out."

Kill me now. I almost came right there. Connor caught me as my knees went weak. I was so fucking turned on. I wanted a hard spanking. I wanted pain. I was a bit of a pain slut, and it had been so long since I'd had a fantastic hard spanking. I licked my lips. My mouth was so dry.

"Permission to speak, Sir?"

Connor chuckled and bit my ear. "Permission granted."

"I want the cane. I want marks," I begged.

Adamo pulled back and held my cheeks. "Are you sure, Eirwen? We were rewarding you tonight for helping Tristan. That was the whole point of opening up the pirate room for you. I'm heavy-handed with the cane when I'm punishing. I can give you those beautiful marks you want so badly. But only if you really want them."

Alaric just swatted Adamo in the face with the tickler. "I think she knows exactly what she wants, shithead. She wants marks, and she wants the cane. How about this? You cane her ass up while Connor tortures her with the wand. I'll do my thing with the tickler and candle wax. Sound good, Eirwen?"

I let out a little whimper. That sounded delicious. It sounded like exquisite torture. I let them guide me over to the stockade and lock it around my head and hands. Connor stroked my cheek while Alaric walked around me, stroking my body with the tickler. Alaric walked away from me to light candles.

"How are you doing, love?" Connor asked.

I sighed and leaned into his hand. "Perfect."

"Not until you have permission. Remember the rules."

"Yes, Sir."

Adamo got started behind me with the cane. I could feel the light, rhythmic tapping of the cane across my ass and thighs as he warmed me up. I sighed as Connor pressed the wand against my nipple. He pinched my other nipple with his free hand.

Connor clucked his tongue. "This is missing something."

The vibrations of the wand disappeared as Connor stepped back. The tickler against my arm stopped. I nearly screamed.

"One ahead of you, brother," Alaric said. "I was thinking about how beautiful those nipples would look in clamps too. Shall we prepare her?"

Connor and Alaric each took a nipple in their mouth, sucking and biting as Adamo continued to tap the cane against my backside. I arched my back. I was trying to press my breasts towards Connor and Alaric and my ass towards Adamo. I was one content Succubus at the moment.

Connor pulled back and gave my nipple a pinch. He dangled the chain of the nipple clamps in front of me with a devious grin. I winced as he tightened the first clamp. Pain shot through my body, and it

went straight to my center. I could feel myself getting wetter. As soon as Connor finished with the second clamp, Adamo brought the cane down hard across my ass.

I let out a shriek, both of pain and surprise, as the cane thwacked across my ass. My shriek immediately turned into a moan as Connor placed the wand against my clit. Alaric let the tickler flick over my nipples in the clamps. Connor wrapped his hand around my neck in a possessive hold. I immediately snapped into a deeper submission.

He kissed me deeply as he pressed the wand into my clit a little harder. I cried out into Connor's mouth as the cane came down again. There were so many sensations going on—the pain from the cane, the hard vibrations of the wand, Connor's hot mouth on mine, and the tickler running all over my arms and neck.

I could feel my orgasm building, but I pushed it down. I didn't have permission yet. I knew when I did, it would be a big one. Connor was merciful with the wand. He would ease up, and sometimes, he would grind it into me. Adamo was a master with the cane. It was never in the same spot and I would have some lovely stripes when we finished. Alaric was such a tease with that tickler.

My mind slipped off into sub space. I was flying. It felt like my body was expanding, and there was nothing here except pleasure, pain, and my three Sins. And my three Sins were master Doms. They knew how to keep me right there without crashing. I closed my eyes and gave in to the sensation. I was soaring above the room and my body was humming. I felt candle wax spill down my arm and let out a little moan.

Alaric wrapped me in a blanket as I felt someone let me out of the stockade. I couldn't open my eyes. My body weighed a million pounds, and I felt like lead. Someone scooped me up and carried me over to the sofa in the corner. I sat snuggled between two bodies as someone stood behind me playing with my hair.

I felt myself coming back to my body. My eyes fluttered open.

“How long was I out?”

“About ten minutes. How are you, Eirwen?” Adamo asked.

“Amazing,” I sighed.

“Did you want us to bring you upstairs, or did you want to continue?”

I was perking up. My ass and thighs were on fire, and my body was humming.

“Didn't you all promise to fuck me silly?” I said, stretching.

It was Adamo, and Connor cuddling me. Alaric was behind me playing with my hair. Adamo yanked me up and ran to the bed with me. He tossed me on the bed like a caveman. All those cane marks on my back, ass, and thighs ached when they hit the mattress.

“Brothers, I believe the Succubus has just issued a challenge. Can three Sins fuck a Succubus silly? Let's find out.”

They all started prowling towards me, unzipping their flies. Connor was still wearing that fucking pirate hat. What did I just get myself into?

Chapter 28



The energy radiating off all three Sins was hitting me like a tidal wave. I thought being with two of them at once was strong. Three naked, erect Sins surrounding me was unlike anything I'd ever fed off of before. It was also different now because the more I cared about someone, the stronger I got when I fed off them. Maybe I was in love with them. I didn't know. I thought I had been in love before, but it never felt like this. I didn't know what this was other than I didn't want it to end.

"How do you want me?" I asked.

Connor grinned at me. Only Connor could pull off standing there with a huge erection and a pirate hat and still look deathly hot.

"How would you like to be stuffed full of Sin, Eirwen? We have no problem crossing swords."

The last time I tried dating two people, one was male, and one was female. We had our fun with strap-ons and that was a thing I had done before and loved. I just hadn't tried a repeat performance with anyone else because people either got jealous or some guys were super weird about having their cocks that close to another cock. Some of them acted like if their testicles brushed up against another guy, they would start batting for the other team.

And I hated those kinds of guys. I hated being into someone, getting to know someone, then they were totally into me being bisexual, but found the idea of being naked in the same room as another guy foul. They wanted all kinds of threesomes with another woman and me, but they refused to play with another man, even if the focus was all on me and they never touched each other.

I didn't expect everyone to be into my kinks, and I was fine with straight vanilla sex. I just hated getting through the get to know you stage and someone whips out having a threesome and I'm all for it, except they think some of the possibilities of doing that are gross and don't want to do it. I'd flat out stopped bringing it up and just declining all threesomes because I'd heard that quite often lately.

With the Sins, I just knew. I could voice my deepest, darkest fantasy. I could say something I'd never told another living soul, and not only would they not judge me, but they'd also do everything they could to bring it to life.

Fuck, yes, I wanted to be stuffed with three Sins. I wanted them to fuck my brains out. I wanted them to carry my limp, wrecked body up to Tristan so I could sleep it off snuggled next to him, helping him in my sleep.

"Uh, Eirwen?" Alaric said. "Too much? We can go one at a time."

I gave them a sultry smile and pinched both my sensitive nipples.

"Just fantasizing in my head. Who goes where?"

I hoped they didn't fight about it. They had their banter, but they never got into really ugly arguments around me. I didn't want to be the reason they did.

Connor ripped the pirate hat off and flung it across the room.

"I just want you," Connor growled. "Adamo's thing is asses and feet. Alaric gets off on watching

first. Adamo will take your ass, Alaric will take your mouth and fuck you when we are done, and that leaves the best part for me.”

Alaric flipped his hair back and started stroking his thick cock. “You thought we would fight about it, didn’t you? We are big, sensitive, kinky men who talk about our feelings. Even if there were more of us in here, we would have already had it worked out.”

I got a little bold. My ass was still stinging from that spanking, but I’d take another for being cheeky.

“You’re stroking that cock like you don’t want to talk about your feelings right now.”

“Damned straight,” Connor said, diving into bed with me.

Adamo wasn’t far behind. He went straight for my feet and started sucking my toes. Adamo could make getting your toes sucked on erotic. Alaric just stood there staring at us with smoldering eyes as he slowly fisted his cock. Connor was devouring my mouth while twisting my sore nipples with his fingers. A good go with the nipple clamps always had my nipples extra sensitive the next morning. Connor’s fingers were sending pleasurable jolts through my entire body.

Adamo was doing things to my feet that may have been illegal in certain states. I wasn’t complaining. It was erotic as fuck, and it tickled in a good way. When Adamo decided he was finally done with my feet, he just stopped and tapped my thigh.

“Roll over so I can get to your ass. Suck Connor’s cock,” he ordered.

He didn’t need to tell me twice. I gobbled Connor’s cock down my throat while Adamo licked and fingered my ass. Alaric came to stand by the head of the bed to watch me. He had a filthy mouth.

“Yeah, suck that cock, Eirwen. I love watching you get that perky little ass fingered,” he grunted.

I felt myself being pulled down to the edge of the bed. Connor’s cock slipped out of my mouth. I added extra suction as he slipped through my lips. The next thing I knew, I was on all fours at the edge of the bed. Connor slipped down next to me.

“Mount his cock,” Adamo ordered, giving my ass a hard spank.

I pounced and moaned as I felt him stretching me out. Once I was situated, Adamo pressed me forward with his hand possessively on my shoulders. I felt his cock press against my ass. He moved slow, taking his time. He eased in and out until I had all of Adamo and Connor. This was what I remembered and liked — the feeling of pressure and fullness. I sighed.

Adamo stroked my back. “How are you, Eirwen?”

“Good. I’d be perfect if Alaric got his cock in my mouth.”

Alaric chuckled. “Someone wants to top from the bottom. I say give her what she wants.”

Alaric came to kneel by Connor’s shoulder. I had them. I had all of them in me. It was perfect. They all started moving at once. Connor was gripping my waist and thrusting up into me.

“You have permission, Eirwen,” he grunted. “I want to feel you come on my cock as many times as possible.”

I let go so it would happen when it happened. And it was coming soon. When it hit me, my entire body seized. I saw a white-hot light as my body tensed. I shrieked on Alaric’s cock as I bucked against Connor and Adamo.

They didn’t just stop there. My Succubus side was so full of power, but they wrecked my body. They

drew three orgasms out of me before they all finished. I was a limp mess on the bed.

Alaric scooped me up. “You know, I was going to fuck you too, but I think you’re done for the night.”

“It’s not fair,” I moaned, rubbing my face in his chest. “You’re supposed to be the tired ones, not me.”

“That’s what happens when you get into bed with Sin. Off to bed, Eirwen. I’ll take you to Tristan.”

I was already asleep—happily asleep and well fucked.

Chapter 29



Alaric must have put me in bed with Tristan. I was reaching out for him, and I felt myself getting closer. It was like trying to get a cell phone signal in a bad area. The closer I got to him, the better I could feel him. I snapped into his dream as I must have been placed into his arms.

I found myself in a hut this time. I must be in Haiti. Tristan was sitting at a table drinking ale from a tankard. I joined him and conjured my own.

“It gets lonely in here without you,” Tristan sighed.

“Is this a good memory?” I asked.

“I don’t know. This was my home with my wife and daughter. I’ve been in here all day thinking about them. It was rather nice.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“I think—I think I want to put my happy memories in a little chest and keep them there. I can access them when I want. I’d rather talk about anything but that.”

“Fair enough. I’m here all night. What did you want to talk about?”

“You’re different tonight,” Tristan said, cocking an eyebrow at me. “You radiate power. Did you have sex with my brothers?”

“Uh, yes. We played in the pirate room.”

Tristan huffed and slammed back his ale. “That fucking pirate room. How was it? You know, feeding off a Sin. Does it make you want to manipulate us?”

I shrugged. “I can see where another Succubus would want to keep you around for the power boost. I’m not like that. I really do care about all of you and have no desire to do that to you.”

“All of us?”

“Yeah, even you, asshole,” I said, tipping my glass to him. “Let’s just say you’ve grown on me.”

Tristan’s face broke into a huge grin. He clanked his glass with mine. “You’ve grown on me too. You ain’t so bad, princess.”

I placed my hand over my chest and pretended to hyperventilate. “Why, is that a compliment?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Tristan said, chuckling. “I’ve been talking about myself this entire time. Tell me about you. We know Alvah murdered your dad. You know my dirty laundry. Tell me yours.”

“You want to know about my dad? My dad was great. He didn’t marry for the longest time. He built up our family’s empire. He met my mother when he was about two hundred years old. She was a young Succubus from Baton Rouge. He met her at a business meeting. She was his waitress. From what he told me, it was love at first sight.

“He spent more and more time in Baton Rouge courting her. They married after a year, and she fell pregnant with me. She was a delicate woman, and I was a difficult pregnancy. She didn’t make it, but I did. He never mistreated me because my birth caused her death.”

I was shocked, but Tristan actually touched me. He put his huge hand over mine.

“Do you blame yourself for your mother’s death?”

“Wouldn’t you? If I hadn’t been born, she’d still be alive.”

“And you wouldn’t. Aren’t we a pair? You blame yourself for your mother, and I blame myself for my family.”

“I don’t really tell people that. Sierra would strangle me if I told her I blamed myself for my mother. She thinks I’m over it.”

“Your friend is a little...intense.”

“Did she go full panther when she attacked you?”

“Don’t ask me how she got the jump on me. I was trying to find something decent among your unmentionables and the next thing I know, someone jerks me around, punches me in the face, and has her claws at my throat calling me several variations of a pervert.”

I laughed. “Yeah, that’s Sierra for you. We’ve known each other since we were children. Tate, her dad, is a police officer and not New Orleans high society. He went to the same university as my dad on a football scholarship, and they became great friends. Sierra is four months older than I am. We grew up together.”

“I take it she’s assigned herself your protector based on her reaction to me in your apartment.”

“Sort of. I won’t be shocked if she hasn’t pulled your brothers aside and threatened to eat their dicks if they break my heart. She’s all bite though.”

“Oh, really?” Tristan chuckled. “Tell that to my jaw.”

“Well, she did technically find you in my bedroom looking through my lingerie drawer. I’m a Succubus. Did you really expect to find granny panties in my room?”

Tristan started laughing. “Fair enough. I suppose I was hoping you had some in case of emergency.”

I fell out laughing. “What kind of Succubus emergency calls for granny panties?”

“You forget, I was married. Don’t you need those when you’re having female troubles?”

Big, glowering Tristan’s ears were bright red, and it was adorable. I realized he wasn’t upset Sierra punched him. He was mortified he had to go through my wide array of sexy lingerie to find something that would cover me better because it worried him I might start my period while I was there. Was that what it was, or what it something else?

“The Druids took care of that about a hundred years ago. They came up with a spell that prevents babies and totally eliminates PMS. It’s pretty amazing. My father took me to get it when I was sixteen. Salem didn’t know about this and tell you?”

Tristan cleared his throat. “We don’t exactly sit around the table and talk about women’s reproductive health. I’m sure my brothers are fully aware of that spell. I haven’t been with a woman since my wife, so I never asked.”

“You were digging through my lingerie because you were worried about PMS?”

Tristan cleared his throat. “No, I was worried about being tempted by a half-naked Succubus who needed sex to heal. We are immune to your charms, but I’m not a monster. Once I knew I could trust you, I would have healed you if you still needed it. Why were you such a bonehead about healing? One of us could have done it as soon as you woke up. You had to be in pain. I was the one that tried to

stop the bleeding while the skin contact kicked in. That was a nasty wound.”

“I know. I was there. I don’t know. It would have been the easiest thing to have sex with any of you to heal. I guess since I knew I wasn’t going to die, I wanted to take my time with your brothers. I wanted to get to know you before I hopped into bed.”

Tristan cocked an eyebrow at me and knocked back more of his ale. “You know that makes no sense. I know you finally healed with a total stranger in one of the rooms downstairs. Why was it okay with her and not us?”

“Well, you weren’t exactly nice to me, so I wouldn’t have taken you up on it even if you had offered. It’s different now that I’ve gotten to know you. There’s just something about all the Seven Sins. I know your brothers are totally into BDSM, but even then, sex fucks things up sometimes. I wanted to get to know all of you, and I didn’t want things to get weird because we fucked.”

“I know my brothers. They could charm the pants off a Succubus. Tell me, Eirwen, did it get weird?”

I laughed. “No, it didn’t, but all of you are in a classification of your own.”

“Even me?”

“You’re a good guy, Tristan. Oh, I forgot to tell you. We should take Alvah down in two days.”

Tristan perked up. “You know, I was just so happy to see you, I had forgotten all about her and that it’s her fault I’m here. Time is weird in a sleeping curse. My body is sleeping, but I can’t. I don’t know if they are dreams or memories, but I keep moving from place to place from my history. I’m always alone until you show up, and I can’t control what I see. Only you can.”

“Do you want to go somewhere else right now?”

“No. Tell me more about bringing down Alvah. I might never wake up, so I want to know she’s seeing the final death.”

“Salem had an idea to bring the Druids in again. We met with the CEO of Grove Security. Salem had an idea that the Sins can grab her from her house, and Grove comes out the hero. All her dolls and talismans will be brought to the Druid council to be destroyed.”

“Yes!” Tristan yelled, slamming his fist on the table. “And then that bitch comes out the villain to everyone who knows her. Go, Salem.”

“They are taking her alive to question her about waking you up. I know Alvah. If she knows, she will bargain her freedom for that knowledge.”

Tristan grabbed my hand and squeezed it. “Pass this message to my brothers and hold them to it. Alvah dies even if it means I never wake up. No bargains, no blood oaths, nothing. If Alvah tries anything to save her neck, they snap it. Alvah is not running free because of me a second time.”

“Tristan—”

“No, Eirwen. It’s time Alvah pays for everything she’s done. She needs to pay for what she did to you.”

I could feel myself waking up. What about what she did to you, Tristan?

Chapter 30



The Sins were all different when I finally woke up. I'd seen their laughing and joking side. I'd seen their bedroom side. They were all in war mode now. Sure, they all gave me flirtatious smiles when I joined them at breakfast, but Salem was buried in his laptop, and they all had weapons at the table.

These weren't ordinary weapons. They said something about sniper rifles, but these weren't modern weapons and appeared to have Druidic runes on them. Connor had a huge bow and a satchel full of arrows. Adamo had a fucking mace. The knives at the table were pretty nasty looking.

When they saw me, they immediately cleared a spot at the table so I could eat.

"Someone looks well-rested," Connor said with a wink. "Something wear you out before bed last night?"

"More like three sexy Sins. Tristan has a message for all of you. No deals with Alvah to save him. I've been talking with him, and if you let her go because she can wake him, he will blame himself and go into some down spiral. If you thought he was in a dark place after Haiti, it will be worse if you let Alvah walk to wake him up. We have to find another way."

"Tristan has been chatty with you. Either the sleeping curse has softened him up a bit or our talisman that protects us against you doesn't work when he's cursed," Alaric said.

I swatted his arm. "Come on, really? You know I wouldn't force him to talk to me like that. You don't know what it's like under a sleeping curse. His body is asleep, but his mind is not. He keeps getting transported to different memories, but he's alone. There's no one else with him unless I can visit. If you were alone in a dream world, wouldn't you talk to the one person you could?"

"Tristan wouldn't. Tristan would have booted you out just to prove a point. He must secretly like you," Connor said.

"Tristan is actually a great guy underneath all the gruff. And he really doesn't want you cutting a deal with Alvah to wake him."

"I don't think there *is* a way aside from the kiss," Salem said. "I've been going through all the lore I have about that kind of curse. I've been looking into if killing Alvah will do it. I was wondering if there was some sort of spell we could do with the blood of the spell caster that would wake Tristan and I'm not finding it."

"Still, we should keep some of her blood around just in case we do find the answer," Alaric suggested.

"No, think about it," Salem said. "She steals hearts. If the answer to breaking Tristan's curse lies with Alvah, the answer is her original heart. We must let Damek know if he finds it, we need it."

"I can help you look. I remember how she decorated her bedroom back when she lived at my father's house. I might find her hiding place," I said.

"No way," Alaric said. "You're staying right here."

“Just because I’m a woman—”

“It’s not that, Eirwen,” Kobe said. “We don’t know when Alvah is making her move. We all need to be there to help take her down, but someone needs to stay here with Tristan. She wants a heart. Think about what she could do with Tristan’s. If she sends people here and they report back to her there is someone under a sleeping curse, and they don’t know what he is, she’ll want his heart instead of yours. You and Sierra will need to stay behind and guard Tristan. He’s helpless while he’s sleeping.”

Adamo handed me a huge fucking knife and runes engraved on the blade.

“The club will be closed, and it’ll be almost impossible for them to get inside, but just in case.”

“Did you put one of Damek’s security systems in here?” I asked.

“No, we didn’t want to risk a bunch of shifters portalling in here while the club was bustling. We put in triple-reinforced doors. Not even a shifter can break those down. You can’t open the locks with a pick. You have to know the access code. All the windows are on the second floor. They are shatterproof glass. We made it hard to get in, but with the right knowledge and a little elbow grease, it’s not impossible,” Dermot said.

They really trusted me with protecting Tristan. I’d be in a fortress of a sex dungeon, but even they said someone could get in if they got creative. I didn’t think Alvah would make the same mistake of sending someone in a short-sleeved shirt up against me again, *but* she hoped I was under a sleeping curse, so maybe she’d be a little sloppy. I could always go for the face. Unless they had a full face mask on, I could always get skin contact with their face.

My father hired a top Incubus to teach me self-defense. I couldn’t take down an army, and I had my limits, but I could help defend Tristan with Sierra’s help if someone came to the club.

Dermot snapped me out of my reverie and handed me a huge gun.

“Can you shoot? We have spelled the bullets for any supernatural creature.”

“Do I want to kill her zombies? They can’t control themselves.”

Salem finally looked up at me. “Alvah doesn’t just use zombies. You’ve pissed her off and caused a lot of trouble to get your heart. She’s probably called in a favor with her less savory friends that would kill you for money and not blink.”

“Maybe one of us should stay behind or have Damek bring in some of his shifters,” Kobe said. “We don’t know when Alvah is making her move, but we can’t be too careful. We know it’s possible to break in with the right tools. Alvah knows where we are. She sent that basket of fucking cursed apples. I’m sure whoever she’s hired has scoped the place and assessed all the building’s weaknesses for getting in.”

“No,” I said. “If Alvah could curse Tristan without being in the same room, then all of you should be there to take her down. I don’t think I could deal with it if she got to more of you.”

“Then Damek can spare some men,” Alaric growled. “If Alvah makes her move while we are at her place, they will get Eirwen, Sierra, *and* Tristan.”

Salem shook his head. “Damek is risking a lot helping us. If he brings more shifters in, word may get out about us. *If* Alvah makes her move while we are portalling to her place and they just happened to get in, their orders will be to look for a sleeping woman with black hair. Alvah most likely wants her taken alive. Eirwen’s heart will last her longer if she steals it while it’s still in her chest. Eating it

will last a long time, but not its full potential. Alvah will want to know if she's awake or sleeping. They'll call her for an update and orders. We'll just have to make sure we answer that call and let them know that no money is coming their way now."

Kobe scowled at Salem. "It's too risky. It could be zombies instead of paid goons if her people come while we are gone."

"We don't even know if Alvah will make her move the exact moment we portal into her apartment. The odds of that happening are high."

"Salem, for someone so smart, you can be so stupid sometimes," Alaric said, getting up to pace. "We've already sent out an email that the club will be closed that night. We haven't approved any new club members, and we have given no one access to the website since Eirwen showed up on our door, but Alvah clearly knows what's going on here and she got to Dahlia. She's probably already figured out we will be closed tonight."

Connor glared at Alaric. "Quit being a dick to Salem. If they are watching the place, then they know there are seven of us, and it's difficult to get in. We will be portalling into Alvah's. They have no reason to think we won't be here and they won't see us leaving out the front door."

"I'll be a dick to you too, Connor. We are open seven days a week. I'm sure she's figured that out too. If she's figured out we are closed, I'm sure she knows something major is going down and will make her move. If she knows there are seven of us, she will send an army to take us out. Eirwen and Sierra can't handle that on their own, and Tristan is sleeping."

"So, I call Sierra," I said, whipping out my phone. "She's not my only shifter friend, and they all hate Alvah too. I've got a few Vampire and Druid friends I can call on. I have several demons on speed dial. If you don't mind them in your apartment and club, they all have their reasons for hating Alvah."

"Call them," Salem said. "Get as many people as you can to protect you and Tristan."

"Tell them not to touch anything downstairs," Connor said. "What kind of demons are you friends with, anyway?"

"The fun kind that doesn't eat people."

"Ah. That kind. They are prone to partying and not fighting. Are you sure they can help?"

"My demon friends are bikers that fight pedophiles. They are fun after they've had a few pints."

Salem clapped his hands and closed his laptop. "Call your army, Eirwen. I'd call extra if I were you. If Alvah really has found out we are closed, it makes sense that will be when she attacks. We were hoping to swoop in, grab Alvah, and get out, but we will have to search that trunk you told us about to see if there's anything that will wake Tristan."

"Can I use your room to make these calls?"

Salem nodded. "Take all the time you need."

I would be spending the rest of my afternoon calling every single friend I knew that had an axe to grind with Alvah or would always have my back.

And I knew plenty of those.

Chapter 31



Everything was in place to move in on Alvah. Everyone I asked to help protect me against her was all for it. I couldn't tell them she would be going down that night without ruining the story we were putting out with Damek and Grove Security. My friends were pissed when they found out she had me stabbed, and I'd been hiding. They were willing and ready to come to my hideout, even if it happened to be a sex dungeon, when I told them I thought she would try again tonight.

The Sins were even more protective than usual before we went to bed. Kobe wanted to cook my favorite meal, and they all wanted to take turns snuggling with me. Alaric sang to me for several hours. I didn't know who was soothing who. They were telling me everything would be just fine, but I was telling them that too. We had all our hopes in finding something at Alvah's that would wake Tristan.

Tristan made his wishes known, and no matter how much his brothers wanted him back, they wouldn't take any deal Alvah wanted to make to get an answer to wake him. And I think we all knew Alvah would not share unless she got something out of it. Waking Tristan was literally her only leverage to walk out of there alive and she would use it even if she wasn't asked.

The night before, in Tristan's dreams, it was odd. He was more concerned about what I would do to keep myself safe while his brothers were going than Alvah's actual capture and the fact that if Alvah got away and she wanted a heart, she could take his. Tristan was acting just like the other Sins, except he was frustrated because he couldn't protect me because he was cursed.

It was like finally getting Alvah didn't matter. He wasn't pissed he had to sit it out because of the sleeping curse. He wasn't angry the answer to waking him up might die with Alvah. It upset him that he would be in the same apartment with me while Alvah possibly sent assassins for me, and there wasn't a damned thing he could do to protect me.

My army came in shifts. If someone was watching the warehouse, we didn't want them to see an entire mess of people arriving at once. Sierra arrived first, bright and early, with three of our shifter friends. I had ten people who agreed to come. Whoever Alvah sent would face off against me, Sierra, three shifters, two Vampires, and five huge Nemesis demons.

My shifter friends were all on the police force with Tate and would be off that night. The two Vampires weren't club members, but I knew them from the scene. I told them about what she did to Dahlia, and they were all on board. They knew her too. I hadn't met her before, but apparently, she was well known and well-loved in the scene. From what they told me, I could have called in the entire BDSM community for payback for what they did to Dahlia.

I met my Nemesis demon friends during my wilder days in college. They defended my honor in a bar on the West Bank when some frat boy tried to roffie me. Apparently, they beat the shit out of him and took me home to sleep it off. I woke up in my own bed with a massive hangover and two Nemesis demons in my kitchen cooking hangover food. We became fast friends. They had already offered to kill Alvah for me after they found my dad murdered.

We all had various weapons. My friends were scattered downstairs. They had their animals to call

on, their fangs, or brass knuckles. Sierra and I were upstairs watching Tristan. Just because the glass was shatterproof and on the second floor didn't mean someone still couldn't get in.

It was time for the Sins to portal to Alvah's. Everything was moving so fast. The Sins couldn't leave without each giving me a passionate kiss that left my knees weak. Even Salem gave me a huge bear hug. The portal started swirling in the living room, and they all jumped through. The portal closed up, and that was when the shit started.

It was like Alvah had perfectly timed it. As soon as the Sins left the apartment, the entire warehouse started shaking. Sierra and I exchanged a glance and ran to the window. When I looked out, I realized I should have made way more phone calls.

They surrounded the entire warehouse. I could even tell who was a zombie and who she had paid to kill me. The zombies were mindlessly pounding the walls like they could bring them down that way, and the assassins looked like they were setting explosives at the door.

We were fucked and totally outnumbered. Alvah called in the best, based on the expertise at which I was watching them rig explosives to the door. They had clearly cased the place and planned accordingly. I couldn't call the Sins because it would ruin everything with Alvah.

"Shit!" Sierra said. "If you have anything up your pocket for waking Tristan, now is the time."

I rushed over to his bed. He always looked so peaceful when he was sleeping. I'd come to care for Tristan just as much as I cared for the rest of the Sins. That was when it hit me. I loved them. I loved all of them, even Tristan. I couldn't protect Tristan while he was sleeping. From what they had told me, Tristan couldn't die, but I didn't know what would happen if Alvah had been expecting the raid on her house and moved. If those assassins and zombies downstairs got their hands on his heart for Alvah, would that kill him for good?

Tristan's heart was mine. I didn't know if he loved me back. I didn't know if I'd be able to replace the hole in his heart left by his wife. I had no idea if it would even work.

I leaned forward and pressed my lips to Tristan's right as the building shook from the explosives at the front door. I felt a breeze pick up, and the next thing I knew, Tristan's hands were tangled in my hair and he yanked me on top of him.

I pulled away and looked deep into his black eyes.

"I was hoping that would work."

He stroked my cheek.

"I knew you were trouble as soon as you ended up on our doorstep. I fell in love with you when you chatted with me in my dreams and tried to help me deal with my shit. I didn't think you loved me back after how I acted."

I grabbed his face and kissed him again. "I guess I fell for you too in your dreams. We have a problem. There's an army of paid assassins and zombies downstairs. They just blew the door and will storm the place soon. I only brought ten people to protect the place. I wasn't expecting Alvah to send this many people."

Tristan jumped out of bed and went straight for his closet. He pulled a mace and a sword with Druidic runes carved into them out.

"Try not to be afraid when you see Wrath in action, Eirwen. I save it for the wicked," Tristan said,

kissing the top of my head.

Tristan went charging downstairs like some huge barbarian warrior in just his boxers. Sierra just looked at me.

“We will *have* to talk about you waking up the panty perv, but right now, I think we should go help him defend your kinky sex dungeon.”

Sierra started shifting into her panther. I grabbed the enchanted knife and the gun they gave me. We both went running after Tristan. I had no idea what I would find down there. I’d never seen one of my Sins in full punishing mode.

Chapter 32



When we got downstairs, Tristan was nowhere to be found, and all my friends were standing there looking confused. Sierra shifted back and asked to borrow a phone. The front door was twisted, but it wasn't blown in. We were alone in the club. The assassins and zombies hadn't made it inside, but where was Tristan?

Sierra went running upstairs. I didn't think she was shy about being naked. She had to be going to get something.

"Where did the big guy with the mace go?" I asked.

"The big crazy looking guy with the sword?" Zelig asked. He was one of my Nemesis demon friends.

"Yeah, he came down before us.

Sol, another Nemesis demon, ran his fingers through his blue hair.

"He was totally insane, Eirwen. He came barreling through here, waving that sword and mace and disappeared out the back door."

Oh, no. Tristan was taking on the entire horde by himself. I made a move to go outside, and Sol wrapped his arms around my waist to pull me back.

"Nope, Eirwen. We promised the big, angry man we would keep you inside."

Sierra came back naked, holding her cell phone. She was talking to her dad.

"Yeah, it's fucking crazy. There's at least fifty zombies and five assassins out there. How close are your guys? Yeah, I'll be safe, daddy."

Sierra hung up the phone and looked at us. Sol still had me in a bear hug, and I was in a panic. Tristan was out there by himself. I knew he would handle himself, but he was woefully outnumbered and some of those people weren't out there of their own accord.

"My dad has men five minutes out."

Zelig roared. "What do we do with zombies?"

"We knock them out cold!" all the Nemesis demons yelled.

"We're with you," my shifter friend said, clasp arms with Zelig.

"So are the Vampires."

Sol tightened his arms around my waist. "We promised the big scary dude that we'd keep this one inside. I don't think she will cooperate."

Sierra was stronger than me and straighter than a plank of wood, so it wasn't like I could Succubus her. She grabbed my arm and yanked me towards the stairs.

"Go save her man. I'll keep her upstairs."

"Be safe!" I yelled as I was pulled upstairs.

"You know, I wish I could use my Succubus mojo on you," I growled.

“And that would just make things weird. You can watch out the window.”

We gathered and were watching out the window. Everyone could tell who the assassins were and who the zombies were. There were more zombies than assassins. All my friends were trying to knock out the zombies without killing them. Five assassins surrounded Tristan.

They tried shooting him, but they realized their bullets did not affect him, even if they were spelled. They were trying to get close with their knives, but Tristan had that fucking mace and he was wielding it like an expert.

Sierra was giving a play-by-play like a football announcer.

“Oh, he tries, he shoots, he fails!”

I smacked her arm.

“Be serious. Our friends are in danger.”

“Yes, be serious,” someone growled from behind us.

We both whirled around, and there was a sixth assassin. I hadn’t seen her before. She must have managed to get in the door everyone left out of. She fingered the tip of her gun and strutted in front of us. She came prepared. All I could see were her eyes.

Sierra shifted on the spot. She landed on four paws in front of me. Sierra growled and hissed.

“Down, kitty. You are not my target. You were supposed to be sleeping, Eirwen Drakon.”

“Whatever Alvah is paying, you won’t be getting it. None of you will.”

Why did this assassin seem so familiar to me? There was just something about her. Had we met before? I couldn’t figure that out. I just had to play to her greed and make her realize she wasn’t getting paid. She’d leave if she knew she wasn’t getting money for killing me, right? That was how assassins worked.

“I’m not in this for the money,” the assassin said, playing with her gun like it was a sex toy.

“Then what do you want?”

“Revenge. A little payback.”

Sierra’s cat was circling me and monitoring the woman with the gun. Who the fuck had I pissed off that she would work with Alvah for free?

“What did I ever do to you?”

“You don’t remember me, do you?”

“It’s a little hard to tell with that thing on your face.”

If I could get her to take that mask off and lower her gun, Sierra could pounce, and I could use my gift on her face to get her to talk. I needed her careless to take her down. Ah, yes. She took the bait. She ripped the mask off and I saw a face I thought I’d never see again—my high school girlfriend. And that ended all kinds of fucked up.

“Regina? What the fuck?”

Regina lowered the gun.

“Exactly! What the fuck, Eirwen? We were supposed to be forever, and you dumped me for a fucking Vampire. You—”

Sierra pounced and sent the gun scattering across the room.

“Don’t kill her!” I yelled.

Sierra hopped off Regina’s chest, and I sat on it. I looked down into those familiar green eyes I loved so much in high school. Regina was pissed I dumped her, but it gutted me when I saw her kissing that shifter.

“*You* cheated on *me*. I had every right to dump you.”

Regina used a Druid spell to blast me across the room.

“I’m a Druid! I’m not meant to be monogamous. You’re a Succubus. Neither are you.”

She had magic crackling at her fingertips. She was gearing up to send another curse at me. I flung myself across the room and tackled her. Regina’s head hit the floor with a sickening thunk.

I touched her face. I was stronger than she remembered after feeding on the Sins. I sent her everything I had.

“You don’t want to hurt me,” I said. “I was sixteen, Regina. I didn’t know what I wanted. You were my first love, and you broke my heart. If anything, I should be the one here to kill you, not the other way around.”

Regina started sobbing. “You ruined me for anyone else. If I can’t have you, I want you dead. When I think of you, I don’t want this ache. I want to know you are dead.”

The next thing I knew, a SWAT team surrounded me, and ten guns pointed at Regina and me. Sierra’s brother, Marsden, was standing at my head.

“Did she hurt you or my sister?” he yelled.

Sierra shifted back and just lounged on the floor.

“Garden variety jealous ex who took money to take out Eirwen,” Sierra said.

Regina was still sobbing. Regina and I dated well before Alvah entered the picture. We left things on bad terms, but this wasn’t the Regina I knew. Regina was a strong Druid, and she would never have taken money to kill an ex. Regina was acting way too obsessed with me for Regina. Maybe she regretted how things went down with us, but she wouldn’t kill me for breaking up with her knowing full well she cheated on me first. Something else was going on.

“I think she’s been cursed. Some kind of old-world magic, probably the same kind that had my father in love with Alvah. I know this woman and this is not her, even if I haven’t talked to her in decades.”

Tate strolled in with blood on his shirt.

“We’ll take her to a cell until the curse can be broken. Have your boys completed their mission?”

Salem or one of the other Sins must have told Sierra to bring Tate in on the plan. It was a good idea. If Tate knew Alvah was being punished, they wouldn’t waste police resources trying to hunt her down when she went missing.

“I don’t know. They haven’t come back yet. Is Tristan okay?”

“Oh, he’s just peachy. He wiped out five of our most wanted, and he and your friends knocked out several of Alvah’s zombies before we got there. We have them in vans waiting to bring them downtown. We’ll hold them until they destroy their dolls.”

“Is Tristan hurt? Where is he?”

“Eirwen?” Tristan roared, practically kicking the door down.

I’d woken Tristan from a sleeping curse, and he just grabbed his weapons and gone charging downstairs. Since he needed skin contact to make it easier for me to access his dreams, he’d done all that in his boxers. He was standing in the doorway in just a pair of black boxer briefs holding a bloodied mace and sword. His black hair was plastered to his face and his eyes were wild.

He came charging in when he realized one assassin was in here with me and might have laid a finger on me. Anyone could see Regina wasn’t a threat. She was lying on the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. Alvah had done a number on her.

I held up my hand. “An ex and she’s cursed. Can you take her somewhere safe?” I asked Tate.

Tate just winked at me. “If you’ll get off her chest so we can get the handcuffs on.”

I slid off Regina and flung myself at Tristan. He wrapped his arms around me and squeezed me so hard all the air went out my lungs.

“I’m covered in blood and sweat,” he grunted.

“And you look sexy as fuck. Where are your brothers?”

“If they have Alvah, they will question her in another warehouse in the Ninth Ward. Up for a portal trip?”

“Sierra, want to put some pants on and watch Alvah go down?”

Sierra stood and stretched. Tate scowled as she showed off her body to all the shifters on the SWAT team.

“Can I borrow some clothes?” she asked.

I grinned. “Since when do you ask if you can borrow my clothes?”

“Since she can show off her tits to my coworkers,” Marsden muttered.

“Is the panty perv going like that?” Sierra asked, preening for all the shifters in the room.

I expected Tristan to growl and get angry with her, but he didn’t. He actually cracked a joke which I didn’t think was possible for him.

“Hey, my bits are covered, and I’m not the one showing off.”

Sierra just turned to go to where my clothes were. She tossed her red hair over her shoulder.

“We still aren’t cool yet,” she called to Tristan as she disappeared into the bedroom.

“Do you want to take a shower and put some clothes on?”

Tristan just gave me an evil grin. “No. I want Alvah to see me like this. Aside from being in my boxers, this is almost exactly as I was the first time we met.”

I just shrugged. Tristan wanted revenge, and if he wanted it in his boxers and covered in blood, who was I to stop him?

Chapter 33



Every shifter in the room was eyeing Tristan and trying to be inconspicuous, trying to sniff out what he was. Tate ordered everyone out once they had Regina in cuffs before everyone flat out asked. He found an entire SWAT team of people that weren't Alvah's pawns and it saved a lot of lives. How had Alvah managed to get that much hair for the number of zombies that were outside the club? I knew how she turned my board, but how was she doing it with everyone else?

Sierra came out wearing a pair of my jeans and a tank top. We had always shared the same clothes. Sierra had been rooting for Regina and me until I saw her with that shifter. After that, Sierra just wanted to eat her. We had a pretty nasty break up in the middle of the quad of my high school, but that was a long time ago. How had Alvah even found out about it to curse Regina?

"I can open a portal to the warehouse," Tristan said. "You two go in first. I want to surprise my brothers, and I want to make a superb entrance if they are there with Alvah. I hope that bitch recognizes me and remembers me."

Tristan grabbed a pouch from a drawer in the living room and started chanting. I could see the spell weave in front of me. None of us could complete the portal since we weren't Druids, but you could buy a pouch like the one Tristan had from a Druid shop.

He threw the pouch into the swirling blue spell, and the portal opened. Sierra and I jumped through. All the Sins whirled around with their weapons out. They took a step towards me and I realized they had Alvah strapped to a chair in the middle of a Druid trap. She wasn't gagged, but she started screaming curses as soon as she saw me.

Salem stepped forward with a look of concern on his face. "What are you doing here, Eirwen? How did you even know about this place?"

Tristan stepped through the portal in all his half-naked, bloodied glory, holding up his mace and sword like he was ready to use them on Alvah. He had this threatening grin on his face that was just like, rip off all my clothes and fuck me now.

"You didn't think you would kill this bitch without me, did you?" Tristan boomed.

"How?" Salem sputtered. "We've been trying to get the answer out of Alvah for the last ten minutes. I've been pouring through all my notes and found nothing."

Tristan slung an arm around my shoulder and kissed the top of my head.

"True love's kiss. The answer you already knew. None of you thought I'd be left out of the Eirwen love, did you?"

Alvah threw back her head and let out this unreal wail.

"It's not fair! You were supposed to die. I was supposed to get a young, Succubus heart, not end up strapped to this chair. How did you even know?"

All the Sins were looking at Tristan like they didn't know what to do with him. I knew why. That black cloud that surrounded him when we first met was gone. There was a lightness to him now, and

he was in his element.

Tristan tossed his mace over his shoulder and strode over to Alvah. He leaned forward and got nose to nose with her. A drop of blood slid off his chin and landed right on her expensive nightie.

“Look deep in my eyes and tell me you don’t remember me,” Tristan sneered.

He pulled back and joined his brothers. We all just stared at Alvah and waited for the realization to dawn in on her. It was like she was scrolling through all of her memories before she hit on the right one.

“You let me go once. You can do it again,” Alvah pleaded. “I only take power from those who don’t deserve it.”

Adamo stepped forward and growled. It looked like he really wanted to punch her.

“In case you weren’t paying attention, it was our brother who was a victim of that filthy sleeping curse and not Eirwen. Eirwen broke his curse. It’s not just him that loves her. We all do. She’s a good person. We have a long list of your crimes, Alvah, and it’s time for you to pay for them.”

“Who *are* you, and why does it matter to you what I do? The Druids have no issues with my methods and none of you are Druids.”

Alaric stepped forward and ran his fingers through his hair.

“We’re the Seven Deadly Sins. Would you like us all to introduce ourselves and list all the ways you’ve blown your way through all seven?”

“And the pretty minor ones too,” Connor said.

“So, punish *her*,” Alvah shrieked. “She’s a fucking Succubus. She feeds off sex and uses it to manipulate people, just like her father. Kill her, give me her heart, and let me go.”

I stepped forward. This wasn’t my show, and it wasn’t my job to punish Alvah like it was my Sins, but I wasn’t letting that comment slide. My Sins might not want to hit her, but I did. I stepped forward and punched her right in the nose. Alvah’s surgically altered nose broke under my fist and her head snapped back. She looked dazed when she righted her head. I waited until she was back with me and the pain kicked in to say what I had to say.

“You know what I think, Alvah? I think you hadn’t gotten involved with an Incubus until you set your sights on my father. You were used to your little curses and dolls letting you get whatever you wanted. I think you felt helpless every time he used his touch to turn the tables and get you to turn over all your dolls so he could destroy your zombies. I think he was your target, but you killed him because you worried it wouldn’t be so easy to kill him knowing his touch made you weak. You set your sights on me instead because I was younger, and you didn’t want to leave New Orleans empty-handed.”

“I’m owed her heart!” Alvah yelled. Her voice was nasally with her broken nose and blood was pouring down her face. “These supernatural creatures look down on me because I’m human. They don’t know what I can do. They don’t know the power I had over them. I’m better than they are. I deserve to win!”

Tristan growled. “I’m tired of this. Most people show remorse when they finally meet us, but not this bitch. Eirwen, do you want to wail on her some more, or can we just end this?”

“Who did you pay to kill my father?” I demanded.

Alvah threw back her head and laughed. It was this horrible, gurgling sound with her broken nose.

“If you want the name of the person who did the deed, you let me walk out that door, and you all swear to never come for me.”

“Nice try,” Salem said. “It had to be someone on your payroll to carry off a hit like that. You were sloppy with Eirwen. Once Grove Security brings your chest to the Druids, they will look into your money, and we’ll get the name that way.”

Alvah scowled. “I know you went after Mark to hurt me. What’s a few million dollars to you? You just couldn’t let me be happy. You had to fuck him and get him arrested. We would have left together, and I would have gotten him a heart.”

I got right up in her face. I could have said nothing and let the Sins just end this, but I wanted to hurt her. Alvah had my father murdered, tried to have me killed, and when I kissed Tristan, it might not have worked. She’d killed I didn’t know how many supernatural creatures to steal their hearts to live longer. I didn’t want to think about how many zombies she had in New Orleans based on the amount that attacked the warehouse.

“I didn’t use a single Succubus trick on Mark to get him hard. He started blabbering about name meanings, and I insulted you. I barely even touched him to get him to tell me what your name means. Alvah apparently means *evil bitch*, by the way. He was ready to cheat on you just taking his coffee-stained shirt off in my office. I told him what a naughty boy he was and how tiny his cock was. He got off on me insulting him and came in under five minutes. Honestly, he was a lousy lay.”

Alvah shrieked and started straining against her bonds. She was ready to tear out my hair and claw my heart out with her bare hands. I stepped back and looked at Salem. I just assumed Salem would be the one doing the spell to undo the magic that was keeping Alvah alive.

“I’m done with her. Do what you need to do.”

Salem stepped forward with an ornate chalice and a knife. Alvah had the decency to look scared now and was screaming for anyone to help her. Sierra stopped Salem. I couldn’t imagine what Sierra had planned.

“Do you need her blood?” Sierra asked. Salem just nodded. “Instead of the knife, can I use my claws? I owe this bitch. She came at my extended family.”

“You keep that shifter bitch away from me!” Alvah shrieked. “She’s crazy.”

Sierra’s eyes flashed gold, and her canines and claws elongated. “You have no idea, bitch,” she hissed.

Salem just grinned. “Make it painful. She hurt my family too.”

I didn’t see what Sierra did with her claws, but Alvah’s neck was spurting blood when she stepped back. Salem held the chalice and collected blood until the wound on Alvah’s neck healed itself like she was a supernatural and not human. I couldn’t tell what kind of heart she had. The wound healed too slow for a Vampire or shifter. The Druids needed to call magic to heal, and I would have needed touch. Unless there was some other magic at play, Alvah had a Vampire or shifter heart that was running out of juice.

Alvah’s bronzed skin had gone deathly pale. Her face and torso were covered in blood. She spat at Salem when he stepped towards her.

“If you know the spell to end me, then you should have burned like my sisters. The Druids murdered us just for being more powerful than they were. They didn’t like that simple humans were getting powerful.”

Alvah let out a shriek when Salem painted a symbol in blood on her chest. It was like it burned her. I didn’t know any of the runes he was painting on her skin, but they seemed to cause a lot of pain. Alvah was totally limp in the chair when he was done. Salem stepped back and handed the chalice to Tristan.

“Your brothers and sisters were wiped from this Earth not because the Druids were jealous. You were playing with dangerous magic, and you were using it to harm anyone and everyone. You escaped capture and what do you do? You continue to murder and maim. You’re the last and this knowledge will die with you.”

Alvah was weak, but she gave him a bloody smile. “I’m not the last. I taught the trade to select disciples over the years. You can kill me, but my legacy will live on.”

“Guess again, bitch,” Alaric growled. “The Druids know old magic is being used again. If we don’t get to them, they will. End this, Salem.”

Salem started chanting in a language I didn’t know. I didn’t know what I was expecting. I’d seen people die before, but it was never someone who had cheated death by stealing hearts. I’d been with my father while supernatural death sentences were being carried out and had seen some horrible shit. I saw a human get hit by a car in college. Sierra and I had a thing for pizza night and grisly horror movies.

Nothing quite prepared me for watching Alvah finally pay for all her crimes. First, it was like the life started slowly getting sucked out of her. Fine lines started appearing around her eyes and mouth. They deepened as she aged in front of me. I watched as over two hundred stolen years caught up with Alvah. Her chest was still moving like she was breathing as her skin rotted off.

Soon, there was nothing left of Alvah but a skeleton and a still beating heart in the chest cavity. Was Alvah still alive in there? All the Sins started slowly backing up, and when the Seven Deadly Sins are punishing an ancient witch with magic you didn’t know and they are backing up, you’d best back up with them.

We were far away from Alvah’s skeleton when Salem threw up his hands and chanted some words I couldn’t even begin to repeat. The ward on the floor flashed blue and Alvah went up into flames. It was Druid flame since it was blue and not red like regular fire. Druid fire consumed everything in an instant.

I looked over at the Sins. The blue flames were flickering in their eyes as they watched the fire. By the time I turned back, the fire was out. Alvah and the chair she was in had been reduced to a pile of ash on the floor.

“Is that it? Is it finally over?” I asked.

Connor wrapped his arms around my waist.

“Alvah’s story is, but if she taught this kind of magic to other humans, then we need to get a message to the Druids.”

Tristan ran his fingers through his bloodied hair. “Let’s go home. There are some things we need to

talk about, and then I want a night alone with Eirwen. Eirwen helped me realize some things while I was cursed. I shouldn't have shut you all out after Haiti. It's time to talk about it."

None of the Sins said a single word to judge Tristan for his mood or not talking about his issues with them. They all clapped Tristan on the back while Salem went to open a portal. I stopped Salem.

"The assassins at the club set a bomb at the door. It's not blown in, but it's damaged. Why don't you all come back to my place now that we don't have to worry about Alvah?"

"Deal," Salem said. "But we have to portal back to the club first to secure it and get a few things. Tristan will need to take a shower. You said you had a Grove Security system at your house, so why don't we drive there and use the front door? There's been enough excitement for one night."

"Yeah, totally. Is anyone hungry? There's a place on Bourbon street open twenty-four hours that will deliver this late."

Sierra slung her arm around my shoulder. "Do you need me for girl time? Because I'd feel like something of a ninth wheel and me and one of the bear shifters from Grove were going to get shit faced if we pulled this off."

I squeezed her waist. "I want details later."

"So do I. You woke the panty perv, and I want details on that. Take us back to the club, Salem."

"Be nice to the bear, Sierra. They seemed nice, and they did us a solid," Salem said as he turned to open the portal back to the club.

Chapter 34



No one wanted me to see the outside of the club, but it couldn't be helped because we were taking cars to my house. Sierra had already fetched my car from its parking space in Bywater and parked it nearby. I had a million parking tickets that Tate made disappear. Tristan took a quick shower, and the guys packed up their clothes while I grabbed all of mine.

The bomb at the front door didn't blow it in, but it was dented in such a way that it wouldn't open anymore. Connor made a quick announcement to all the club members that the club would be closed for a few more days while repairs were being made, and Dermot said he would call a contractor in the morning.

They all tried to shield me on the way to my car, but it was a gruesome scene outside the club. I knew most of the zombies had just been knocked out, but I saw some of what happened with Tristan and the assassins Alvah sent. Tristan had been shot several times, and he had been armed with a sword and a mace. There was blood all over the ground outside and it didn't matter where I tried to step, some of it was getting on my shoes.

It had my mind whirling with what would have happened if the door had actually been blown in. My friends who I'd asked for help weren't indestructible like Tristan was. My friends really could have been hurt. I needed to invite my Nemesis demon friends for dinner for charging out there to take down those zombies.

The Sins had this massive black SUV with tinted windows. Tristan said he wanted to talk to his brothers, but he insisted on riding in my car. He wanted to open my door for me and was a perfect gentleman making sure it started okay after sitting while I recovered.

"I thought you wanted to talk to your brothers," I said, cranking my car up.

"I wanted to talk to you alone. I wanted to thank you. Not just for helping me while I was cursed, but for making me feel again. I didn't think you felt the same, but I was so glad to feel your lips on mine when the curse broke."

"I kissed you knowing I loved *you*, but I didn't know if it would work. I didn't know if you loved me back. We didn't exactly talk about that when I visited your dreams."

"Honestly, I thought I was on thin ice with you. I thought you were just visiting me because you were into my brothers. I didn't want to risk running you off by dropping that on you."

"What about you, Tristan? I know your brothers are into kink and sharing. I love all of you. Can you deal with that?"

"I'm not into tying women down and spanking them, but I wouldn't deny you and my brothers your love. Can *you* deal with that?"

"I don't have to be tied up and spanked all the time."

Tristan stroked my cheek with his calloused fingers. I took my eyes off the road a minute just to look at mine. His intense black eyes were trained on me.

“I’ve had thousands of years to learn how to please a woman that doesn’t involve spanking and handcuffs. Can I at least try to see if I can please you tonight?”

I grabbed Tristan’s hand and squeezed it. This new sensitive side of Tristan was nice, but I needed to let him know he didn’t need to prove anything to me.

“Tristan, I can be happy with plain, vanilla sex. You don’t have to do anything you’re uncomfortable with, and you have nothing to prove just because your brothers are into things I am. I’m sure we will have an amazing night together tonight.”

“Can it just be you and me tonight? I have no issues sharing you with my brothers, and I mean that in the bedroom too, but can I have you to myself tonight?”

I remembered what he said about not being with a woman since his wife. I knew what this meant to him, and I would never tell him no. I knew what Tristan had gone through and the answer would always be yes.

I took my hand off the steering wheel and stroked his stubbled cheek.

“It doesn’t just have to be tonight, Tristan. Just because I’m with all seven of you doesn’t mean I will want orgies every night. If you want it to be just you and me, ask. I will probably ask the same some nights.”

“I’m sorry, Eirwen. I think I’m the only one of us that hasn’t taken up with a Succubus over the years. I’ve rescued my brothers from some sticky situations. I don’t really have to step in and punish your kind, so I haven’t made a study of them. I know you need sex and I’ll try to meet your needs.”

“You know what else I need? Love and companionship. I don’t always need sex. Sometimes, snuggling and talking is just perfect. I’d love to just sit on the couch with you and a cold beer while we talked like we did in your dream.”

“That would be amazing. Tonight, I intend to show you how grateful I am for giving me peace.”

“Tristan, why do I get the feeling even though you say it will be totally vanilla, I will hardly be able to handle it?”

Tristan threw back his head and laughed. “I’m not without my skills.”

“Thousands of years’ worth of skills,” I reminded him.

“How long is the drive to your place?”

“About twenty more minutes.”

Tristan let out a chuckle. “I’d ask to give you a preview and some car shenanigans, but I want my first time in your pants to be something you remember.”

“Why do I have this feeling you’ve been plotting while you were in that dream world?”

“Not at first, but I’m still a man, and there was nothing else to do.”

I laughed. “I’m glad it worked when I kissed you, Tristan.”

“I’m actually starving. Tell me about this place you ordered food from. I didn’t need to eat when I was cursed, but it seems like it’s all caught up with me.”

“Creole food. They are open twenty-four hours because they are in the Quarter and get the drunk tourist business. But they have a huge local following too and started delivering two years ago. Sierra and I order from them all the time. I think Kobe will like the food. It’s authentic and made fresh

to order.”

“Sounds good. I’ll tell you a secret about my brother. He enjoys eating, sure. But he enjoys watching people enjoy his cooking more. I’ve eaten with all of you, remember? I think Kobe gets off on watching you eat.”

“You should have seen all of them when they caught me cooking for them.”

“Ah, yes. I imagine that would be a rare treat for them. Eirwen, you have to keep in mind, none of them have been married. Most of their attempts to cohabit with a woman have ended in total disaster. We are ancient, but I don’t think any of them have taken up with a woman who was ever nice enough to cook for them before. It always ended in sadness and takeout containers.”

“Seriously? You’re making me sound like their first girlfriend. With the amount of time you have been on this Earth?”

“Salem has been in love before and had girlfriends. He keeps getting his heartbroken or pressured into having sex when he doesn’t want to. Salem and I have talked about it. He wants love. He feels love deeply, but he doesn’t feel sexual attraction and he has no desire to do the deed. Before he gave up totally, Salem would date, fall deeply in love with someone who said they understood him, then it would always come down to sex and the relationship would end.”

“I love Salem too, and I’d never do that to him. I have the rest of you for that. Salem and I can just snuggle.”

“The rest of my brothers have had lust and infatuation, but never love. Not until you showed up at our door. They wouldn’t have brought you into our apartment if they hadn’t felt something from you at the front door.”

“You didn’t feel it,” I pointed out.

“Actually, I did,” Tristan admitted. “I was drawn to you, and it felt like a betrayal to my wife. I was looking for every reason to distrust you so we could kick you out. The reason your friend caught my digging in your underwear drawer so hard was that I didn’t want to look at you in something so revealing because I liked it too much. I hated myself for it and decided to just leave. I went around talking to everyone I could to find a reason to hate you and kick you out of our apartment.”

“Why do you think we are all drawn to each other the way we are? I’m not a shifter. I don’t smell my mate, mark them, and then they become the center of my world. I’m not a Vampire where I have a little blood, and a bond starts. The Druids and the Succubae aren’t like that. We don’t have bonds or mates like that.”

“We don’t know what we have as Sins. Maybe I let Alvah go because fate knew it would eventually lead us to you. I have no idea.”

“Why, Tristan, are you actually thinking positively now?”

“I finally have hope again, Eirwen. Alvah is gone, and I have you.”

“This is me,” I said, pressing the button on my remote to open the gate to my house.

Tristan let out a low whistle. “Much better digs than that apartment.”

“You should see my bed. I had it custom made because Sierra always ends up in my bed as her cat. All of you should fit, but tonight it’s just you and me.”

“I need to talk to my brothers and eat a ton of food first.”

“Just let me get in the driveway, and I’ll order the food while you talk.”

Chapter 35



The Sins were all sprawled out in my living room, listening to Tristan's tale. None of them interrupted; they just let him talk. And Tristan talked. He talked about his wife, he talked about the darkness he had been trying to run from, and he made me blush by talking about finding his salvation in the sleeping curse with me.

The food arrived before he got to the Baka killing his family. Tristan only paused his story to rave about the food. I could tell they all liked it because I ordered enough to have leftovers for breakfast, and they ate everything instead.

I sat through the entire story sitting between Tristan and Alaric. I ordered my favorite Eggplant Pirogue and mowed my way through it. I didn't think I would have an appetite for a week after watching Alvah die like that, but then I realized I was starving. This place had an Oreo bread pudding that I loved, and I ordered a ton for dessert.

I was happily eating my dessert and watching my men talking out their issues. Tristan had just finished up his story.

"Anyway, I'm sorry I shut all of you out and was a total dick. You didn't deserve that. I was just in a bad place. I shouldn't have taken it out on you."

Connor slapped him on the back. "No worries, man. You're in a good place now, though, right?"

Tristan grabbed my hand and traced my palm with his thumb. "Yeah, thanks to Eirwen."

"It's the magic vagina," Connor said.

Tristan swatted the back of his head. "Don't be crude. I haven't made love to her yet, though I intend to remedy that tonight."

"What now? I mean after Tristan and I get our loving on."

"Well, we want to stay here in New Orleans with you," Adamo said. "We must leave for business, and if Alvah really has taught her craft to disciples, we will have to hunt them down. Can you deal with us staying here, but having to leave sometimes?"

"As long as you always come back to me. What will happen with Alvah's minions?" I asked.

Salem cleared his throat. "I called Damek in the car. I warned him there might be other people in New Orleans she's taught old-world magic to. We know she intended to teach it to Mark, but I don't think she's gotten there yet. Tate has a Druid in there with him trying to figure it out."

Kobe was practically mouth fucking the spoon he was eating his bread pudding with.

"Good burn at the end there with Alvah and Mark. I think you got her where it hurt."

"Less than five minutes? What did you do to him, Eirwen?" Dermot asked.

"Exactly what I said. I was riding his cock. I'd barely gotten started. He wanted me to insult both him and his cock. I'd thought up a fantastic burn for his dick, and he just came everywhere," I shrugged. "His dick wasn't small at all. He was just one of those guys with a big dick that thought that was enough. He didn't know how to use it. He thought simply being big and sticking it in a vagina

was enough to make me orgasm. Honestly, it was probably the worst lay of my life.”

“We know what to do with our big cocks,” Dermot purred.

“Yes, I know. Eventually, I’m going to have to sample all of you at once. I want a big Sin orgy. But tonight is just Tristan and me.”

Connor just started laughing. “Tristan, why don’t you go prepare.”

“Prepare for what?” I said.

“Tristan will have to prepare the bedroom,” Kobe said. “It’s just what he does.”

“Which room is yours?” Tristan asked.

“Very end of the hall,” I said.

Tristan disappeared with a little skip in his step. I looked back at the other men who were hiding little smiles.

“I thought Tristan wasn’t into kink. I’m not going to get in there with tarps all over the room, am I?”

“When he would disappear with a woman, he would always have to prepare the room first. Don’t ask us what he does in there,” Alaric said.

“Tristan is a bit of a romantic deep down,” Salem said.

“Salem, can we get some cuddle time tomorrow? I’ll never ask you to do anything you aren’t comfortable with.”

Salem beamed at me. “I know. I’ll be working with Damek on and off tomorrow and trying to track down some of the women Alvah might have passed her knowledge on to, but I want my snuggle time.”

“And you’ll get it.”

“I want those feet,” Adamo said.

I kicked my feet into his lap. He started massaging my feet while Tristan got up to whatever he was doing in my bedroom. It seemed to be taking forever for him to come out, and I kept coming up with all kinds of things he could do in there.

Tristan finally appeared in the living room. He was shirtless, and he had his sword strapped to his waist. He gave me a deep bow.

“Lady Eirwen, may I request your presence in your bedroom so I may make sweet love to you?”

How the fuck did that make me blush? Should I curtsy? I got up and took his hand. Tristan led me back to my bedroom. Why was I so nervous?

Chapter 36



Tristan covered my eyes with his rough hands and led me down the hall. The closer I got to my bedroom, the more I could smell vanilla and brown sugar. Tristan had gotten into my scented candle stash, and I had a ton of those. He walked me into my bedroom and let his hands trail from my eyes to down around my waist. He had turned down the bed, dimmed the lights, and the entire room was lit with what must be my entire candle stash.

“Tristan, this is—”

“No talking. We aren’t starting here. Come this way,” he whispered.

Tristan tugged me to my bathroom. He’d drawn me a bubble bath. My jacuzzi tub was lined with candles, and he’d used my favorite sandalwood bubble bath. Tristan led me over to the mirror and grabbed my hairbrush. I moaned as he gently brushed my hair. I broke into goosebumps when he swept it off my neck and expertly twisted it into a bun.

“You’re good at that,” I whispered.

“Let me show you what else I’m good at. I had all kinds of ideas when I saw your bathtub,” he said, pressing himself against my back.

He whirled me around and claimed my mouth. Tristan’s kisses left me weak in the knees. He tugged my shift off and undressed me like I was breakable. He pulled his own clothes off, and I barely got the chance to admire his body before he pulled me over to the bathtub. I traced the tattoos on his chest.

“You must tell me the story of all your tattoos one day.”

Tristan lifted my chin and kissed me again. “We’ll make a date of it. Beers and snuggling on the sofa while I tell you all about how I got all my tattoos.”

“Perfect,” I sighed, pressed myself against him for another kiss.

Who exactly was weaving a spell here? I would have given Tristan anything he wanted right now. Tristan helped me into the tub and I leaned back against his chest. I sighed and settled in. I could feel his erection behind my back. I reached underneath me to grab it and he stopped me.

“Not just yet, Eirwen. I like to take my time,” Tristan said, licking my ear. “I want to taste that delicious neck.”

Tristan nipped and licked my neck as I writhed against him. He still hadn’t touched me. He had his hands resting against my stomach. All he was doing was kissing my neck, and my entire body was a live wire. I moaned when his hands came up to cup my breasts. Tristan lightly flicked my nipples and little jolts went through my body.

“I love it when you moan my name,” Tristan growled in my ear. “You will scream it before I’m done with you.”

All I could do was whimper. Tristan slipped his hand between my thighs and started making slow circles on my clit. Tristan was doing things to my neck that should be illegal. I was moaning and

writhing in his lap as he teased me. Between the hot water and his hard body underneath me, I was coming undone.

I forgot where I was for a minute.

“Do I have permission,” I gasped.

Tristan clamped his teeth down on my ears. “I’m not my brothers. You always have permission with me. I want you coming as often as you can. I want one limp Succubus when I’m done with you. How am I doing?” he asked.

Just then, he slipped two fingers inside me and let his palm grind up against my clit. All I could do was hiss and nearly jumped out of the tub. Tristan just chuckled. He kissed the top of my head.

“Time to get out. The water is getting cold.”

“What?”

“Oh, I’m not done with you yet.”

Tristan dried me off and carried me to bed. He gave me the most sensuous massage I’d probably ever been given in my entire life. I normally slipped off to sleep during massages, but Tristan’s fingers kept slipping, making sure I stayed wide awake.

When he rolled me over, his black eyes were smoldering, and I was about ready to beg for it. He ran his finger down my cheek.

“What to do with you now?”

“What do you want to do, Tristan?”

“I can’t decide if I want to taste you or make love to you.”

I grabbed him and pulled him down to kiss me. Tristan growled when I bit his tongue.

“Make love to me. I can’t wait anymore.”

Tristan looked at me through hooded black eyes. “Is that so? Do I have the Succubus out of control?”

I wrapped my hand around his cock and started tugging gently. Tristan moaned and buried his face in my neck.

“I need you, Tristan.”

I did. There were times I needed just this—sweetness and romance. I had no idea Tristan was capable of this, but here we were.

“I need you too,” he whispered.

Tristan slid into me slowly. He took his time. It wasn’t raw and feral. It was hot and passionate. I saw a whole different side to Tristan. Tristan really was a romantic. He’d bring me right to the peak, then crush his lips down on mine and send me crashing down. To say he had stamina was an understatement.

He was right. By the time he was done with me, I was one limp Succubus. He pulled me to his chest, and I inhaled his scent. He smelled of spice and smoke. I was shaking in his arms as he stroked my back.

“Holy shit, Tristan.”

“Shh. Go to sleep. We still have to deal with the Alvah fall out in the morning. It’s not over just yet.

Enjoy this while it lasts.”

“Dahlia! Is she—”

“Sleep, Eirwen. Deal with it in the morning.”

Tristan wasn’t my Dom. He wasn’t into that kind of lifestyle at all. I’d never ask him to. But he said that in sort of a Dom voice. I nestled into his chest.

“Yes, Sir,” I said.

I was sleeping in seconds.

Chapter 37



Tristan was awake and watching me sleeping when I finally woke up. I looked at the clock on the nightstand, and I hadn't realized I had slept so late. It was almost eleven. Sierra and the rest of the Sins had to be awake now. I tried to blink the sleep from my eyes. Tristan just kissed my forehead.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"You needed your sleep. Come on. Get dressed, and we can all meet. Sierra is here. She stuck her head in to check on you. She warned me about looking in your panty drawer again."

"She's just protective of me."

Tristan kissed me again. "I like your friend, Eirwen. I like that she's protective of you. She'll get used to me. She has a bear shifter with her. I could sense him in the living room."

I reached out with my senses, and I could feel him too. I could feel a Vampire and another shifter in the house too. I knew that Vampire.

"Dahlia is here?"

"Get dressed and come to the living room, Eirwen. Dahlia is safe now."

I threw on yoga pants and a tank top while Tristan got dressed. I went charging into the living room. Kobe handed me a plate of food before I even had a chance to talk.

"Did you go grocery shopping?" I asked.

I was sure all the food in my house had gone bad.

"Yeah, we did. And we had Dahlia and Orion come by so you could see she was safe. We found her when we stormed Alvah's. We called Orion to keep her safe after we destroyed her doll and talismans. She must give testimony Alvah attacked her and was keeping her hostage," Kobe said.

"I'm so sorry, Eirwen," Dahlia said. "It was like I could see everything happening, but I couldn't stop it from happening. I didn't want to attack you."

I was listening to her apology, but I wasn't mad at her. I was focused more on her hand in the huge shifter's sitting next to her. I took my plate and sat next to her. I squeezed Dahlia's thigh.

"I'm so glad you finally met Orion. We knew something was off from the start. You don't know how happy I am to see you with Orion. Did Alvah hurt you? I should be the one apologizing to you. Alvah wouldn't have targeted you if it weren't for me. How did she find you?"

"We go to the same gym. They allow her to be a member even if she's human. She must have overheard me whispering to my best friend in the locker room and stole hair from my brush when I wasn't looking. That's the only thing I can think of. My best friend isn't in the lifestyle, but she knows I am. She knows I've had this long-standing fantasy about being punished by a woman. I was excited and telling her about it before work in the locker room.

"After she had my hair, it was too late. She forced me to come to her office and give her my blood too. I couldn't stop myself. I couldn't stop anything she made me do. I was so grateful when someone knocked me out, but then she woke me and made me come to her.

“I didn’t have my phone or credit cards. I had to walk the entire way to her house in seven-inch heels. My feet were bleeding, but I couldn’t stop walking. When I got to her house, she let me in and tied me down. She kept asking me detailed questions about the club and who ran it. I didn’t want to tell her, honest. I couldn’t stop. I did not understand what the Masters were, just that they weren’t anything I’d met before. She kept demanding I figure it out. It really pissed her off that she didn’t know.”

“Her gym!” I said, smacking myself in the forehead. “That would be the perfect place to steal hair from brushes. She wouldn’t care who or what they were. She’d just use their hair and the fact that they worked out to send them to the warehouse. If she was using the hair to force people to give her blood, there’s no telling who all she’s cursed. I wondered how she got to Regina.”

Sierra was snuggled into the blond bear shifter’s lap. I was feeling something from both of them that just made my heart sing. I’d never felt that from Sierra before.

“I want to know what happened at Alvah’s. How did the bitch finally go down? Cullen was there, but he’s torturing me for the story.”

Cullen. So, that was his name. Sierra was into him, or she would have been out the door because he was playing games giving her what she wanted. Cullen nipped at the tip of her ear.

“You know what I want before I’ll tell you that story.”

“You know what I want before I let you mark me, you ass.”

“Cullen is your mate?” I shrieked.

That’s what I was feeling from them. I was so happy for her. Sierra looked over the moon, and it looked like she fit well in his arms. What was she waiting for, anyway?

“Yeah, and if I come home marked and my dad hasn’t met Cullen, he will murder both of us. Plus, I want to take my time and get to know each other first. Cullen just wants to jump in and do it without meeting my dad first.”

Dermot cracked his knuckles and stood up. “Meet her dad first, man. This is my element. Allow me to regale the tale of taking down Alvah.”

Adamo rolled his eyes. “Are we going to let him do this again?”

Salem just sighed. “Oh, let him. He’s earned it.”

“He’s already had three beers,” Kobe groaned. “You know how he gets when he’s drunk.”

Alaric just flipped his hair back. “You have to admit, he has style.”

Tristan just smiled. “Give him this one thing.”

Connor grinned. “Sierra will rip someone’s balls off if she doesn’t get that story, and Eirwen deserves to know. Just let Dermot do this thing.”

I did not understand what was going on with Dermot and his drunken stories, but now that I knew Dahlia was safe and she had finally met Orion, I needed to know what happened at Alvah. I thought this would be over when she died, but apparently, it wasn’t. I needed to know exactly what they found at her place. I thought it was just my board and a few random people. That my high school sweetheart showed up at the club along with five other assassins and an army of zombies told me Alvah had some kind of empire going in New Orleans.

“Tell us, Dermot,” I said.

“Buckle up, princess,” Tristan said. “If Dermot hasn’t told you a battle story before, he gets pretty into it.”

“Are you all done harshing my storytelling skills? You forget, there used to be a time I would entertain entire taverns and get us free drinks and wenches.”

“Can we actually tell the story instead of just talking about telling it?” Sierra grumped.

“Okay, listen up, bitches,” Dermot said, striking a pose in front of my television. “We geared up and jumped through the portal. We were ready for anything. When we jumped through that portal, we landed in Alvah’s bedroom. She was sitting at a big table of evil in a tiny nightie listening to the only music you can do real evil to. She was controlling her various zombies and blood curses to the dulcet tones of the known sadist Peter Warlock.

“It was fucking crazy. Her table was covered with dolls wrapped in hair and vials of blood. It was so unsanitary. It was like you could get magical herpes just looking at that table. She was waving totems and chanting so hard the bitch didn’t even notice a portal just opened in her bedroom, and six of the Seven Deadly Sins just jumped through.

“Almost as soon as we popped through, a second portal opens, and the bear shifters show up. Alvah is still just sitting there with the whites of her eyes showing chanting up a storm. So, at this point, there are six Sins and seven huge bear shifters in the bedroom and it’s getting crowded. That crazy bitch still hasn’t noticed us. She’s still in some trance at the table of nastiness.

“Bitch still didn’t know she wasn’t alone until Salem started chanting and knocked her straight out of her magical boots. Alvah tried chanting again. Salem told us she gave her zombies an order to get you or die trying. She still thought she had a way out of this, and she would get your heart. There was that Sin of Pride again. Outnumbered and outmatched in magic and she still thought she would walk out of there.

“Even when she realized Salem was better at magic than she was, she didn’t realize she was done for. That crazy bitch ordered the bear shifters to tear us apart. She’s yelling about how the bear shifters are just filthy animals and stupid for not following her orders while Connor is tying her up.

“She offered the bears money to kill us and bring her Eirwen. She offered extra if they killed Sierra too. Cullen already knew she was his mate, and all the bears had to stop him from eating her. Salem had to open the portal and get her out of there before Cullen shifted and ate her face off. Honestly, if we didn’t need to talk to her, we would have just let him.”

Sierra turned around and started mauling Cullen with kisses.

“You really tried to eat her because she threatened me?”

To Sierra, that was the most romantic thing a guy could do for her. She’d better get Cullen to her dad because even though she said she wanted to take things slow, at the rate she was making out with Cullen on that chair, she would drag him back to her bedroom in my house and end up marked. Tate would flip if his baby girl got marked, and he didn’t meet her mate first. It would be like we were back in high school and snuck out again, except this time, we were too old to punish. Tate wouldn’t just be mad. He would be heartbroken Sierra didn’t bring Cullen home first.

“Uh, Sierra? Think of Tate before you fuck your bear right in front of us.”

Cullen tangled his hands in her hair, but pulled away. “As much as I want to mark you, I don’t want to make a bad impression with your dad from the get-go.”

“After we’re done here, we will meet my dad,” Sierra announced.

“What happened with everything seized at Alvah’s?” I asked.

Salem stepped in. “I’ve been in contact with Damek. His father is on the Druid council. They had to do a spell to identify who the dolls and blood belonged to, and then they destroyed it with Druid fire. The Druid Council is working with the shifters on the police force to track Alvah’s money. It would make sense if she passed old-world magic to someone, they are paying her money. Alvah does nothing out of the goodness of her heart.”

“What about Regina? We dated way before Alvah showed up in New Orleans. It ended badly, but as far as I knew, she didn’t stay in New Orleans when she graduated high school. The last I heard, she had moved to Los Angeles and started a business.”

Sierra snapped to attention. “I talked to my dad before you woke up. After they destroyed her blood, Regina started talking. She came to town ten years ago to visit her family. She said she ran into your dad and Alvah when she was out eating. She tried to say hi to your dad, but he gave her the cold shoulder because of what she did to you. Alvah must have asked why because your dad was friendly to everyone.

“She ran into Alvah again when she was getting her hair trimmed. I think when my dad traces her bank account, he will find she’s been paying several salons for their hair clippings. She said it forced her to Alvah’s house and gave her blood.

“Alvah let her go back to Los Angeles, but Regina was being forced to send her money from her company. Alvah would summon her when she needed dirty work done. It was Regina that murdered your father, Eirwen. Alvah forced her to do it.”

That made little sense. Regina cracked when we came face to face. How did she manage to take out an Incubus as old as my father? It would have taken someone highly trained to take him out, and if she took my father out, I should be dead too if Alvah sent her after me.

“The Regina I knew in high school wasn’t capable of taking out an Incubus as old as my father. I know she was cursed, but Alvah can’t give her knowledge she didn’t already have, right?”

“The Regina that left high school *is* capable of taking out your dad. When she left high school, she enlisted in the Druid Special Forces. When she got out, she started a company for personal bodyguards,” Sierra said.

“Then why am I alive? Regina fell apart when she broke in. She didn’t attack me like she was Druid Special Forces. She was more like a crazed stalker.”

“I can answer that,” Salem said. “Now that Sierra is filling in some pieces, Alvah sent Regina for you for a reason. She didn’t know if you were awake or asleep. If you were awake, she wanted you to see she controlled your first heartbreak. She altered the curse on Regina’s blood because of how much she hated you.

“She wanted you to think Regina loved you again, but turned you over to her anyway. Love spells are notoriously tricky, and they rarely do what you want them to do. Alvah should have learned this by now. If Alvah hadn’t gotten petty and played with Regina’s curse, things would have gone down

very differently at the apartment.”

“Her hatred of me was deeper than just Mark. We hated each other on sight, but why did she get so careless with me? If she’s managed to elude all of you for so long, why get careless now? It’s more than just pride.”

Tristan squeezed my knee. “I think I know. I don’t think Alvah ever went after someone with a child as young as you before. Furthermore, I don’t think she’s ever targeted someone as close with their child as you were with your father. She was used to being the center of her target’s world, and I don’t think she’d ever attempted to take on an Incubus before. Alvah was losing control from the moment she targeted an Incubus.”

“But Alvah is over two hundred years old. You mean to tell me she never took an Incubus heart before?”

“A heart can last Alvah about seventy-five years,” Salem said. “We found her previous targets too late. She mostly stuck to Vampires before. It was the same trick she used when the Vampires had her hostage. This knowledge was understandably wiped out, but if someone consumes a certain concoction of herbs before a Vampire drinks their blood, the Vampire becomes drunk and docile. They become susceptible to deeper magic.”

“We weren’t all that sure Alvah was really here when we heard about your dad,” Tristan said. “It was always Vampires before. Alaric was feeling an intense pull to New Orleans. Alvah got too big for her breeches and took on an Incubus instead of her usual MO. There were just too many other signs Alvah was here before we nailed her down and came. She made several mistakes in New Orleans besides changing things up. She would fly under the radar in other areas. Alvah became a Voodoo Queen here and advertised her services. She became VP of a major worldwide corporation. It was like she advertised her downfall.”

“Maybe she was tired and wanted it all to end,” Cullen suggested.

“No,” we all said at once.

“Alvah wanted it all,” Alaric said. “I could taste her Pride, even when we had her in a Druid ward strapped to a chair. All seven of us were there, and so was Eirwen and Sierra. Alvah still had such a massive ego that she thought we would let her walk. She thought she deserved all the hearts she stole. She thought she was owed Eirwen’s heart after all the trouble she went through to get it. She straight up expected us to untie her, let her steal our girlfriend’s heart, and let her walk.”

Salem just shook his head. “Madness probably played a part in it too. Humans aren’t meant to live that long, and all magic has a price. There’s no telling what those stolen hearts were doing to her mind.”

We had no way of knowing. It wasn’t like we could sit there and let Alvah tell us. I don’t think she was capable. All Alvah would have done was talk about how much she hated me and bluster about how my Sins should give her my heart. One of them would have snapped. Sierra would have snapped. I would have eventually heard enough and tried to maim her myself.

We could have tortured her. I could have beat the shit out of her for my father, Tristan, and what she did to me. It wouldn’t make me feel better. Sleeping in my own bed and knowing innocent people weren’t being targeted because of me would make me feel better. Having my board back, who were like my extended family, would make me feel better. Not having to look over my shoulder would be

good.

Seeing Sierra with her mate and realizing I could just be happy with the Seven Deadly Sins now that Alvah was gone? That was fucking perfect.

Chapter 38



It was so nice to walk into my office after being on break and know it was now Alvah free. There were a few issues that needed taking care of, including replacing Alvah as VP with someone I knew and trusted. As soon as I sat down at my desk, Sierra brought me coffee, and I called a board meeting.

My board was apologetic, like it was their fault Alvah turned them into zombies. It wasn't like they could control what they did when she had dolls of all of them. I just stood and faced my board.

"I'd like to put all this unpleasantness with Alvah behind us. No one is at fault for decisions that were made while you were under her control, but we have work to do repairing the damage she did while she had control of the board. There were decisions you outvoted me on that I was against that damaged our public image and impacted employee morale. There were things I wanted to do that would have boosted us into the future that were voted against. We have major changes to make in the upcoming months.

"I'm appointing a new VP. This has nothing to do with the fact that all of you were under Alvah's control and everything to do with the fact that this person has been my right hand from the start and actually helped me with several of the ideas I had to further the company. She's wasted fetching coffee and typing notes. If she accepts, I think my assistant Sierra would make an amazing VP of this company."

The board all looked at me with their jaws hanging open. Sierra wasn't upper-class inner circle like the rest of them. I wasn't doing this because she was my best friend. I talked all my ideas out with her and she always had suggestions to make them better. Sierra didn't need to be anyone's assistant. She needed to be moving pieces.

Sierra was there to take notes, and she had no idea I was doing this. Sierra, being Sierra, jumped up and shrieked.

"Bitch, are you insane?"

I needed to prove to Sierra she could do this, and I needed to prove to the board that this wasn't nepotism.

"Who noticed the windfall on the reports that we could have used to give bonuses to our employees?"

"I did, but—"

"You can read reports just as well as I can. When I had the idea for expanding and working with the Druids on biotech, who knew exactly who we should work with and the best site to set up shop?"

"Well, I know people—"

"Exactly. You know people we should work with, but might not be because of their last name. This board needs fresh blood and fresh ideas. I'm not revamping my father's entire company, but I do want you as my VP, Sierra. You can help me work with the current board to undo the damage Alvah did and bring this company to the next level."

Osran, one of my oldest board members, finally closed his mouth and looked to Sierra.

“I wanted to vote for every single idea you put forth since you took over, but it was like I couldn’t. You say the young shifter contributed to those ideas and can bring new blood?”

“I do. I’m not making this decision lightly. Especially after what Alvah has done to my family’s legacy.”

Osran gave Sierra a kind smile. “Then if you’ll take it, welcome to the board, Sierra. I look forward to working alongside you.”

Now Sierra’s mouth was wide open as the rest of the board showed their support for her taking over as VP. She finally broke into a grin.

“Thank you, Eirwen. I’d be honored to serve on this board. You will have problems finding an assistant as kick-ass as I was.”

“You were always more than my assistant, Sierra. It’s time you had the title to go with it.”

Chapter 39



My board meeting took all day and was grueling. Sierra made me so proud. I'd long thought she was wasted as my assistant, but she wouldn't have worked anywhere else but beside me, and there hadn't been an opening on the board before Alvah finally kicked the bucket for good. I was so glad she didn't totally flip her shit and go storming out the room. I think she was so shocked I just suggested she take over as VP for a company like mine that she was glued to her seat long enough for me to talk her into it.

While I was at work, the Sins were doing their thing. Tristan and Salem were working with Tate and the Druids to track down anything related to Alvah. Dermot, Connor, Alaric, and Kobe were working on repairs to the club.

I was late getting home, but I expected to get home first. Everyone was waiting for me. It was kind of nice having people to come home to. Kobe cooked a full meal, and Tristan was busy. Tate was there with Cullen when Sierra arrived home with me. Tristan was my romantic. I guess he plotted for Tate, Cullen, and Sierra to all eat together at my house so Sierra and Cullen could make their announcement before they marked each other in a fit of passion.

When Sierra and I saw everyone, Sierra knew it could have only been Salem or Tristan who invited Cullen and Tate to dinner, and I'd been trying to talk Tristan up to her. She walked straight up to Tristan and I had no idea if she would punch him in the face again. She just punched him in the arm.

"That's a major step in the right direction, panty perv."

Tristan's lips twitched up in a grin. He gave Sierra a little bow.

"I was worried I would offend milady's honor if I saw her in such clothes and was trying to find her something that covered more."

Sierra just narrowed her gaze. "Okay, Tristan. We are cool. Daddy, meet Cullen, my mate."

Tate's eyes lit up when he realized the other shifter in the room was Sierra's mate. He pulled Cullen into a big hug.

"So, this whole Alvah nightmare has a silver lining. Welcome to the family, Cullen."

"I called my parents to come tonight so they could meet everyone. They wanted to come, but they are babysitting a sick grandbaby tonight."

"Tell them to come to my place any time," Tate said. "I'd love to meet everyone."

I realized how much I loved having this many people in my house. There was so much love in the room. I wanted to spend my dinner just laughing and eating. I wanted to forget Alvah for one night. We should be celebrating. We did for a little while. Tate and Cullen were happy with Sierra for her new position. The rest of us were glad for Sierra and Cullen, and I couldn't take my eyes off Tate, who was beaming at his daughter.

I thought we could make it through the entire night without invoking my wicked stepmother's name, but Sierra never could let anything rest. That was part of why she was my new VP.

“What about Alvah’s bitchy friends in New Orleans?”

Tate just groaned.

“Some of her human Voodoo friends will have to disappear. We started locally. There have been some suspiciously large money transfers to her from people the Druid council already had their eyes on. We have made nothing public about Alvah yet since we know she might have been passing around things she shouldn’t. There will be raids in the upcoming days. We’ve already started tracing the money globally and contacting other councils. They are talking about bringing in the Druid Special Forces on this one.”

That just made me think about Regina. Not even people who dated me in high school were safe when it came to Alvah. Regina left and had this entire life. She ran her own company as I did. Her whole life was ruined on a simple visit to her parents just because Alvah wanted to hurt me.

“What will happen to Regina for killing my father?”

“She wanted me to pass a message to you that she’s sorry and that she never intended to hurt you again. She wants to help in any way she can. She’s offered to join the Druid Special Forces again to prevent this from happening again. Honestly, everyone is scratching their heads, trying to figure out what to do with her. Everyone has come together trying to figure this out. The shifters and Vampires think she should walk and get her revenge. The Incubi and Succubae want her dead for killing one of their own, even if she didn’t do it of her own accord. The Druids think letting a fellow Druid with a vendetta out of jail is a recipe for disaster.”

“What about my opinion?” I said. “It was my father, and the only reason Regina even got brought into this was because of me.”

I knew deep down all of this was Alvah’s doing, but there was still a part of me that blamed myself for the people that Alvah used to hurt me. That she would go all the way back to Regina just showed how truly fucked up she was. And the fucked up part was, I kept blaming myself instead of Alvah because Regina killed my father under a curse. Alvah had probably long planned on killing him, but the fact that she used Regina to do it was messing with my head.

“I’ll let your opinion be known, Eirwen. What do you think we should do with Regina?” Tate said.

“Regina’s only fault in this was the fact that we dated in high school. Alvah used that to hurt my father and me. Regina was cursed and had no control over what she was doing. Why can’t she join the Special Forces again and stop this from happening again? Maybe it’ll give her closure.”

Kobe grabbed my hand and squeezed it. “Regina wasn’t your fault. She was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I agree, everyone Alvah hurt deserves closure, including you. How can we help?”

I shrugged. I really didn’t want to talk about this tonight. I had felt so good at the board meeting taking my company back and appointing Sierra as VP. I felt even better when I saw Tristan set it up so Tate and Cullen could have dinner with us.

Would this ever end? Why couldn’t Alvah just die? She had to leave behind a legacy. The people she cursed or turned into zombies were fully aware the entire time she was using them. They had to watch themselves do things against their will with no way to fight it.

I was sure my entire board needed therapy, but as far as I knew, she just used them to manipulate the company, and we could fix that now. It was worse for many of her victims. Dahlia and Orion clicked

and from what I understood, she was staying with him. He was helping her get through it. For people like Regina, who actually killed for her, it was a million times worse. Regina was rotting in a cell with no one to talk to except cops wanting to find out what else Alvah made her do.

I just shrugged. I had no idea how to get closure from Alvah. Would making sure her disciples couldn't repeat her performance help me? Would helping everyone who got hurt because Alvah wanted to hurt me help? I had no idea.

I wasn't alone in this. The Seven Deadly Sins wanted to help me. Fuck, they were living with me now. Sierra would not let up until I let this go. And this was New Orleans. The entire community would come together once this got out to make sure everyone Alvah hurt was fixed, and they punished everyone who was working with her. It was just the New Orleans way.

Chapter 40



New Orleans might take our time eating, drinking, and telling a story, but we didn't fuck around if someone got hurt. Druid Special Forces were already here, and the raid on Alvah's human Voodoo friends was done so quickly and so quietly, the only reason I even knew about it was that Tristan and Salem were with them and told me.

I didn't want to be passive anymore. So much of this had just been done *to* me. I wanted to retake control of my life like I had done with my company. I didn't know all the magic Salem did. I didn't know all the ways to kill like the rest of the Sins did. I hadn't spent years looking into Alvah and old-world magic like they had. But I was used to grilling people and Alvah's friends were more likely to talk if they were mad. And they hated me.

I thought everyone would tell me no. I wasn't a cop. I wasn't a Druid. My only part in this investigation was that I was the target. It shocked me when Tate welcomed me to come in and question Alvah's little friends. He also thought I should talk to Regina. Everyone was still deciding her fate, no matter what my opinion was.

I'd always had my evil side, though not like Alvah's evil bitch side. I'd never kill anyone or steal a heart, but I could be an epic asshole when I wanted to be. Alvah was dead and now I realized I didn't get enough digs in before I watched her turn into a pile of dust. I was tired of wallowing. I was cranky about what Alvah brought to my front door. I couldn't take it out on her, but I could fight back and make sure what she did to me couldn't be repeated.

Alvah's Voodoo friends came from money and were just as snobbish as she was. They had the same attitude she did about the raids on their houses. They thought if they gave the investigators enough snark, they would walk, no matter what they found at their houses. They demanded lawyers like human cops were questioning them.

The Druids could have used a spell and gotten into their heads, but that was mostly forbidden on humans and was only ever done in extreme circumstances. A lot of times, the person, human or supernatural, wasn't the same afterwards. That was where I came in. When I entered the warehouse, they were all being held in, even the Druid Special Forces were grateful to see me after Tate explained my relationship with these women.

As I went cell to cell, I felt powerful. Alvah's little empire in New Orleans started to crumble. As soon as her little friends laid eyes on me, they totally lost their shit. If they hadn't been handcuffed to the table in the center of a Druid ward, they might have gotten some of the blood they wanted to draw with their long, manicured fingernails.

I'd been dealing with angry people my entire life. They were yelling at me or yelling at my father. I'd grown up watching my father masterfully handle them. I just sat there smirking at Alvah's little friends, and then I let my passive-aggressive flag fly as I taunted them in a way that would make a Southern Baptist grandmother proud.

One by one, Alvah's friend fell. I stayed in total control while I reduced them to shrieking messes. They all tried to taunt me back by saying they were fully aware Alvah would steal my heart to live

longer, and if she failed, they would end my snotty little ass and do it themselves.

That was all I needed, and everything was being recorded. As soon as they confessed they knew how to take a heart, I would just cut them off and calmly walk away while they were shrieking. There were only five of them that had paid Alvah huge amounts of money like she was teaching them something she shouldn't. It didn't take long to get through them.

The Druid council was looking harder at all the major Voodoo players in New Orleans now, but they weren't in this warehouse. They were a specially designed warehouse with cells and could hold shifters, Druids, Vampires, and my kind.

The only person left at the warehouse I hadn't talked to was Regina, and I wasn't sure I wanted to. I was sure she would apologize to me, but I felt like I needed to apologize to her more.

It was the Druid Special Forces that convinced me to talk to her. She was their sister, and so far, I had already spoken up for her to everyone deciding her fate. They thought it would bring her peace to talk to me. That was what got me to agree to face Regina.

They were leading me down the hallway to her cell when Tate and what must be every single council member from the supernatural community. My dad used to be an instrumental member of our council, and when I was older, I'm sure I'd be expected to take a seat there.

One of the Incubi I knew quite well stepped forward and hugged me.

"Horrible mess with Alvah. I kept telling your father to get rid of her. If he knew what she was planning for you, he would have killed her way before she got him."

"I know, Duncan. I'm about to go talk to Regina. This wasn't her fault. Alvah handpicked her because Regina and I dated in high school. Regina was my first real love. Regina only got roped into this for being in a relationship with me. Blame Alvah, not Regina."

Duncan gave me a curt nod. "The Incubi and Succubae Council will only absolve Regina if you absolve yourself for the fact that Alvah used her for an assassin."

A tall, thin Druid stepped forward. "This is messy business. I can see the pain in your eyes. If we punish this Regina, we will punish you as well, won't we?"

I shrugged. "Regina and I ended on bad terms when I was just in high school. The next time I see her again is decades later when she's where I've been hiding from Alvah. She's acting like a crazed stalker and trying to kill me. I already knew that wasn't Regina. Even when we were sixteen, Regina wasn't like that. She was a cheater, but she was never obsessed with me like that."

A Druid female with a round face eyed me. "You think letting a Druid with a thirst for revenge who has already been cursed to kill is a good idea?"

"I think they have broken the curse, and if you've done your job, it won't act up again. I think if you let Regina join the fight against this threat, it will give her *closure*, not revenge."

Duncan stepped forward and hugged me again. "Is that why you are doing this, Eirwen? Closure?"

"In the worst way. I thought this would be over when Alvah died, but it's not. Not really."

"Go talk to Regina and see if it helps. We'll keep your words in mind about her fate," one of the Druids said.

They let me into Regina's cell, and I saw she was handcuffed and in a Druid ward like everyone

else I had spoken to. I turned to my escort.

“Can you take those handcuffs off? She won’t hurt me again.”

“It’s policy, Ma’am. She has to stay in the ward and the handcuffs.”

“It’s okay, Eirwen,” Regina said.

I joined her in the cell, but I was having trouble keeping my resting bitch face on like I had with Alvah’s friends. Regina and I just stared at each other. We both had tears in our eyes.

“I’m sorry, Regina. This only happened because of me.”

“No, it didn’t. You didn’t see your dad’s reaction when he saw me again. I was the one who cheated on you. I always intended to join the Druid Special Forces. If things had just played out, and I didn’t cheat, I would have just left and things probably would have just petered off. When your dad saw me again, he would have said hello, and that was it. I came to Alvah’s attention because of what I did in high school.”

“We weren’t this pathetic in high school, were we? Both blaming ourselves for the mean girls?”

“We toppled the mean girls, Eirwen.”

I laughed. “Yeah, we did. I’m sorry, Regina. You shouldn’t have been involved in this.”

“I’m sorry too, Eirwen. I shouldn’t have done what I did in high school.”

“Why did you?”

Regina just shrugged. “I guess because everyone loved you, and I wanted everyone to love me too. That shifter was showing me attention, and I wanted to play you both. It seemed like a good idea at the time. I was young and stupid.”

“God, I wish we had rum to toast being young and stupid.”

Regina smiled. “Don’t worry about me, Eirwen. I’ll be fine. I did technically murder your dad, and I tried to kill you too. If they don’t let me out, they have every reason to keep me here. I just wanted to be let out to fight this threat.”

“I’m working on that.”

“Make peace with it, Eirwen. I might not get out of here. I’m okay with that.”

There was a knock on the door.

“The councils want you. Both of you.”

Regina was uncuffed from the chair and put into magical chains. They led us through to the main room where all the councils were waiting. Duncan stood to address the room. Apparently, my private talk with Regina wasn’t exactly private.

“We’ve decided the fate of Regina La Croix, the Druid. We heard your conversation, and she is not a threat. Regina may join the Druid Special Forces to wipe out the threat of old magic in the world. Remove those handcuffs. She is no longer a prisoner.”

“Thank you,” I said, throwing my arms around Duncan’s neck.

Tristan and Salem stepped in. They had been watching everything with the Druids this entire time. Tristan kissed my knuckles, and Salem wrapped his arm around my waist.

“How do you feel about going home to a special meal cooked by Kobe? He’s gone all out,” Tristan

said.

“When Kobe goes out, it’s a real treat too,” Salem said.

“Let’s go home.”

Chapter 41



Kobe and the rest of the Sins had totally gone out for dinner—dimmed lights, lit candles, fine china, and excellent food. They’d even bought expensive wine. We were eating in the formal dining room with a huge spread.

“What is all this for?” I asked as I dug into my soup.

“It’s just a perk of dating all Seven Sins,” Connor said, winking at me.

“You’re such an ass sometimes, Connor,” Adamo said. “We thought we could have an Alvah free night. No one says her name after I just said it. We only talk about work from here on out.”

“And we want a Sin orgy,” Alaric said, flipping his hair back.”

I grabbed my wine and gulped it down way too fast for its vintage.

“A Sin orgy?” I squeaked.

“Think you can handle it?” Dermot asked, dipping his bread in his soup.

Could I? I passed out after three of them. Salem was out, but could I handle six of them?

“I don’t know,” I said. “I thought I had died and gone to the Underworld after just having three of you. Are all of you on board with this?”

All of them started laughing. “Oh, yeah,” they all said.

“I want my snuggles when you are done,” Salem announced.

I touched his cheek. “*I* want my Salem snuggles when we are finished.”

Connor picked me up and went running to my bedroom with me. He dove into bed, and we were this awkward mess of limbs for a minute. Everyone else wasn’t far behind. Tristan had been in my bedroom before. He was the first one in my bedroom. He was looking around like he had never been in here before.

“Why is your bed so big, Eirwen? From what you’ve told me, you dated a Vampire and a Druid a long time ago, but you weren’t living here then.”

“Sierra. She sleeps here a lot, and she has her own bedroom, but she usually comes and sleeps in my bed. She likes to sleep as her cat. Have you ever slept with a panther? They are horrible bed hogs. I had to get a bed big enough for me and a panther who likes to sleep in the center of the bed.”

Connor started leaving little love bites on my neck. “Something tells me Sierra will be spending her nights with Cullen now.”

“We’ll still have our girl’s night out. We don’t let dick come between us. We never have. Now, I was promised a Sin orgy.”

Salem was just sitting in the corner reading on his laptop while the Sins all converged on me at once. I was glad I hadn’t worn my favorite clothes to the jail because they ripped my clothes off of me. Adamo yanked my shoes off and threw them across the room. He had my toes in his mouth in seconds. Alaric and Kobe had my shirt ripped off. Alaric had a knife underneath my bra to cut it off.

Connor and Dermot were ridding my lower half of clothes. Tristan was just sitting there with my

head in his lap playing with my hair. Tristan was never frenzied. He always took his time. He leaned forward and gave me kisses that took my breath away as the rest of the Sins tried to rid me of my clothes as quickly as possible. I didn't even care that Alaric cut off my bra.

Their mouths all descended on me at once. They were everywhere. Six Sins licking and biting me. I was flailing everywhere, looking to touch anyone and everyone. I yanked Adamo's hair and grabbed Kobe's ass. Kobe just grunted and bit down on my nipple. Adamo was sucking away on my toes until he kissed his way up my thighs to my clit.

"What are the rules for tonight?" I gasped before this went any further.

"Tonight is just us," Dermot said. "Did you want a spanking? We just wanted to make with the sexing."

"Let's do that. The sexing, I mean."

Connor cleared his throat. "The first rule of a Sin orgy is that there is no fighting in a Sin orgy. The second rule of a Sin orgy is that Eirwen doesn't have to pick if she doesn't want to. The third rule of a Sin orgy is that we bring all Eirwen's kinky fantasies to life. The fourth rule of a Sin orgy is that if Eirwen doesn't have a good time, we revoke your membership."

Alaric sat back on his heels. "The first annual Sin orgy needs a line-up. Who hasn't fully made love to Eirwen yet?"

"You and Kobe," I said. "You should go together."

"Kinky!" Connor said. "Can I go next?"

"I don't know, Connor. Can you?"

Adamo just laughed. "Let him. May I go after Connor?"

Dermot smacked Triston on the arm. "What do you say, Tristan? Want to get a little kinky and have a threesome with Eirwen and me?"

I wasn't sure if he would say yes. It shocked me that he actually did. Tristan just kissed the tip of my nose.

"Only to make sure you behave, Adamo."

"Connor and Adamo should go before Kobe and me," Alaric said.

Kobe looked like he was ready to punch him, but I remembered what Alaric said when we were in the pirate room. I pulled Kobe down for a kiss.

"Alaric likes to watch, and I'll need a warmup before I take you both on. Is that okay?"

Kobe pulled me back and claimed my mouth. He gave my nipple a hard pinch.

"Yeah, I'd like to watch too. Can I have your ass?"

I bit his bottom lip.

"Of course. Let's do this."

Chapter 42



The Sins all left the bed except Connor. I'd scened with him twice, but we'd never just had sex before. I wondered what it would be like with him when he didn't have his Dom face on. Or, maybe he did. He grabbed my wrists in one hand and wrestled my hands above my head. He gazed into my eyes and stroked my cheek with his free hand.

"You know, I'm in a mood today," Connor said, biting his lower lip.

I wanted to bite that lip.

"What mood are you in?"

Connor grinned. "I'm in the mood to get my dick ridden by a beautiful Succubus."

He didn't need to tell me twice. I bucked him off of me and wrestled him onto his back. I was in the mood to take control now that I had an invitation. I bit his nipple and licked my way down to his cock. I grasped his shaft and licked the head like a lollipop.

"What about getting your cock sucked by one?"

"Yes, please," Connor sighed.

"I'm in control this time, Mister Lust," I said, wagging my finger at him. "You said you were in a mood. So am I."

Alaric snorted. "You asked for it, Connor."

"Yeah, I did, asshole. And I want it. She will not spank me. She's just going to tease me. Right, Eirwen?"

I gave his cock a hard squeeze. "Oh, Connor. I will do whatever the fuck I want to you."

"Promise?" Connor begged.

I wasn't really planning on spanking him. I'd just been given an invitation to top a talented Dom, and I would enjoy every minute. I'd watched Connor with Dahlia. He was a sensual Dom. He liked to tease, and he was always in control. They all were. I wanted to tease Connor until he lost some of that self-control. He opened this door, so now he could deal with the Succubus he unleashed.

I gave the rest of the Sins a huge show waving my ass in the air as I nibbled and sucked on Connor's cock. I raked my long nails down his chest with my free hand. I was licking and slurping, and my eyes never left Connor's. Oh, Lust was getting uncomfortable. He was squirming. I could see a little bead of sweat forming on his brow as he resisted the urge to pull my hair, take what he wanted, and fuck my face.

Connor let out this frustrated roar. "Fuck, Eirwen."

I let out a throaty chuckle and licked his cock from the base to the tip.

"Has the naughty boy had enough?"

"Yes!" Connor gasped. "Yes, he has!"

"What does the rest of the room think?" I said, sucking on the head of his cock.

Alaric chuckled. "I'm enjoying the show, but you're the director."

"I'm getting blue balls just watching this," Adamo moaned.

"Quit playing with your food, princess," Tristan chuckled.

"Hey! Watch it, asshole," Connor snapped at Tristan.

I climbed up Connor like he was my own personal stripper pole. I raked my nails down his chest again, then stuck my finger in his mouth.

"Does the naughty boy want to come?"

Connor sucked my finger and eagerly nodded his head. I could hear Tristan and Alaric laughing behind me.

I slowly slid down his cock until my hips met his. I already knew he wouldn't until I did, but I was having fun, and Connor was playing along. I leaned forward and kissed him. I captured his lower lip in my teeth and pulled away slowly.

"Not until you have permission," I ordered, slowly grinding my hips against his. "Now, lie there like a good boy while I take mine."

Alaric was cracking up laughing until he started choking when I really started riding Connor like I meant it. Everyone in the room was cursing or moaning except me. I was having the time of my life and screaming with abandon. I didn't live all that close to my neighbors, and it wasn't like they could hear me.

I threw back my head, so my long black hair tickled Connor's thighs. I wanted more. I wanted to play a different game. I grabbed Connor's shoulder and pulled him towards me.

"Touch me, you fucker," I growled.

Connor wrapped his arms around my waist and gave me that one last thing I needed to go over the edge. He sunk his teeth into my shoulder and bit me hard enough to leave a mark. I yanked his hair and could barely shriek the word *now* to give the man permission to come as my orgasm overtook me. Power flew through me as I fed off Connor and the lust of every man in the room.

I clawed at Connor's back as he bit my shoulder even harder. I was pretty sure I drew blood as my orgasm ripped through me, and I took it out on Connor. He was taking his out on me too. He let out a little growl and his teeth moved to my neck.

Connor chuckled and nuzzled my neck when I was left a quivering mess in his lap.

"We must play this game again sometime. Maybe I'll even let you tie me up. That could get kinky."

I looked over his shoulder.

"I made you bleed," I said, looking at my claw marks all over his back.

Connor was back in Dom mode. He tangled his hands in my long hair and pulled my head back. He claimed my mouth and bit me again.

"I regret nothing. Are you ready to get the Sin orgy back on, or did you need a break?"

I normally would have. Sex that intense and a meal that big always made me sleepy. Instead, I felt my power flare. I wanted more. I wanted all of them.

I crooked my finger at Adamo.

“I heard a rumor you had a thing for asses and feet. Why don’t you come show me, Greed?”

Chapter 43



Adamo stood at the edge of my bed and was practically preening. Pride wasn't his Sin. What was he showing off for? He grabbed his cock and started stroking it. I lounging on my bed wondering where the fuck he was going with this. Adamo was swaggering like Alaric would if he was a shifter.

"I stole your booty in the pirate room. I think there's still some treasure left to steal."

I think we all groaned. I wasn't the only one who threw a pillow at him. Adamo was trying to cover his cock while pillows went flying across the room.

"What?" Adamo yelled, blocking the last pillow. "Connor makes pirate jokes all the time. I mean, have you scened with him in the pirate room? The pirate puns are terrible."

"We give Connor a hard time, too," Alaric pointed out.

"You don't throw pillows at his manhood!"

"I threw the pillow at your face because I want your manhood up my ass," I said, trying to redirect Adamo.

Adamo pouted as he climbed into bed with me. I needed to make this better. It looked like his ego got bruised. I started kissing his chest.

"You can plunder this booty whenever you want."

Adamo perked up. "You swear?"

I was limber from hot yoga with Sierra and pole dancing classes. I brought my leg up to my chest and wriggled my foot at Adamo.

"You also get these whenever you want."

Adamo's eyes lit up.

"Can I give you pedicures?"

"Sure. I love pedicures."

Kobe snorted. "You do not understand what you just did, Eirwen. Adamo learned to give pedicures in a little spa in Korea, and when he finds someone who will let him, he goes all out. Can we skip the pedicures tonight? I thought we were having an orgy."

"What is this? Gang up on poor Adamo night? I'm not breaking out the pedicures until I have the time to spoil her right."

"Hey, hey," I said. "If anyone is getting punished tonight, it's because they asked for it. Let's get back to the orgy. It's Adamo's time to shine. Adamo thoroughly fucked my ass in the pirate room, and I want a repeat."

Adamo's chest puffed up, and his swagger was back.

"Do you have a drawer of little kinky toys in here? My gear bag is in your guest room. I haven't scened with you enough to know your favorites just yet."

"Open that huge painting on the wall. There's a secret stash. The butt toys are on the second shelf."

The lube is on the top shelf. My favorites are the ones that vibrate.”

Adamo got up and did a little dance across my room to my secret, but massive stash of sex toys. He pulled the painting back and let out a low whistle.

“Impressive collection. I look forward to going through all these with you.”

Alaric leaned forward to get a better view of my stash.

“Brothers, do you realize we’re getting a secret view of a Succubus’s sex toy stash?”

Connor perked up. “It’s like getting a great prize in a cereal box.”

Kobe moaned. “Is that an entire shelf of edibles?”

Adamo grabbed one of my vibrating butt plugs and slammed the painting shut. I guess he was still sore at his brothers. He puffed out his chest and waved the butt plug at them.

“Not your turn,” he taunted.

“We were just teasing you before, Adamo,” Dermot said. “We give Connor a hard time for his pirate jokes too.”

Adamo just marched back to my bed with the butt plug and the lube. I was still lying on my bed humming with power from feeding off Connor and enjoying the afterglow, but I wished they would stop teasing each other because Adamo seemed to be taking it personally tonight, and it wasn’t like that before tonight.

“How do you want me?” I asked.

“I saw how flexible you were when you lifted your leg like that. Can you do that with both legs?”

I knew exactly what he wanted. I spread both legs and grabbed them. Adamo had easy access to my ass. Oh, he was good. After his fingers, he slid the butt plug in and turned it on. He didn’t stop there. While he was fucking my ass with the butt plug, he was flicking my clit with his tongue. Not enough to make me come. Just enough to keep me right at the edge and panting.

I hadn’t realized he had dug another toy from my stash until he asked me if I was ready for him to fuck me. He pulled out my top favorite wand with this huge grin on his face. He leaned forward and stroked it on my stomach.

“I’ll bet you use this one a lot.”

“It’s a personal favorite.”

“Good. I want to hear you screaming my name, Eirwen.”

Adamo started pressing in slowly and gently. He didn’t use the wand straight off. He made slow circles on my clit with his thumb until his hips met mine. After that, all bets were off. Once Adamo knew I was used to him, the wand was out pressing against my clit. Adamo was fucking my ass exactly how I liked it—hard and fast.

Adamo was brutal with the wand. It was the same when he was caning me. The force was always intense, but it let up before it got to be too much. Oh, Adamo was good. He kept the orgasms coming, but never so that they were too much. He used the wand to ease them out of me while he pounded my ass.

Adamo pressed the wand down firmly and started fucking me even harder.

“Are you ready for the finale, Eirwen?”

I wasn't sure if he expected an answer, but I wasn't actually capable of speaking anything other than grunts and moans at the moment. I was ready for it. I wanted it. I would have begged him for it if I could. Adamo must have known what I felt because my little shriek was enough of a signal for him.

I saw stars. I was nothing but power and pleasure right now. By the time I was done with this orgy, I would probably be strong enough to kill a shifter with my bare hands. I accidentally ripped my silk sheets writhing on the bed and I didn't care, even though they were expensive as fuck.

Adamo pressed the wand to my clit so hard, I thought my spine was vibrating. I came so hard I bit my tongue and didn't care. Adamo threw back his head and roared as he had his release. Adamo gently pried my legs from my hands and wrapped them around his waist. He snuggled into me and nuzzled my neck.

“Now, I want a date to give you a pedicure.”

“Tomorrow?” I suggested.

I know some people would think Adamo's foot thing was weird, but a hot guy who was half-naked and pampering your feet was like my wet dream. He liked to suck on my toes and he wanted to give me a pedicure. It wasn't like he wanted to make a pizza on my foot and eat it. I didn't find it strange at all. It was just an Adamo thing and he could give me a pedicure any time he wanted.

I needed a little break after Adamo. I needed to catch my breath and get feeling back in my feet. I loved that position, but it was super awkward to hold it for long periods without something hurting. I wasn't thinking about that when I had Adamo's attention on me, but I needed to get some feeling back in my feet before we finished this orgy. And I liked snuggling with all of them.

Once I was one relaxed Succubus who could feel her feet, I felt that little surge again. I needed them. I needed more. What was that feeling I was getting immediately after a huge feed like that? I should be passed out. I was a little sore, but I felt like I needed to get even stronger. I needed all the Sins, and it needed to be tonight.

“I need more,” I said to the four men I hadn't fed on yet.

There were no arguments. Tristan and Dermot immediately stood and joined me in bed. I technically had already had sex with everyone in the room except Kobe and Alaric. They seemed to want to go last now, and I had no problem with that. It seemed right to finish this with the two Sins I hadn't fully experienced yet.

Tristan and Dermot both snuggled into me.

“What's going on with you, Eirwen?” Dermot asked. “When I was with you before, I had to carry you to bed, and that wasn't all of us.”

“We can figure that out later. I just know I need all of you tonight.”

Tristan gently kissed my neck. “Then you'll get us, princess. We can do this whenever you want. You just need to ask.”

“It's just this feeling. I need all of you tonight.”

Dermot kissed me. “Then you'll have us. Get ready for Envy and Wrath, Eirwen,” Dermot said, biting my lip.

Chapter 44



I rolled on top of Tristan and kissed him. Dermot was behind me, kissing my neck. Dermot was just teasing me, but I had some questions for Tristan. I never wanted any of the Sins doing something because they thought I did. I'd never ask Salem for sex and I'd never ask Tristan to do some of the kinky things I was into sometimes.

Tristan always had a five o'clock shadow. It didn't matter what time of day it was and if he had just shaved in the shower. It just always seemed to be there, and I loved touching it. I stroked the roughness on his cheeks.

"Tristan, I didn't take you for wanting to share a woman. I don't want you doing this because you think I want it."

Tristan laughed. "Wrath had his younger, wilder days too. I used to experiment too. Who says I haven't shared a woman with one of my brothers?"

"Tristan!" I said in shock, swatting his arm. "I demand stories later."

Tristan gave me a wolfish grin, and I saw a little of his Sin in his eyes.

"I'll tell you every embarrassing story from my younger days, but something is going on with you that you need us tonight. Let us meet that need. I'm not doing anything I don't want and nothing I haven't done before when I was younger."

"Well, hot damn, then. An Envy and Wrath sandwich."

Dermot just chuckled behind me. "Two Sins you don't normally want to mix, Eirwen. In fact, all of us you don't want to play with at the same time unless it's in the bedroom, I've got no idea what you're feeling right now that you need all Seven Deadly Sins in one night. You could go insane. What are you feeling?"

"Powerful. And hungry. You are all strengthening me, but it's like I need all of you to sate me tonight. It probably means something, but I don't want to think about that right now," I said, trying to kiss Tristan again.

"Down, princess," Tristan said, putting his finger over my lips. "We need to figure this out."

"Now?" I pouted.

"Yes, now," Dermot said, pulling me off Tristan.

"It's worth talking about," Kobe said.

"Guys, we will not turn her crazy," Salem said. "We don't know that much about how we were created or why we have the urge to do the things we do. None of us have met someone who made us want to settle down except Tristan and he felt the pull to Eirwen too. He just tried to fight it. We literally just had dinner with two shifters and fated mates. We know Sierra and Cullen have to mark each other to seal the deal. Eirwen is a Succubus. Who's to say we aren't all fated mates, and to seal the deal, she has to feed on us all together?"

I only heard about half of that. The urge to feed on Tristan and Dermot was too strong. I practically

lunged at Dermot and tried to kiss him. Tristan caught me and yanked me back.

“I think you’re right. Normally, when she feeds on me, she goes straight to sleep. It’s different tonight. There’s something in the air.”

“Yeah, dumbass,” Salem said. “This is a mating ritual, not some stupid orgy like you’re thinking. Eirwen is on pure instinct right now to finish. Feed her. She can feed off me by skin contact. It just takes longer. I’d eventually like my turn, but you assholes are trying to figure out the meaning of life.”

I wasn’t thinking about fated mates or what that meant. I could process it later. Right now, I needed to feed with the rest of the Sins. I started struggling against Tristan’s strong arms.

“Please,” I begged. “Even Salem says we should.”

Kobe growled. “Tristan and Dermot, quit being idiots. If we have a fated mate like the shifters, don’t fuck this up. We’ve been alone too long.”

Tristan let me go, and I practically tackled Dermot. I’d never had it this bad during a dry spell when I was being picky and only wanted to feed on someone if they fit the right criteria. My body was on fire and I felt like I was going insane. I needed to fuck, and I’d never needed it this bad before. Was this what Cullen and Sierra felt like around each other?

Dermot caught me, but he wouldn’t let me kiss him. I let out this frustrated shriek. A Succubus could be a cranky bitch when she needed to feed and was being cockblocked. Most people knew better. Mister Envy hadn’t appeared to have gotten the memo. Dermot just wanted to gaze deep in my eyes.

“Our fucking mate. Amazing.”

“Quit torturing the Succubus, Dermot. If you fuck this up, she might not be our mate anymore. Can’t you see what you are doing to her? It looks like she’s in pain,” Salem said.

“Can I just take a minute to let it sink in?” Dermot snapped.

Tristan yanked me away from Dermot. “No. She needs this. Just look at her.”

Tristan gave me what I needed. He yanked me on top of his chest and squeezed me so hard I almost couldn’t breathe. He kissed me. Oh, did he ever kiss me? If I was claiming them as my mates, he was certainly claiming me with his kiss. Dermot finally got a clue I didn’t need talking. I needed touching and kissing. He started rubbing my back and kissing my arm.

This was what I needed, but I wanted more. I wanted all of them. Tristan didn’t fight me when I wrestled myself out of his arms. I’d never been this frenzied during a feed before because I could straight up kill someone. I was safe with the Sins. The talismans they used that I couldn’t manipulate them meant I couldn’t drain their life force either. Plus, they were immortal.

I jumped on Tristan’s cock so fast it stung as I slid down it. Tristan hissed and grabbed my hips to hold me still.

“Slow down, princess. We understand now. You don’t have to hurt yourself to get this done.”

Something was driving me, some primal force. If Salem was right, I was claiming them as my mates in the only way I could.

“I know, Tristan. It’s almost done. I can feel it. I just need more time with Salem.”

Dermot pushed me forward on Tristan’s chest.

“She’s a switch, Tristan. I’ve scened with her before. She knows her limits, and she knows how to

play safely. She won't hurt herself."

"This isn't a normal scene, and you know it."

I silenced Tristan with a kiss. "I know how to say stop if it hurts. I *have* to do this, Tristan. You don't understand. Will you help me? I'm almost done."

"I'll always help you, Eirwen. Let's do this," Tristan growled, wrapping his arms around my waist and bruising my lips with a kiss.

Dermot positioned himself behind me and pressed himself slowly into my ass. That feeling that I was missing something was filling up as I fed off Tristan and Dermot. I just knew ever since they moved in, I felt this gaping emptiness that I was blaming on Alvah and closure. I felt different, like there was a light at the end of the tunnel when they suggested the orgy. That big gaping hole finally started to fill with a bright light that I wanted to rush to.

I was so close. I was stuffed with Envy and Wrath. I was riding the pleasure, but it also felt like I was moving towards something big. I was becoming whole. I was claiming seven beautiful Sins as my mates and what men they were. They were protecting the entire world from bad people, and no one ever knew about it. They got no gratitude. They got no good press. They did it because they were created to do that.

They could have turned themselves into superheroes by now with social media and all the television shows that were currently popular, and they didn't. They still chose to remain in the shadows. I didn't know if I could do that. I'd be blowing it up all over social media every time I took down an evil person. I was having a hard time not posting Alvah had been taken down, but I couldn't until her legacy was wiped out.

Tristan and Dermot were taking their sweet time with me. Maybe now that they knew what this meant, they wanted it to last. I was going totally nuts and enjoying every fucking minute of it. Tristan was pinching my nipples and devouring my neck. Between Tristan in my pussy and Dermot in my ass, I think they were hitting every sweet spot that possibly existed in my body.

"How many is that for you, princess?" Tristan growled.

"Four," I whimpered.

The little black hole in my heart was filling, but my body was limp from pleasure. I knew I would get hungry and that little surge of energy when we were done because I wasn't finished yet, but fuck if I wasn't one satisfied Succubus at the moment and they weren't even done yet.

I didn't take Tristan for one to play games, but he apparently had a playful side I hadn't seen before, and I was dying to know about his wild past.

"What do you say, Dermot? We give her one more and let her move on to the next?"

"I could do this all night," Dermot said, giving my ass a hard spank. "But I won't deny my brother's their mate, and Eirwen is looking a little spent."

They had been keeping up a mostly steady pace, speeding up when they knew I was about to come. It was time for us all to make our grand finale. My eyes rolled back in my head and my poor limp body started writhing when they set a punishing pace for the finish. My last orgasm was so big, it was almost painful after the previous four they gave me. Dermot and Tristan weren't far behind.

They both held my shaking body while I recovered. That black hole was filling up, and I was so

close to finishing something I didn't know I needed to start. I honestly did not understand what I was doing until I half-assed listened to Salem trying to explain it.

I felt it again. The surge of energy and a raw, primal instinct just kicking in. I wasn't even capable of using my words anymore. I needed Kobe and Alaric, and I needed them now. Then, I already knew what I needed to do with Salem. We needed to snuggle, and I needed to feed. I needed to visit his dream like I had done with Tristan while I was feeding off him. Salem was my mate too. It was just mating with him was different. I had several ways to feed as a Succubus.

My words wouldn't come to ask for Kobe and Alaric. I just leaned forward on the bed and made grabby hands like a hungry toddler. They gave me what I needed. They always would. They came rushing to me in bed.

I was so close. I just needed to finish what we started, and we would be complete.

Chapter 45



Poor Salem. Kobe and Alaric were the last. They had been waiting for the longest and I hadn't had them in my bed already. They wanted to take their time and enjoy it. So did I. I loved good foreplay, and we were rolling around in my bed making out like I was a teenaged Succubus again. Sometimes, a filthy make-out session was just what you needed. I'd get my time with Salem when they were done.

We had our mouths and hands everywhere. I was licked, kissed, and bitten. I did the same to Kobe and Alaric. We were just a mess of bodies, but I just knew whose hand and mouth it was, and I always knew who I was touching. I could just sense it.

I finally found my words again. I grabbed Kobe and kissed him, then I grabbed Alaric and kissed him.

"Fuck me," I commanded

Alaric just pinched my bottom. "I'd normally redden that ass for topping from the bottom, but we aren't doing that tonight."

"We'll make it a date later, okay?"

Kobe grabbed me and hauled me so that he pressed my back against his chest.

"There's nothing like a good cut of ass. I can't wait to feel that perky little ass slide down my cock."

I knew exactly what he wanted. Alaric helped me slide down his cock and brace myself on my hands as I leaned back. I spread my legs in a straddle split and grinned at Alaric. My words were coming much easier now that I had Kobe and Alaric in bed with me.

"Show me what you got, Pride," I taunted. I wanted Alaric all Pried out.

Alaric let out a little growl. He rubbed his cock along the slit of my pussy before pushing in. That was when I felt it. My little circle was almost complete. Kobe and Alaric thrust into me. Kobe had his hands wrapped around my waist. He snuck a hand between my legs and started fluttering his fingers over my clit.

"Fuck!" I wailed.

The pleasure was almost too much. I would be done soon. I just knew it. The little surge I would get would be just enough for me to want to snuggle with Salem. It was perfect. I couldn't handle all seven of them. I could handle six of them before I needed to be held. That was where Salem came in.

I would need Salem, but not just yet. Right now, I was enjoying Kobe and Alaric's cocks. In this position, they were hitting all the right places. Kobe was fluttering his fingers on my clit and nibbling on my neck as he fucked my ass. Alaric was boring holes into my eyes as he pounded my pussy.

When Alaric reached forward and gave my nipple a hard twist, I nearly jumped off the bed as I came. Kobe had to hold me down as my body bowed. Kobe and Alaric must have known it was a long night for me. We had all that endless foreplay, but they weren't relentless with the sex part.

I was limp, but not totally spent by the time they were done with me. They held me while I shook. I

was so close to finishing what I started. Salem. I needed Salem now. After I'd calmed down and snuggled with Alaric and Kobe, I crooked my finger at Salem.

He was totally naked, too, even though I knew we weren't having sex. He slowly climbed into bed with me. When I nestled into his arms, I knew. Salem was right. They were my mates, and I was almost done making them mine.

Chapter 46



Salem pulled me to his chest and rubbed his face in my sweaty hair. He stroked my back. This is what I needed. I felt that little black hole I thought was Alvah closing up. It was them this entire time. I needed them. Now that I had all of them, I just needed to sleep next to Salem, and I would be whole. They were mine, and I was theirs.

Salem looked down at me. “Is this what you need, Eirwen? Do you need me to—”

“No,” I sighed. “I need this. This is perfect. Can I dream walk in your dreams?”

Salem planted a chaste kiss on the top of my head. “It would honor me. You have an open invitation to visit my dreams whenever you want. Let’s go to sleep.”

I was out in seconds. They wore me out. I was slowly feeding off Salem, completing the bond. I felt Salem fall asleep and slowly slipped into his dream. His dreams weren’t like Tristan’s. Salem’s dream was an old bookstore with plush sofas to sit on. I loved to read too. I looked at all the books everywhere in wonder. It looked like it was all first editions.

“Where is this place?” I sighed, taking in the scent of old books and the scent of coffee from the machine in the corner.

Salem poured me a cup of coffee, just the way I liked it with extra cream and sugar and snuggled into my side on the plush sofa.

“This is my happy place. It doesn’t exist anywhere. This would just be where I’d like to go if I could to relax.”

“Have you seen my father’s library?”

“Yes. It’s quite beautiful.”

“We can renovate. Turn it into something like this. He has first editions in there too.”

“That’s your father’s library. You don’t have to change it for me.”

“To turn it into this? Are you kidding? This place is perfect.”

I wasn’t sweaty and fucked out in the dream world. My hair was perfect, and I was wearing jeans and an off the shoulder top that Sierra said showed off my blue eyes. Salem ran his fingers through my long hair.

“Are you sure this is enough for you?”

“Are you kidding? A guy I love who I can just snuggle with and talk to? There’s a lot to be said for that. You’re my mate, Salem. I can feel it now that I can think straight. We’re supposed to be doing this right now.”

“What does it feel like for you?”

“Like I’m becoming complete. How did you know what was going on with me?”

“I’ve suspected it for a while. We were all intensely drawn to you, no matter what the risk was. They brought you inside when they normally wouldn’t have. We run a sex dungeon. It could have exposed us and everyone in the club if things went wrong. They kind of did, but your friends were

cool, and Tate and his swat team looked the other way about downstairs.”

“Tate is cool. I don’t think he wants to think about me doing this kind of stuff. He’s always been like a second dad to me.”

Salem just laughed. “I’ll bet. Will this always be enough for you? Me and you snuggling or my dreams?”

I grabbed his cheeks and made him look at me.

“Hey, Tristan, and I fell in love because of his dreams. Mate or not, I don’t think that kiss would have worked unless we had gotten to know each other first.”

“I’m shocked you got Tristan to talk about Haiti and his feelings. Especially now that I know what went down.”

I pulled Salem’s hair out of his bun and yanked his head down to my lap. I started playing with his hair. He sighed. I planted a light kiss on his forehead. I wanted it to always be this way with him. It was nice having a boyfriend who just wanted me for me. That was Salem. We could talk and snuggle, and he would be my rock.

The small little pinpoint left in the hole was filling up. In the morning, it would be gone. The Seven Deadly Sins made me whole. I thought getting closure would fill this hole, but it was them. It had always been them.

“How are you now, Eirwen?” Salem said, touching my cheek.

“In the morning, everything will be perfect. You’ll all be mine, and I’ll be whole.”

Salem kissed his finger and placed it to my lips.

“You’ll be ours too.”

Epilogue



The Seven Deadly Sins were mine. I felt it the next morning. I was stronger than ever now that I made them my mates. It was weird. I woke up that morning with little tattoos across my shoulders. There were seven of them. There was a tattoo for all of them. They had all hand-drawn tattoos ages ago for a symbol they thought symbolized their Sin and had it inked somewhere on them. I now had the same symbol on my shoulders. I didn't mind. I hated matching tattoos, but magically appearing tattoos were another story.

All the Sins moved in with me in my family home. New Orleans became their headquarters. They had to leave me sometimes. The threat of Alvah's magic was still out there, and I didn't want to think about this happening again in another city. It took about fifty years, but Alvah's legacy was no more.

Sierra and Cullen were just as close to my little family as Sierra and I used to be. They had five kids now. Some of them, it was too soon to tell, but some ended up bears, and some ended up panthers. Tate was over the moon with his grandchildren.

I had my own children with the Sins. They were all Succubae or Incubi, but with extra. They were all so strong. All my children could have ripped the head off a moose with their bare hands. They took after me, but they also took after their daddies too. It was always easy to tell who the father was because when they were born, they had a birthmark on their shoulder that matched the tattoo on my shoulder and their daddies.

Salem eventually decided he wanted a child. Salem didn't change, but he wanted the same thing his brothers did with their children. Science had come a long way, and I could have had children without having to have sex with Salem. He shook his head. He wanted to do it the old fashioned way. That was the only reason I ever had sex with Salem. After his daughter was born, things went back to normal with us and I was totally fine with that.

All the Sins were doting fathers. We didn't start trying until all of Alvah's minions were dead. When one was found, they all left to take care of them with Druid Special Forces. Once things were back to where it was mostly where only one would have to leave at a time, we started trying to make a family. Everyone babysat if someone was called away.

Being parents didn't change us. We loved our children, but I still ran my company, and the Sins still made their money with sex clubs. We only ever scened together now, but we didn't get any less kinky. If anything, we got a little kinkier. They all gave me my collar together. We just had to do it when the children got older and had fallen asleep.

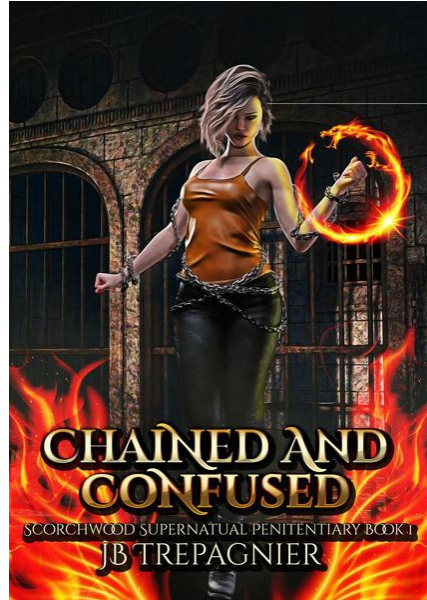
Alvah may have set out to hurt me. She may have murdered my father. She got hers in the end. And the same would go for anyone who came for my family again. The Sins would make sure *any* evil person paid for it. No one would get away with it while my Sins were on the job.

.....and they all lived happily, kinkily, ever after.

Thank you for reading this book. I hope you enjoyed it. *Fairy Tales That Bite Back* will be a series of standalone twisted up fairy tales. Next up on deck will be my take on *Alice in Wonderland*, which will be called *Potheads* and will have original illustrations like the Alice books.

You can join my [reader's group](#) on Facebook for cover reveals, excerpts, and giveaways...or just dirty memes.

Did you love *Forbidden: Snow White and the Seven Deadly Sins*? Then you should read *Chained and Confused* by JB Trepagnier!



Scorchwood Supernatural Penitentiary is Hell. Literally, it's in Hell.

Of all the things to end up in jail for, embezzling wasn't what I thought would bring me down. I've got a pretty healthy arson and murder hobby on my down time. White collar crimes *never* go to Scorchwood. I should have been given a fee and probation at most. Something is going on. My cell mate, Skoll is an Alpha wolf in for manslaughter. He wants me to meet Roman, a vampire and Amduscias, demon who is really shifty about what his demonic form is.

Something fishy is going down in Scorchwood with the elementals. Skoll's last five cellmates were elementals who were framed for white collar crimes. Amduscias is cellmates with one of the worst elemental women in the entire jail and she is not pleased I've made friends with him.

Something is going on. Someone is framing elementals and sending them to Scorchwood. But they made a mistake framing me. They didn't know about my little hobbies before they sent me here. They didn't know about Fergus, my fire dragon.

There's so much I don't know about why I'm here, but there's so much they don't know about me too. I've made friends in Scorchwood and I don't call myself Elemental Batman in secret for nothing. This should be fun.